

Finally Visible

by Panda54

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Summary: Jack meets Hiccup who ends up being the only mortal human in the world that can see him. What will this really mean to him? How will he deal with finally being visible? And who is lurking in the shadows, waiting for a chance to strike? Jack/Hiccup, slight

Pitch/Jack - COMPLETE

1. Ice Princess

****A/N:** My new ship is complete! This story will eventually contain a very good amount of Hijack (HiccupXJack). Which means that if you are offended by yaoi or gay relations then you should leave now. There is also a bit of swearing ahead, so beware of that too. Thanks for reading! :D PLEASE let me know what you think. I adore reviews and it will help me move along with the story. Also, it's in Jack's POV just so you know.**

****Oh** and there is a bit of a time...****_**issue**_**** with this fic. Its been pointed out to me and I want to clear a few things up with people who are just starting to read! I know that Hiccup's time frame and Jack's are very different. Hiccup is back in the late 8th to 11th centuries (the viking period) And Jack (in the movie) is most likely around our time (being 300 plus years in lets say, 2012) Now, I made him still 300 years in this fic, even though this is way back in the viking days. I wasn't thinking much, so I just kind of threw them together without thinking it through! Honestly, I kind of wanted to go back and fix that, but I don't want to mess up the whole story for everyone. Well, that's all I have to say on that subject! Hope that clears some things up and doesn't make everything too confusing!**

****P.S.** There may be things wrong with how I portray Jack Frost. I'm not sure of his real age, not sure if he is invisible to everyone, not sure if he hates the heat. I'm just guessing at this point. Maybe I should have waited until I watched the movie, but oh well! Haha. Please enjoy.**

* * *

<p>Chapter 1: Ice Princess<p>

_"Berk, it's an island boasting the kind of balmy fun-in-the-sun climates that will give you frostbite on your spleen." -_Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III

I spend a lot of my time on the isle of Berk. It snows almost nine months of the year and hails the other three. All that, well, it's my doing. Honestly, Berk is where I go to let off steam. When I'm mad or upset about something, I literally sit on one of the mountain tops and cause snow to bury the small city beneath me. Sometimes I feel bad for the island's inhabitants butâ€|then again, I don't. They're all hard workers and seem to know how to handle the winters that I blast them furiously with.

I sniffed into the air, flipping my staff in circles in front of me. I was bored and tired andâ€|bored. A little depressed too because I'd been thinking about how alone I was for the pastâ€|well, three hundred years. Totally sick of the loneliness, the only thing I could actually talk to being my imagination.

"Hey Jack Frost, how are you today?" I said out loud while I perched myself onto a tree branch covered in freshly fallen snow.

The inner me replied with, "Pretty shitty, actually. And yourself?"

I sighed and knocked my staff onto the tree, causing some of the snow to fall. When it did, I actually heard a voice that wasn't my own.

"Ahhhâ€|great, I'm covered in snowâ€|"

I grinned to myself and jumped down to the ground gracefully. My eyes instantly went to the boy I had buried in snow; his brown hair looked now white because of me.

Laughing at that, I walked up towards him and brushed some of it off.

"Sorry about that, kid."

His eyes lifted up towards me, but obviously, he could not see or hear me.

"Was it you who knocked that snow onto me?"

I froze in place like an icicle that I'd just recently created. Stiff and straight.

_Heâ€|can see meâ€|? _

"It's fine, I'm actually kind of used to it. My house was buried in snow the other night; I had to dig my way out of my own front door."

Holy shit. He can see me.

He stared at me, confused. My eyes wouldn't return to their normal half-lidded stare.

"Are you alright? You look like you've just seen The Green Death or somethingâ€|"

I grabbed a hold of this stranger's shoulders and was shocked for a moment when my hands didn't just go straight through him like every other time I had tried to touch someone. "Can you really see meâ€|?"

He nodded, a blank stare on his face.

Mine lit up like a lantern in a dark room.

"Fuckin' A!" I grabbed my staff and began creating icicles on the tree, causing the sky to spit out snowflakes, each one designed by me. When I was done celebrating, I returned to the boy and quickly asked for his name.

He giggled a little and smiled awkwardly at me. I noticed the many freckles littered across his face. They were actually kind of cute on himâ€|

Wait, whatâ€|?

"My name's Hiccup."

I burst out laughing and fell into the snow. "What a weird ass name!" I cackled, holding onto my stomach.

He just rolled his eyes at me and crossed arms over his small chest. "It's actually a pretty normal name around here. My great grandpa was named Hiccup as well."

"How adorable." I sat up and grinned. "I'm Jack Frost. _The_ Jack Frost. And you're the first human being to ever lay eyes on me."

Hiccup's features turned grave and he tilted his head in confusion. "You'reâ€|being serious?"

"No lies. Watch." I pointed my staff towards the ground and bit my tongue slightly. Soon enough, a snowman started to form, just as I imagined it in my mind. I wrote out the boy's name on the torso of it and gave it a goofy face.

He frowned at me but it soon turned into another one of his weird smiles.

"Wellâ€|I guess I have to believe you now, huh?"

"Sure do."

There was a small silence between the two of us and I feltâ€|nervous for some reason. The more I thought about it, the more I suddenly realized that I could actually have someone to talk to. It wouldn't just be me anymore.

"Hiccup?"

His green eyes sparkled. "Yeah?"

"I'm notâ€|really good with talking to people, since I never have beforeâ€|but, I'd like us to be friends."

"Just as long as you don't drop snow on me anymore."

I laughed evilly. "No promises."

Oddly enough, we spent the rest of the day talking and walking through the woods together. It soon became like second nature, speaking to this boy, my only friend in the world. I instantly becameâ€|attached to him. So when a giant flying reptile came swooping in, I was about to freeze the thing to death before it could have the chance to hurt my new found companion.

Before I could attack, the boy stepped in front of the beast and blocked my path.

"What the hell are you doing?!" I shouted angrily at him, holding my staff up almost like a gun.

Hiccup put his hands out in front of him. "I-it's okay, this is Toothless. He's my pet."

My face fell and my mouth hung open slightly. "Yourâ€|_what_?"

The small boy turned to the gigantic animal and petted its nose. "Believe me, Jack. I believed you, remember?"

Seeing as how the animal was staying calm I just shrugged and lowered my weapon, leaning my body onto it slightly.

"Can animals see you?" Hiccup asked me.

I eyed the black reptile and bit my lip. "No. Unless he's something special, like you."

I think I saw the boy blush a little, but he hid it quickly by turning back towards the dragon. "Try talking to him, maybe?"

"You want to me talk to a dragon?"

He nodded.

This kid's crazy.

Instead of brushing off the idea of speaking to a reptile, I actually humored it and cleared my throat before saying, "What's up, Toothless?" I waved a little.

And for some reasonâ€|the animal approached me. My eyes widened and I stood still once again, my hand still up like a statue.

The dragon quietly leaned its head onto my hand and I could see kindness in its eyes.

"Wowâ€|Toothless usually doesn't warm up to people like thatâ€|"

I smiled at the creature and it smiled back. I saw then why it was named Toothless.

"He doesn't have teeth!"

"Noâ€|he does. Toothless, c'mere bud."

Hiccup walked towards me and the dragon then reached into his bag and pulled out a fish. I cringed. That's why the kid smelled a little funny.

"Here, boy." He tossed the fish into the air and Toothless caught it, sharp teeth instantly protruding from its gums to feast on the fish.

"Do you always carry around dead animals? Or is that just a hobby of yours, Hic?"

He seemed flustered for a few moments before he answered. "He's my pet. I at least carry around one or two just in case he gets hungry." He pointed to my feet, "Do you always not wear shoes?"

I laughed and wiggled my toes into the snow. "It's called being immortal. The cold won't kill me. I'm actually quite fond of it. If I get too hot, _that's_ when I start feeling sick."

"You'reâ€|immortal?"

"Three hundred and twelve, to be exact."

This stopped him in his tracks. Maybe that freaked him outâ€|Maybe I was a little too old to be hanging out with him. I was about to fly away and forget any of this happened, when he just gave me a toothy grin. "You're likeâ€|_ancient_."

A smile erupted onto my face as I wrapped an arm around the boy's neck and rubbed my fist into his mess of hair. "Wanna say that again, kid?"

He pleaded for his life and I finally let him go, the both of us laughing and smiling like two, freezing cold idiots.

That's when I noticed that Hiccup was shaking. It wasn't like _he_ was a winter sprite. He had to go back home sooner or later.

"You're cold, aren't you?"

He nodded and rubbed a finger under his nose. "I'm used to it though. But it _is_ getting kind of dark."

"What did you come out here for in the first place?" I asked.

He rubbed one hand on his lowered arm, seeming a little nervous. "Nothing in particular. I just needed some time to myself."

"And you found me. Someone who's had way too much time to himself."

"I'm glad I did, really."

This halted me and I felt somethingâ€¦warm growing inside my chest. It hurtâ€¦but it also feltâ€¦a little good.

I shook it off and sighed a little. "I am too, Hiccup."

He rode home on his giant reptile and I followed not too closely behind them both. He was in awe at how I could fly all on my own like I could. Relying on a dragon would be a little annoying for me anyways.

Hiccup invited me into his home and I accepted, knowing full well that I probably couldn't stay the night. They would have fires going and I wouldn't be able to sleep near one of those.

My eyes went straight to the figure lying on the couch. He was huge and wore a hat with horns on it. Now that I thought about it, the people on this island always did wear things of that nature. Pretty sure they were calledâ€¦Vikings?

The man was snoring and Hiccup tiptoed up towards the staircase. He turned behind me and put a finger to his lips.

I snickered and then yelled at the top of my lungs, "_Hiccup smells like dead fish_!"

His eyes turned into saucers the moment I opened my mouth but after the silence (plus the snores from who I assumed was his father) followed my words, he just huffed loudly and stormed up the stairs.

I was seriously loving this.

He closed the door behind me and I instantly sat on the windowsill and dangled one leg out of it. "I told you, no one else can see or hear me. Just you and your weird dragon apparently."

"Why _is_ thatâ€¦?"

I shrugged and created an icicle which I then broke off and began sucking on. "Beaffs sme."

He rolled his eyes and started throwing wood onto the fire, which I scowled at. "Is this going to cause issuesâ€¦?"

I nodded a little. "As long as I stay over here, I should be alright for a while."

"Jack? Are you the reason the winters are so bad here on Berk?"

Being faced with that question kind of made me uneasy. I didn't want to lie to my new friend, but I also didn't want to tell him the truth. What if he got angry with meâ€¦? I wasn't about to lose the first friend I'd ever had.

I bit some of the ice off into my mouth and started chewing on it. "I might have a little to do with itâ€¦"

"I'm not mad. I was just wondering. Berkâ€|well, Berk wouldn't be Berk without the terrible winters and hail storms, ya know?"

I laughed at that. "You're a strange kid."

"And you're a myth come to life. Who's really the strange one here?"

I couldn't really argue with that logic. "Oh shove it, dragon boy."

"Sure thing, ice princess."

The night continued on at that pace, we each learned a little more about the other as time went on. Toothless joined us after a while and fell asleep on a slab of rock beside me. I actually began petting the thing, to my surprise.

After hours of dragon talk and winter speeches, Hiccup let out a yawn for the third time. "I'm really tiredâ€|"

I yawned as well. "Same here."

"You can sleep by the window if you're still comfortable. I could get you some blankets, butâ€|you said that stuff about not liking warmth."

"Naw," I said with a wink. "I think I'll just go find a nice snow bank to nuzzle into for the night."

"You're so weird, Jack Frost."

"Right back atcha, Hiccup."

The boy smiled and walked towards me. He stopped then held his hand out. "It was really nice meeting you, Jack."

I suddenly felt a burning sensation inside of me that made me want to cry. When I grabbed on to his hand Iâ€|I felt like it wasn't enough. I instantly stepped to the ground and wrapped my arms around the boy, crushing him in a cold embrace. His body heat was almost too much for me to handle, but I held on for a few more moments.

When I let him go, I smirked, saying, "This can't be goodbye. I want to see you again. Please."

A slight pink color was filling his cheeks, causing his freckles to grow less noticeable. He smiled though and grinned. "I want to see you again too."

****x-x****

The next day the sun was shining and I let it. I was in no mood to cover the ground with frost or the sky in dark clouds. All I wanted to do was see that stupid grin of his again.

I was whistling as I passed by some kids that were talking and feeding dragons. It seemed that everyone on this island had one for a pet. Strange people.

"Has anyone seen Hiccup?"

I turned my attention to the group and walked towards them so I could hear better.

"He didn't show up for training yesterday. Probably ditched."

A blonde girl spoke up, eyeing the ground. "That's not like him."

I got a weird vibe from the girl. It was like she cared a little too much for my new best friend. It almost gave me a jealous feeling.

"Hey, guys!" Hiccup's voice filled my ears and I let out a small sigh.

When I turned towards him he smiled at me and I felt complete. It wasn't just a normal smile it was one specially meant for me. And that meant so much.

"Hiccup!" The kids all started running towards the boy, who I noticed was limping a little. Odd. He was just fine yesterday.

The blonde girl put her hand on his shoulder, which I eyed narrowly at. "Where were you yesterday?"

"I took a walk, actually. It's no big deal."

"Does your leg hurt today?"

"Why would his leg hurt?"

"Yeah, a little. I guess it froze last night. The metal did at least. But I'm alright."

"You need to take it easy. Where's Toothless?"

"Still sleeping."

"Your dragon is as lazy as you are."

They both laughed and I glared at them. What was the girl talking about?

Curiosity got the best of me as I headed toward the group and used my staff to lift up the cloth of Hiccup's pants. He turned towards me and scowled, inwardly asking me, "What the hell are you doing?"

But I didn't pay much attention to him. My eyes stayed focused on his leg. Just above where his boot line was, flesh connected with metal.

"The kid lost his foot?"

"Why didn't you tell me?" I asked with a growl, even though I didn't have much of a right to be mad at him.

I knew that he couldn't answer me without his friends thinking he was crazy, so he just turned back around and started speaking with the girl again.

That pissed me off.

I already didn't like that girl and it made me angry that she knew more about Hiccup than I did.

Whichâ€|was pretty childish. But I hardly cared.

I was the spirit of winter, constantly causing ruckus and fun times where ever I went. I never said that my age defined who I was.

A gust of wind nearly blew me over as Toothless landed next to me and began licking my face as if it were an icicle.

The group of kids stared at the dragon. I was laughing almost uncontrollably.

"Whatâ€|is Toothless doing?" asked a very large one with rosy cheeks.

"You're dragon is nuts, dude!"

"Totally. Freaking. Awesome."

"It's totally seeing a ghost right now!"

The girl tugged on his sleeve. "Hiccupâ€|?"

He looked at me with pleading eyes and I pushed the dragon off of me with a frown. Even though the looks on their faces were priceless, I didn't want to cause trouble for my friend.

The dragon stopped its attack on me and went straight for its owner, which it then proceeded to lick as well. The dragon almost reminded me of a dog or something of that nature.

I followed the group of kids with a hand in my pocket and the other on my staff. I didn't get too close to Hiccup but every now and then I would nudge his ear with my staff or poke his back with it. I received glares which eventually turned into playful grins, which only made me smile more.

They ended up in a fenced in, bowl arena where they all fed their dragons and taught them various tricks like sitting and rolling over. My eyes wandered until they landed on Hiccup and Toothless. I figured his dragon already knew the essentials, because he was just talking to the reptile.

I walked towards them, checking to make sure that the girl wasn't going to sneak up on us. She seemed busy with her own dragon so I tapped Hiccup's shoulder with my staff.

"Hey, kiddo."

He smiled. "Stand by Toothless so it doesn't look like I'm seeing a ghost too."

I did as he said and started rubbing my fingers along the scales of the creature. "Toothless is actually pretty cool."

"He means a lot to me."

"Then he means a lot to me, too," I told him truthfully.

Hiccup smiled and handed me a fish out of a bucket. "Here, feed him. He'll like you even more."

I raised an eyebrow at the boy and took the fish by its tail. "Great, now I'm going to stink too."

"I do not smell like dead fish!" the enraged boy shouted.

Laughing, I tossed the fish towards the dragon who ate it happily then suddenly regurgitated half of it. He looked at it and then practically smiled at me.

"He wants you to eat it," Hiccup said, crossing his arms and eyeing me sinisterly.

My face grew disgusted. "No way!"

The dragon kept nudging it towards me, smiling and whining.

"You better eat it before he gets mad!" Hiccup was looking at his nails, as if none of this fazed him.

"Has he _done_ this before?!"

The brunette nodded. "I had to eat it too."

I grunted and picked up the decapitated fish body and held it up to my face. Toothless was beaming. "Can't believe I'm doing this!"

My teeth sunk into the fish and I instantly wanted to throw up. Hiccup was trying to hide his laughter. My eyes wandered towards him and I ripped off a piece of the fish then swallowed.

"There! I did it!" My mouth tasted like shit. I was going to vomit.

Toothless licked me and Hiccup finally let out a laugh. "Good job."

"You totally set me up, you little jerk," I pointed to him and threw what was left of the fish at his head.

He ducked in time and just laughed some more. "I might have!"

I wanted to tackle him to the ground and tickle him until he cried for being so cruel. Maybe then he would learn his lesson. But I stopped short of my idea, remembering that there were others around that would find something like that pretty strange.

Instead, I just sighed and picked up my staff with my foot, tossing it in the air so I could catch it. "Well I might have to punish you for that."

Hiccup giggled. "Oh really?"

My eyes wandered and I instantly thought of something I could do. I waved my staff a bit and created a patch of black ice underneath the boy. He instantly slipped then fell onto his back. I jumped forward and crawled on top of him, pinning him down. My eyes narrowed and my mouth was set in an overconfident grin.

"Gotcha," I purred.

He blinked a few times and I saw the pink rush to his cheeks once again. The kid had a hard time hiding his embarrassment.

The moment was quickly ruined though because Toothless decided to jump on both of us.

"Toothless!" we both yelled.

The dragon smiled at us and we laughed. I was beginning to believe I could get really used to thisâ€¦

2. I Don't Like to Share

**A/N: Daat feedback. Jesus. I dunno if I've ever had a more popular story. XD You guys are crazy, but seriously, thank you all so much for the reviews and favorites. You're awesome people. **

**I do hope that you enjoy this installment as much as you liked the first chapter! Again, let me know your thoughts and ideas. I HAVE A MIGHTY NEED TO KNOW THESE THINGS. **

Kbye.

**Nevermind. **

**P.S. I just started watching "Dragons: Riders of Berk" and realized that Hiccup's leg thingy isn't totally made of metal. And that it's actually removable! So, I'll probably fix it later on in the story, but for now, this is how it is! XD Thanks for understanding and I will continue to watch this show as to inform me of more Hiccup-ness.

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* * *

><p>Chapter 2: I Don't Like to Share<p>

"That girl keeps looking at youâ€¦"

Hiccup turned and stared at me with wide eyes. "Huhâ€¦?"

I pointed to said girl who was petting her blue colored dragon, her eyes once again returning to look at the brunette.

My friend blushed a little and I scowled at him. "Oh, _Astrid_? She's justâ€¦"

"Your girlfriend?"

"No! No, no, no. Wellâ€¦actually, I'm not really sure."

This intrigued me. "What do you mean by that?" I asked, leaning against the wall of the arena. My eyes went to Toothless who was sniffing some bales of hay. I almost smiled but rolled my eyes back towards Hiccup who was stuttering over his words. Once again he had no idea how to contain his awkwardness.

"It's justâ€¦well, sheâ€¦I mean. Well, she's kissed me before. If that means anything. Though, we ahâ€¦we haven't sat down and talked about if we're in a relationship yet. I figure it doesn't really matter at this point."

"Why not?" I answered quickly, even though somewhere in my cold heart I felt a burning passion to freeze the shit out of that girl.

She'd never see it comingâ€¦

Hiccup laughed a little. "Well, I uhâ€¦I kinda got to thinking that maybe she doesn't really want to be."

I stood there, shocked at his words. "Who wouldn't wantâ€¦_this?_" I held my hand out in front of me towards him and he smirked halfheartedly.

"You just gestured to all of meâ€¦"

I sighed and put my hand on his shoulder. "_I_ think you're pretty awesome, so..."

His eyes were focused on the floor and mine were searching for contact with them. "But isn't that a little one sided? I _am_ the only person who can see you, after all."

Laughing, I ruffled his hair. "You think that just because you're the only person who can see me, you're just automatically awesome, huh?"

"You_ did_ call me special before." He smiled and finally looked up at me.

My heart beat loudly in my chest and I shook my head to rid myself of the fact that I kind of wanted to kiss him. Or somethingâ€¦

_ Oh my god, I'm such a fucking weirdo._

Instead of giving in to my emotions, I just pushed him away from me and grabbed onto my staff. Whenever I held it, I always felt protected for some reason. It was almost like a safety blanket was to a two year old.

I was about to say something witty when I saw the girl approach us from across the arena. I kind of felt the need to hide, but remembered that I didn't even need to. I could breathe down this chick's back without her knowing. So I stayed firm and watched as she stood a little uneasily in front of my friend.

"Hey, Hiccup."

He looked to me then rolled his eyes towards the girl.
"Astrid."

"Uhm, I was kind of wondering if you wanted to go for a run with me. It looks like Toothless could use the exercise. And Storm Fly is just itching to get out of here." She gestured to her dragon that was looking towards the sky.

"Are you calling my dragon fat?" Hiccup put his hands on his hips, but I could tell he wasn't really mad.

Toothless came running over to them and growled lowly at Astrid. It was almost like he understood what they were talking about.

"No! Of course not, Toothless." She rubbed him under the chin and he collapsed. "Just a little chubby."

"Well I'd be up fooooorrâ€| " His eyes locked on mine and he bit his lip. It was almost like he was contemplating on changing his mind. I kind of hoped that he would. I didn't want him alone with that girlâ€|I wanted to be the only one who could be alone with him.

I crossed my arms on my chest and raised my chin forward a bit. Even though I wanted to be selfish more than anythingâ€|it wasn't like I could tell him no.

He nodded then turned quickly back to Astrid. "Yeah. Wanna leave now?"

She looked confused as hell. I let out a small laugh.

"Uhhâ€|yeah. Hiccup? Are youâ€|?"

"ASTRID! Your dragon is trying to leave without you!" some boy shouted loudly above everyone else's voice.

"Son of a half-trollâ€|" She ran off towards the reptile in an instant then attempted to swoon it back towards her. "Wanna go for a ride, Stormy?"

"I might follow you guys, honestly."

Hiccup turned around to face me then shrugged. "Why am I not surprised?"

"I guess you know me too well?"

"Or you just have nothing better to do."

I raised an eyebrow at him then blew in his face, cold air steaming out of my mouth and snow curling around his nose. "I could always frost your little _girlfriend."_

He swallowed visibly as Astrid called his name.

"Let's go, Hiccup!"

Blinking a few times, he turned around, tripping a little. "Y-yeah, just a second!"

When he looked at me again he said, while wiping his nose clean of the snow, "She's not my girlfriend." Then hopped on top of his dragon and took off into the sky.

"Whatever you say!" I sighed and leapt into the air, following the two just as I said I would.

****x-x****

Flying was boring and tiring. The whole time they did tricks and loops on their dragons, laughing and flirting with each other like two birds in love. It was gross. And I didn't really understand where all the horrid jealousy was conjuring up from.

I just kept telling myself it was because Hiccup was really important to me. People like him didn't come around every hundred years. Besides, I could play all the pranks I wanted on the girl when he wasn't around. The self-gratification of being Jack freaking Frost.

When the two finally landed I was out of breath and causing it to snow. I wasn't in the best of moods.

"It's snowing again!" I thought maybe we could get one day without this stuff!" The blonde girl held out her hand and caught one of my snowflakes in it.

The way she said "stuff" made my blood boil. It wasn't _stuff_. Each one was my own creation. And I took great pride in that.

I twirled my staff in my palm which in turn caused the snow to fall heavier just where she was standing. About five seconds later she was covered in it.

"What the? Why am I the only one in a snow blanket!?"

Hiccup narrowed his eyes at me and frowned.

"She had it coming," I told him, kicking some snow in her face.

The girl yipped loudly and wiped the snow away. My grin was enormous.

"Jack, cut it out!" The boy whispered to me.

"Who are you _talking_ to?!"

"She yells a lot. I don't know how you can stand that. I never yell at you," I said while balancing my staff on my foot.

He sighed and placed a hand on the girl's back. "It's nothing, Astrid. The weather is really picking up around here. Maybe we should both get home."

"No kidding, _Hiccup_." She brushed away from him angrily and climbed on her dragon. "See you tomorrow."

Then it was just us two. And Toothless of course who was busy rolling in the snow, creating dragon angels.

My smile soon faded when Hiccup whipped himself around to glare daggers at me. My stomach dropped a little. "What's with the face?"

"She didn't deserve that! You didn't have to drench her like that. Andâ€¦and kicking the snow into her face was highly inappropriate!"

"Oh jeez, now you're yelling tooâ€¦" I stuck a pinky finger into one of my ears and frowned. He tapped a foot on the ground and held his stance. "Alright, alrightâ€¦I'm sorry. I just don't like her."

"At first she can be really rough around the edges, but Astrid is a good person. She's helped me a lot in the pastâ€¦"

My nose twitched as I narrowed my eyes.

Oh joyâ€¦

There was silence for a few moments and then Hiccup finally spoke again. "Are youâ€¦jealous of Astrid, by any chance?"

I focused my eyes on a falling piece of snow as I raked my brain for a reasonable answer to that question. No way could I answer that truthfully. No way. No way in hell was I going toâ€¦

"I mightâ€¦beâ€¦a littleâ€¦"

I just can't lie to this kidâ€¦

He shook his head and let out a small puff of air which I turned into steam. "You're just like Toothless. He didn't like Astrid at first either."

"I highly doubt I'm ever going to like her," I replied.

He tilted his head a little to the left and asked, "Why not?"

"Becauseâ€¦" I walked closer to him and looked directly into his green orbs. "I don't like to share."

****x-x****

I had always thought that I liked being on my own. Sure, it got lonely at times and even saddening, butâ€¦what was the point? Having all those people surrounding you. Forcing you to live a certain way. Telling you what to do. What to eat. How to dress. Where to go. It seemed suffocating and I wasn't one to wish that kind of suffering on myself. Why would I choose a life of annoyance when I could have a life of solitude and freedom?

I asked myself that same question again for the first time in days as I stared at the sleeping boy. The answer seemed toâ€¦morph and change into something else in my mind. Something it had never been before. I don't know if that scared me or gave me some kind of hope.

Hiccup and I had talked again, this time he fell asleep before saying goodnight. But instead of leaving quickly like I had the other night, I stayed for a bit longer and watched the boy sleep. He was still awkward, if not even more so, as he slept. But there was something about his wide open mouth and deep, snore-like breaths that had me smiling.

I eyed the fireplace that was terribly placed in the middle of the room. It basically confined me to the windowsill where I sat, kind of wishing that I could lay down next to him. Maybeâ€|uh, poke his nose or somethingâ€|

Gritting my teeth together, I stood up and jumped from the window. The thoughts in my head were jumbled and annoying to listen to. Hiccup wasâ€|he was my _friend_. Just my friend and nothing else. Why would I want to be anything else but friends with him anyway?

Whyâ€|?

I wanted to block everything out. I wanted to cause a snow storm. I looked up towards the mountains and sighed. After all this time I was still resorting to taking out my anger on others.

Will I ever grow upâ€|?

I spent the night in the mountains once again and in the morning the village ground was covered in almost four feet of snow.

"_Hiccup_"

I didn't even think before I ran inside his house and up to that room again.

"Dadâ€|I-I'm fine, really it's just reallyâ€|_cold_," the brunette boy was shivering and shaking in his bed while his father threw wood onto the fire.

"Cold nights like those are what's causing the pain, son." He rolled up Hiccup's pant leg. I leaned over him to get a better look, Hiccup's eyes watching me as I did.

"There's a bit of frostbite on thisâ€|" his dad said sadly.

I suddenly felt like the shittiest person to ever walk the Earth.

"I did this to youâ€|" I was breathing a little heavy and my eyes were starting to water.

I knew full well that his foot was missingâ€|and yet I stillâ€|

"I think I'll be alright, dad." Hiccup smiled at him then locked eyes with me. I wanted to hug him so badlyâ€|

So I did. I jumped right through his father and landed on the bed. My arms encased themselves around the boy and I could tell he was a little more than shocked.

Friends huggedâ€|friends hugged, right? Thisâ€|this wasn'tâ€|

I soon let him go for fear of his father noticing anything and the fact that I was probably being a weird friend. I swallowed thickly and his eyes never left me.

"Should I take you to the doctor, Hiccup?" his dad asked.

The dark haired boy just shook his head though. "Haven't you seen it outside? We would get lost in that snow."

His father stood up and put two large hands on his hips. "I guess you're right about that one. Just stay in bed and close to the fire. I'll go bring more wood up."

The man left and I rubbed the back of my head with my fingers. "Sorryâ€¦I'm so sorry, Hiccup."

"Ahhâ€¦don't be. I'm way too strong for something like this to faze me!" He flexed nonexistent muscles and I finally smiled.

But it soon faded as I thought more about what I had done. "Doesâ€¦it hurt bad?"

His eyes turned soft and he rubbed his knee. "Honestlyâ€¦yes. I hate it. It's like having some kind of foreign object on my body that just doesn't belong thereâ€¦"

I took a deep breath then said, "I want to know what happened, Hiccupâ€¦"

That was when his father returned with the fire wood. He didn't stay long though, but he made sure that the fire was big and warm enough for his son before leaving once again.

When we were both alone again I was perched on the windowsill and he had shifted towards the edge of the bed, the fire drawing him closer while it pushed me away.

He started talking about a war. The dragon and human war that had raged on and on for centuries on Berk. He told me about finding Toothless and training him. About how there was the "dragon's nest" where the queen lived. Apparentlyâ€¦he lost his foot while saving his village from the thing.

"That sounds like one hell of an adventureâ€¦" I finally said after he was done telling his tale.

He nodded, bobbing his head up and down. "I don't regret what I didâ€¦but I kind of wish _this_ hadn't happened." He gestured to his leg and frowned.

"At least you didn't lose more than thatâ€¦"

"That'sâ€¦one way to look at it."

The fire crackled and popped and I was starting to sweat. I didn't want to leave thoughâ€¦it was barley noon and I hadn't gotten myâ€¦Hiccup fix yet.

Orâ€¦whateverâ€¦

"Is the fire too hot for you?" he asked thoughtfully.

"I can handle it," I told him while squinting though the flames from across the room. It was almost like the sun had migrated into his room for the day. I felt the energy slowly draining out of me.

I almost wanted to bring the snow _into_ his roomâ€¦

The door opened then and both our eyes stared shocked at the blonde girl who smiled at my best friend.

I instantly felt the need to blast her with the coldest wind imaginable so that she would fly right back through the damn door she came in.

"Heya," she waved and walked towards the boy who let her sit on his bed. Something that I had wanted to do for the past two days she could just easily do without even thinking about it.

Damn her.

"What are you doing here? Did you not see the snow outside?"

"You forget that I have a dragon too, Hiccup. Besides, I told you that I would see you today. Can't go around lying all the time, right?"

I grunted and coughed loudly, trying to make my disgust as blatant as possible.

Hiccup looked at me then laughed little. I smiled at that. "Thanks, Astrid."

"_Thanks, Astid_," I mocked him in a high, pitchy voice.

He sighed heavily and continued talking to her. I didn't pay much attention to them, mostly just to the fact that I was seriously in need of some snow around my flesh. When I finally couldn't take it anymore, I spoke to him, "Hiccup. I need to get out of here. It'sâ€¦getting too hot."

He nodded a little, not too noticeably. Maybe he wasn't even listening to me anymore. I growled and stood next to the bed. "Hiccup. I don't like you two being alone together."

The boy laughed at something she had said and in an angry rage I lifted my staff and knocked it on the top of his head.

"Ouch!"

"Are you listening to me?"

"_Yes_!"

I stepped back a little in shock of his loud voice. I was upsetting him.

Of course I amâ€¦

I bit my lip roughly and jumped out the window once again without a second glance.

****x-x****

"I'm so stupid! _Ahhh_!" I ran frustrated fingers through my hair as

I collapsed into the snow, kicking it up around me so that if anyone walked by it might look like the wind was blowing it up.

I had found a slightly less snow covered area; the forested part of the island wasn't hit so hard. So I lay under a tree with my hands behind my head and thought about what had just happened.

"I don't understand why he makes me like thisâ€|"

"Who are you talking about, exactly, _Jack Frost_?"

When I turned around I saw darkness and my eyes strayed out of focus. I knew that voice thoughâ€|only one being in the world sounded as cunning and evil as he did.

"Pitchâ€|"

3. The Boogeyman

****A/N: Guys. I seriously love you all. I had the biggest smile on today cause of all the lovely reviews I had received. I'm really having fun with this story. I bet you're all as excited as I am for the movie. ;]****

****So I wasn't sure how to end this chapter. It was delayed just because of that. So I hope all is good and don't forget to share your thoughts. ^_^**
>

****Oh and ****

****P.S. If you have any questions to ask, either ask me on my tumblr, (which I will put on my profile) or with an actual account so that I can reply to you! :]**
>

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 3: The Boogeyman<p>

"What the hell are you doing here?" I ground out, trying to distance myself from the man. I in no way wanted to be anywhere near the freaking bringer of nightmares.

Pitch just laughed like the damn psychopath he was and said, "Answering my question with a question? How classy of you, Jacky."

Anger surged through me and I held my staff up towards him in a fighting stance. "Shut your _damn _mouth!"

His eyes showed malice. "Oh, I'm _so_ scared." He started to approach me and I was beginning shake. "Are you as well?"

"I am _not_ afraid of you."

"That's too badâ€|there are just _so_ many nightmares I could give youâ€|" Pitch had stepped so close that my staff was pressing against his chest.

"Don't come any closer, _Boogeyman_!" I growled furiously.

He ignored me and spoke again, "This little village is so adorable, don't you think? What with the livestock, the children and all of their pet dragons. Wouldn't it be great if I crushed those happy dreams of theirs?"

My eyes widened.

Hiccup!

"_Don't_!" I shouted without thinking. I took it back in an instant though, realizing that I had just given him what he wanted.

Of course he grinned like a maniac and started walking away from me. My stomach dropped. "So you've finally found someone who can see you? You're protective. That's good. I can't wait to see the look on your face when I—"

"_STOP_!" I screamed and then all I heard was empty silence in the chilled air. My hands were shaking, it was a strange feeling. Almost like being so cold you can't stand living anymore. "Stop—I get it—I get it, just _stop_!" I felt defeated. An emotion I hardly ever had to deal with. And it sucked.

Pitch turned around and asked, "Do you, Jack? Do you really?" He was approaching me again but this time at a way faster pace. Soon he had me pinned to the side of a tree, my only escape being to fly away. But before I could he grabbed onto my wrist and spat words into my face, "Because I don't think you have the slightest clue." His eyes were so deeply golden, just like the nightmare horses I had seen follow him around before.

I pushed my fears away and glared right back into those eyes. I wanted to show him I wasn't going to just buckle under the weight of his darkness. Jack Frost wasn't going to give in. So with a small sneer, I replied, "_Indulge_ me."

What a terrible idea that was.

His long fingers clutched my face in their bony embrace and with a grin he planted his lips onto mine.

Disgust and rage encased my whole being and I hardly let a moment pass by before I slammed my staff into his head and froze the entirety of his left arm. With fire in my eyes, I punched him in the jaw and finally sent him stumbling backwards, away from me.

"You—you sick _fuck_!"

"I will find him, Jack. And don't you think I won't. I'll find him and crush his spirit until there is _nothing_ left." He rubbed his chin a little, spitting blood out onto the snowy ground.

"You'll go to hell before that happens!" I charged at him and he disappeared, leaving behind black smoke and laughter that echoed through the trees and my heart.

Hiccup was in dangerâ€|because of me. Everyone on the island was. Now that Pitch was there, their nights would be filled with nightmares like they've never seen.

And if anythingâ€|I had to save Hiccup.

Because he was special. Hiccup was mine. And Pitch was going to pay for ever threatening something that belonged to me.

****x-x****

My bare feet hit the snow banks and tore through the village until I reached his house. I stood, looking upwards at the window and took a deep breath, ready to apologize and make things right between us if it was the last thing I did.

When I climbed through the opening my eyes went straight to the girl sitting next to his bed.

She's still here.

I narrowed my eyes in a deep rage and noticed that Hiccup had fallen asleep once again. My heart lightened for a moment but when I saw her hand brush over his hair, my fingers clenched around my staff as if it was her arm.

How dare sheâ€|? HOW DARE SHE?!

I began freezing the tips of her fingers, one by one. My anger flew out of control and I covered her neck in frost, causing her to stand up and scream loudly. That woke Hiccup up in an instant and he started asking her what was wrong.

When his eyes locked onto mine I stopped all attacks on the girl and instantly dropped my staff to the ground. "Hiccup, Iâ€|"

"Get out!" he yelled.

"Please, just let me explain!"

"_Leave_!"

"Hiccupâ€|I can't breatheâ€|"

The boy got up from the bed but fell over his own foot in the process. It made my heart ache seeing him collapse to the floor. He tried bringing her closer to the fire, "Astrid, justâ€|"

I ran over to the two and knelt down next to Hiccup, helping him up. He then set the girl down by the fire. His eyes glared through me like two laser beams made of flames. Astrid soon started to defrost and I backed away. I held my hand out for Hiccup to take and with a few narrow blinks, he grabbed onto it and I lead him back to the bed.

Silence encompassed the room until the girl started coughing a little and stood up. She began shouting at the top of her lungs. "Something is going on with you!" She pointed an accusing finger at my friend. "This is just like when you found Toothless! But it's like nothing has changed between us! I guess I'm not good enough!"

"Astrid, that's notâ€" "

"I don't understand why I keepâ€|why this _stuff_ keeps happening! But believe meâ€|you know something and I _will_ _find out what that is."

Hiccup looked to me and I bowed my head.

"Who do you keep looking at?"

"Toothlessâ€|you're waking him up."

The dragon yawned and stretched its wings. He had been napping as well.

Astrid blew an angry puff of air out her nose and returned to glare at my friend. "I'm leaving."

She was gone within seconds and I let out the biggest sigh in history. "She's so scaryâ€|"

"Why are you still here? Don't you have some windows to frost or something?" The brunette crossed his arms and looked away from me.

"Only on weekendsâ€|"

"â€|Whatever."

I stepped towards his bed and finally sat down on it. Frankly, it didn't feel as awesome as I had previously expected it would. Though, the situation I was in kind of had something to do with that I supposed.

"Hiccup?"

"Whatâ€|?"

I cleared my throat and started tapping my fingers together over my knees. "I know you probably don't want to hear this, but I _am_ sorryâ€|My anger got the best of me, I just snapped. I don't have much control with this sort of stuff. I always just did what I wanted without consequence. Obviously no one was going to get mad at me becauseâ€|wellâ€|"

He was quiet and making eye contact with a book sitting in the corner. I closed my eyes tightly and felt a tear fall out. "Please don't hate meâ€|"

"Why were you mad?"

I sniffed. "â€|Huh?"

"You said your anger got out of control. Why were you mad?"

Warm air filled my lungs as I took a sharp breath. I had hardly noticed the fire breathing cove to my right. It had gone down some but was still pretty overbearing. "It'sâ€|kind of complicated, actually."

"I think I can keep up."

"Yeah, but will you be mad at me?" I leaned forward a bit and looked him in the eyes. "I'll tell you what you want to know, justâ€¦don'tâ€¦" Trailing off, I looked away and waited for him to speak.

When he finally did, he brought his head up to look at me. "I can'tâ€¦stay mad at you, Jack."

Overwhelming emotion flooded me and I leaned forward and wrapped my arms around his torso. We both sat there awkwardly for a few moments. My hand suddenly moved itself up the back of his neck and my fingers ran through his hair. He shivered the moment I did and I felt myself smirk. He was so sensitive.

"Ahhhâ€¦Are youâ€¦going to tell me?" he asked slowly.

I moved myself over a bit and rubbed my nose into his neck slightly. "Yeah, just a secondâ€¦" It was difficult to keep my hands from moving to other places. He was so warm and alive and there. I just wanted to touch every inch of him.

Stopâ€¦you're being weird again.

My hand returned to me and I used it to rub the back of my head as I leaned away from him. I couldn't tell what he was thinking, maybe it was disgust. But it looked more like a mix of confusion andâ€¦longing. I could have just been hoping for that though.

I started playing with the strings on my hoodie, my eyes straying away from his for fear of further embarrassment. When I started to speak, my voice had become a little raspy. "Have you ever heard of the Boogeyman?"

"â€¦Isn't he supposed to live under your bed and scare you when you're sleeping?"

I laughed without feeling and shook my head, "Pitch is a little more hardcore than that."

There was a pause and then he said, "You're saying thatâ€¦he's real too?"

"Along with a handful of other mythical beings."

"They can see you, then?" he asked.

I nodded and twisted the string around my finger. "Yeah. I don't see them much though. They all have their jobs and deadlines to worry about. But Pitchâ€¦he found me somehow. He's alwaysâ€¦" I paused and remembered what he had done to me in the forest, then grimaced, "disliked me for some damn reason. And he knows about youâ€¦"

Hiccup puffed out his chest a little and smiled. "He can't hurt me."

I looked into his sparkling eyes and sighed, "He can turn your brightest dream into the darkest of nightmares, Hiccup. He's nothing

to be messed with. I know dreams aren't that big of a deal, but his nightmares will break you down. If he tries hard enough, he can cause people to be insomniacsâ€|I've seen it happen before. I can't let him find youâ€|"

We both looked at our hands and were quiet for quite some time. My breathing turned faster within a few minutes and I scratched my head. "This fire is killing meâ€|"

"Why did you take your anger out on Astrid though, Jack? Whyâ€|? Do you hate her that much?"

That was what he had been thinking about?

I sighed and stood up. "I'm sorry about your girlfriendâ€|I'll control myself from now on, I promise."

He rolled his eyes fiercely and stood up as well, stumbling forwards which made him fall into my arms. I looked at the top of his head and smiled to myself as he roughly pushed away from me. "I told you before, she isn't my girlfriend."

"Huh," I put a finger onto my chin, "Funny. Cause the way she was drooling over you while you were sleeping and rubbing her fingers through your hair, kind of made that seem impossible."

He let out a small, disgruntled noise and looked anywhere but at me. "I can'tâ€|I-I can't control what she does when I'm not conscious."

"Why would she do that if you guys weren't more than friends?"

"I don't know!" he yelled.

Toothless finally woke up and he growled friskily, probably guessing that we were playing some kind of game by yelling in each other's faces.

He started hopping around the room, knocking a few things over. "Toothless! _Come on_, bud! Calm down." The dragon got on the bed and sat down, smiling at his owner.

Hiccup ran a hand over the dragon and he sighed again. "I like Astridâ€|"

My heart started breaking into little pieces.

"I've liked her for a long time. She never noticed me until everything happened. She's pretty and almost every boy on the island wants to be with her."

_ No moreâ€|I don't want to hear anymoreâ€|_

"_Hiccup_â€|"

"Butâ€|I don'tâ€|for some reason, I'm _scared_ of being anything but friends with her. What if she ends up hating me again like she did before? When she yells, it reminds me of back when she found out about Toothless. She was going to tell everyone about him, with no second thought about me or himâ€|I don't want to lose her as a

friend, but I also don't want to push anything. Besidesâ€¦" He looked at me. There were tears in my eyes. "I think I mightâ€¦well...I might like someone else tooâ€¦"

My sky blue eyes connected with his forest green and I almost collapsed onto the ground.

He was talking about me. _Me_! Heâ€¦he might actually _like_ me!

That'sâ€¦what I wanted, right?

Rightâ€¦?

The more I looked at him, the more I realized that yes: I wanted this freckled, one footed, skinny awkward mess of a kid. I wanted Hiccup.

****x-x****

I watched him sleep for almost the whole night. Being around the fire for so long, I had grown somewhat immune to it.

â€¦Okay, I wouldn't really go _that_ far, but at least it wasn't burning my skin off. I learned to deal with the pain it brought, for Hiccup's sake at least.

My eyes patrolled the door in his room and behind me, which was basically the sky and the village. I watched for any kind of movement that seemed strange. Pitch wasn't getting anywhere near Hiccup.

I yawned and rubbed at my eyes. Sleep was knocking on my door, but I shooed it away.

Instead of giving in to the growing tiredness, I began thinking about what Hiccup had said. Well, I had been thinking about it for a while now. Right after he said he might like "someone else", he instantly turned pink in the cheeks and changed the subject.

Actually, I had thought it was the cutest thing I'd ever seen.

We didn't talk about Astrid anymore, which made me happy. But I did inform him that I would be spending the night, not to sleep but to make sure he was safe. He told me he had Toothless for that.

Yeah, but Toothless can't see the damn Boogeyman.

I guess I had fallen asleep because the next thing I knew, Hiccup was shaking my arm.

"Shit!" I yelled and fell out the window.

"_Jack_!"

I flew back through it before hitting the ground and landed very closely to the boy. My hands went to his shoulders and I looked him over. "Are you alright? Dammit I fell asleepâ€¦Did you dream?"

He stared at me with rapidly blinking eyes. "Uhhhâ€¦yeah. I dreamt that Snotlout was a girl and the twins turned into dogsâ€¦"

Letting out a heavy sigh, I pulled him in for a hug. "Thank god. He didn't come last night"

"You think he was busy?"

"Probably looking for you. Don't be surprised if any of your friends tell you about nightmares they had last night"

Hiccup shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "We're Vikings. I'm sure they're fine. We have sturdiness issues."

I held him close to me for a few more seconds and sniffed his hair. "You know you don't really smell like dead fish. Its more like sunshine and freshly cut grass."

"Well, you smell like frozen trees and freshly fallen snow."

How accurate he was.

Toothless began frolicking around the room once again and Hiccup asked me, "Do you want to go for a ride?"

I blinked twice. "On Toothless?"

He nodded happily.

"I can already fly. Why would I want to do it on a giant reptile?"

"Because I want you to?"

I couldn't argue with that.

Nodding, I finally gave in. This seemed to make him happy, which was my goal all along. Sneaky me. "I'm gunna go downstairs to take a bath then I'll tell my dad."

"Mhmm, don't be too long," I told him.

He grinned widely. "Yeah sure."

Before he could leave though I grabbed on to his shirt and pulled him closer to me. I then leaned forward and opened my mouth to nip slightly at his nose. My teeth ghosted along the bridge of his nose and my tongue licked the tip of it gently.

Smirking devilishly, I said, "I'll be outside." Then turned around and started to hum The Christmas Song while I leapt out of the window. I could still see his face in my mind when I landed on the ground.

It's probably never been that red.

****x-x****

"PUT ME DOWN!"

"Such a baby"

"I'm fucking serious, Hicccaahhhh!"

His dragon probably looked like a damn top, spinning through the sky towards sharp, pointy rock filled mountains.

He's a goddamn stunt actor. That's what he is.

My arms were gripped around his waist for dear life. It wasn't like I was scared of dying or falling. But spinning and twirling and loop-de-loops on something that I had no control over justâ€|well, it bothered me a little, that's all.

"You're acting like Astrid did when she firstâ€"

"Shut it! I'm _fine_â€|" I grumbled and opened my eyes again as he giggled a little. Toothless had begun going slower which calmed me down. If anything, I guess it gave me a chance to be close to Hiccup. Even if he _was_ warmer than a freaking furnace.

My fingers played with the hem of his shirt as we both stared out into the sunlight. I felt a little jolt go through me every time the tip of my finger brushed his hip. "I usually don't go this high up," I told him, leaning my head onto his shoulder.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?"

I nodded. "Definitely is."

We landed on a hilltop not too far off from the village. It offered a full view of it so I sat down, dangling my feet over the edge. "God I'm so glad to be on the ground againâ€|" I sighed and fell backwards.

When I opened my eyes, Hiccup was above me, smiling. "You act like I just took you on some kind of death flight."

I laughed wholeheartedly at that.

He sat down next to me and leaned backwards a little. That's when I sat up and moved closer to him, not too noticeably of course. My eyes went to the village and then traveled down next to me where his hand was resting.

Without thinking, I placed mine on top of his. His arm froze up like I'd just frosted him over, but soon afterwards he loosened up and my fingers slowly intertwined with his.

It was an amazing feeling.

4. Kissing and Teasing

**A/N: Hey guys! Sorry this chapter took a little longer than the others did. I got very distracted with Assassin's Creed lol...But anyways! I love you all! *clings to you* I hope you like it! Opinions, ideas, perverted thoughts, all are welcome in the review box! ^_^ Bye for now! **

* * *

><p>Chapter 4: Kissing and Teasing<p>

Night came much too soon. Not that I didn't like watching the sunset with him, or playing fetch with Toothless or ever making another snowman. This time with a large smirk and my name written on itâ€”Hiccup's doing.

It was justâ€”I was worried. Night meant Pitch would be on the prowl and Hiccup's wellbeing was once again going to be threatened.

I sighed a little loudly and looked towards the boy beside me. He was drawing a picture of his dragon in the snow with a twig. The noise made him look to me.

"What's wrong?"

My eyes stared into his and once again I realized just how freaking adorable this kid was. I looked at the ground and answered, "Pitch has me nervousâ€”that's all."

"What if he comes tonight? What will happenâ€”?" He finished his drawing then gave me his full attention.

"Hnnâ€”" I thought about what he asked and finally just shrugged my shoulders. "I'll probably beat the shit out of him." He paled slightly and I tilted my head in confusion. "Whatâ€”?"

"You're going to_ fight_ himâ€”?" It was like that shocked him or something.

"Yeah, of course. Gotta keep you safe." I smiled and ruffled his hair gently. "I'll be fine. It's not like I'm defenseless." I held my staff up and waved it in front of us, a little burst of air ran through the snow as I did.

For some reason, what I said didn't really reach him. "You'll get hurtâ€”"

"Maybe a little. It's not like I'll die. Neither of us willâ€”I'll just have to scare him offâ€”"

"You shouldn't get hurt because of me!"

I stared at him in shock. He was _worried_ about me. What an unfamiliar feeling that was. Having someone else actually care about meâ€”It feltâ€”so _good_. Like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I never even knew that such a powerful emotion existedâ€”

With what breath that I had, I responded, "You shouldn't get hurt because of me either, Hic."

He blew air out through his nose and crossed his arms a little angrily. It was so cute. "You're frustratingâ€”"

My smile grew to an outrageous size as I tackled him to the ground, my hands grabbing each one of his arms. I just couldn't control my excitement. "Stop that." I was still smiling.

The brunette gawked at me. "Stop _what_?"

"_That_â€|" I lowered my head and touched my forehead to his.

"I don'tâ€|" He didn't finish. Orâ€|couldn't. Because I finally did it.

I _kissed_ him.

His eyes were wide open when I closed mine and started moving my lips on his. I surely didn't want to push him too far with our first kissâ€|but my hips were inconveniently placed between his legs. Which made it a little difficult to control myself. I ended up accidentally pressing myself against him, gently but enough to send me over the edge.

Once I did, I felt an overbearing sense of heat erupt through me. Kissing suddenly wasn't enough for me. I had to have more.

_I wantâ€|all of him. Right now. _

I put an icy cold hand onto his side then lifted his shirt up and ran my hand along his stomach.

His unresponsive lips broke with mine when he turned his head.
"J-Jackâ€|you're _freezing_â€|"

My mouth was dry and I swallowed sharply then unwillingly pulled my hand back and sat up.

Damn it all to hellâ€|

"Let'sâ€|let's get you home, alright?" I stood up and held out a hand for him. The look in his eyes was misted over, but I could tell he wasn't angry or confused. Maybe I was justâ€|going too fast for him. Whichâ€|was fine. I could wait. Probablyâ€|

****x-x****

"I can't believe you kissed meâ€|" Hiccup said while removing his shirt.

My hungry eyes watched him, scanning his back from my spot on the windowsill. It took me a second to realize what he had said, what with my mind being clouded in perversion. "Uhhâ€|yeah. Sorry about that. Did you hate it?"

He put a night shirt on and I frowned, wishing that he had turned around so I could have seen more than just his back. His brown hair flowed around his head when he shook it back and forth. "Noâ€|I never said that."

"Am I better than the girl?" I grinned slightly, raising one eyebrow.

He dropped what he was holding instantly and whipped himself around just to stutter out some strange noises.

I held a limp hand up to my mouth and laughed into it. "You can't even form words. That's gotta mean something, right?"

His features fell and I saw an eye twitch.

"What a cute face."

He then ignored me and walked towards Toothless, whom he said goodnight to. Once he climbed into his bed, I looked at him quickly before crawling in after him.

"Are you nuts?!" Hiccup squeaked as I placed myself behind him and buried my nose into his hair. My arms wrapped around his back and he sighed. "What are you _doing_?"

"Just chill. I'll get up in a sec," I told him while slipping my hand up the back of his shirt. Goosebumps covered his skin and I smirked.

"Would you stop touching me?"

"Stop teasing me and maybe I will."

"_Teasing_?!"

I laughed and licked the back of his neck.

"Jack?"

"Hiccup?"

I became an ice statue when I heard that voice.

The next time I see her alone, I'm encasing her whole damn body in a block of ice!

I held on tight to the boy even though he was trying to escape. "Astrid? I figured you were mad at me!" He struggled a little in my hold but I wouldn't let him go.

She walked towards the bed and sat down in a chair beside it. "I just want to talk; I want to know what's going on with you. I'm sorry for yelling at you before; I was just scared and upset!"

Great. She's apologizing. Just what I fucking need.

I gripped Hiccup's hip and held tight. "Please don't!"

The brunette sighed and laid still. "If I—if I told you what was really going on you'd never believe me!"

"Show me proof. I don't care, Hiccup. I need to know."

"No she doesn't; she doesn't even believe in me. Tell her to leave," I whispered in his ear.

He growled deeply and sat up against my hold. I got up as well and wrapped my arms around his stomach, eyeing the girl defensively.

"Jack; she's not going to _eat_ me!"

My eyes rolled.

Yeah, whatever

"Who is Jack?" she asked him slowly.

Hiccup cleared his throat to speak, "You can't see him but he's kind of sitting right behind me. He's actually Jack _Frost_, if you can believe that. That's why well, those things keep happening to you." He turned and looked at me over his shoulder. "He's got a little jealousy issue."

I frowned and blew ice in his ear.

The girl blinked a few times when she saw the snowflakes floating around in the room. They melted almost instantly, but the look on her face told me she wasn't as stupid as I thought.

"Jack _Frost_?"

Hiccup swatted the snow away with his hand. "I'm not kidding, Astrid. It took a lot to convince you about Toothless. You've got to believe me with this one."

I watched intently as the girl mulled the thought over in her mind. After about a minute passed by I chuckled lowly to myself. "She's kind of slow."

"No she's not"

She spoke up almost instantly. "What did he say?"

Hiccup swallowed and then laughed awkwardly. "N-nothing"

The girl crossed her arms. "I want to know."

Jumping a little, I spoke quickly, "Tell her I said she's hot. Do it. Go, go." I nudged his back in excitement.

He stiffened in my embrace. I think he was getting angry with me.

"Then it'll look like I said she's not. Stop! You're being annoying!" I had poked him in the side a couple times and he squirmed.

Smiling happily, I placed my chin on his shoulder and waited for things to happen. As annoying as the girl was, I was actually pretty damn content. Maybe letting her know what was going on was the best choice of action anyway. That would at least let her know that if she creeped on Hiccup again I'd be there.

The blonde spoke again, "So he's behind you. Right now." Hiccup nodded. "What's he doing?"

"Sitting!" he told her without thinking probably. I laughed at him.

"I'm not just sitting" I put my hand up the back of his shirt again. Maybe I was being cruel and a little perverted but hell if I cared. This was fun.

Hiccup whined slightly under his breath. It was the most erotic noise I'd ever heard out of him. "Stop!"

My eyes narrowed and I grinned.

"I want to make those louder!"

Astrid stood up abruptly. "Why can't I see him?"

We both looked to her and the boy shrugged a little under my weight. "He told me I'm the first to ever be able to!"

"Are you sure he's not just in your head, Hiccup?"

He shot forward a little, my hand slipping away just a bit. "He's not! Jack." He turned to me again and I blinked hastily. "Make some icicles out the window."

"How about a please?" I crossed my arms on my chest, eyeing him.

He sighed. "Please?"

My hand reached for the staff that had been lying on the ground and in seconds I had done as he said, creating three small icicles that dangled and dripped from his window.

Her eyes were as wide as full moons.

"That'll show her. Doesn't believe in me, my ass," I voiced.

Just then, the dragon in the room got up and started eating the icicles then ran over and placed one on the ground next to me before licking my whole face.

"Toothless!" I yelled, while shoving him away but still attempting to stay holding onto the boy. It was like trying to sail a small boat during a hurricane.

Astrid was stuttering and flailing her hands in the air while I pleaded for Hiccup to control his pet.

When he finally got the reptile off of me, I sighed in relief and laid face down on the bed, my face in a pillow, grumbling into it.

"He's done that before! Toothless can see him too?! Why? What? I can't how?"

Hiccup led her over to the bed to sit down and I glared in her direction. All three of us on the bed felt like one too many.

"I tried telling you! He is real and he is here with us!"

"Wish I wasn't!" I scowled at the girl.

He faintly smiled at me.

"I want to talk to him."

We both stared, shocked at her for once.

"_Talk_ to him?" Hiccup asked, confused.

She nodded. "Yes. Hiccup, you can be the translator, so to speak."

I laughed sharply and leaned on my elbow. "What a joke."

"Give her a chance, Jackâ€|" Hiccup locked eyes with me and I looked away quickly.

"What did he say?"

The brunette replied to her, "He doesn't think that will work, basicallyâ€|"

"It will. Just let me."

She seemed confident enough, but like I gave a damn. I just wanted her to leave as soon as possible. What with my growing sexual frustration and the fact that Pitch could show up there at any second both looming over me like a storm cloud.

"Whatever." I waved a hand in the air and scoffed, "Just get on with it. What does she want to know?" Hiccup nodded and relayed the message in a kinder manner. I eyed him willfully, "You're making me sound like a total fag."

"What does he eat?"

_Weird ass question. _

I figured just asking more questions about hers would only cause issues and make me waste my time, so I answered, "I don't eat. I only do when I want to try something new. Otherwise it's only if I'm bored. Hunger pains have lessened after three hundred plus years." I began picking at my nails.

After Hiccup had told her what I said, she asked another equally useless inquiry, "How old are you exactly?"

"My body is stuck at eighteen, but technically I'm three hundred and twelve. You should remember that, yeah?" I looked to him for a moment and smiled.

About ten stupid questions later, she put a small finger on her bottom lip and then asked me something that she would probably end up regretting ever coming out of her mouth. "Why are you jealous of me?"

I sat up and growled. "If this bitch thinks she can just warm up to me by asking a few personal questions and then drop a bomb like that, then she's dead wrong!" I grabbed my staff but Hiccup stopped me before I could make a move.

"Calm down. You don't have to answerâ€|"

"Oh I'll answer the question." I gripped my staff, jerking away from the boy almost violently. "Tell her I'm _not_ jealous of her. Because

you're mine, so there isn't anything to _be_ jealous of. Not anymore."

"I'mâ€|whatâ€|?" He seemed confused but I urged him on.

"Tell her."

"What isâ€|what's he saying?" the girl asked.

Hiccup wouldn't speak and so I moved the bed's covers away and wrote my answer on the wooden board with frost:

**Hiccup is mine.**

The color in her face instantly left her as she stood up and backed away from us both almost too slowly. "Y-youâ€|yoursâ€|_Hiccup_."

She looked at him, but he was staring dumbfounded at the melting letters.

"I don't belong to anyoneâ€|" His green eyes then traced their way up to me and he glared.

My shoulders sank along with my confidence. It wasn't like I was being unreasonable, right? I figured that heâ€|

"I should goâ€|" Astrid started walking towards the door and Hiccup got up to follow her.

I was going to trail the both of them as well, but I heard a voice that chilled me to the bone. "What a splendid little display of affectionâ€|"

My eyes went straight to Hiccup who was beginning to hobble his way down the stairs after the girl. My heart was torn in two ways as Pitch approached me from the darkness of Hiccup's room.

Why didn't I notice him before? Was he standing there the whole timeâ€|?

He walked right by the door and closed it with a shadowy hand. "I've been looking for you, Jack. Seems you've been out all day, haven't you? Busy with your new toy." He laughed and ran his fingers along my shoulder as he paced in front of me.

The fire reflected deep in my eyes. "Touch me again and I'll make you wish you weren't alive."

He smiled, as if my threats meant nothing to him. "Such coercions. Now, why can't we just talk? Hmmm, Jack? Like friends? We were friends at one point in time, right?"

My frosty blue eyes bore into his. "I never fucking liked you. Leave before I force you to."

"I think I'll stay actually." The nightmare walked towards the fire then sent a black horse into it. It sputtered and coughed until it went completely out and soon there was nothing but darkness.

My eyes blinked, straining to see Pitch who was just as dark as the

room now. Toothless, who was lying beside me, stood up and started growling into the night. I held onto his neck and felt shivers engulf me.

"Pitchâ€¦just _leave_â€¦"

"Getting a little scared now, are we?" Golden eyes were all I could see, all around me.

But I wasn't afraid. "You think you can scare me. You're wrong."

He sighed. "That is to be expected. You seeâ€¦that's why I came here. To this room. I can see you care very much for this Hiccup boy. Maybe a little too muchâ€¦"

My fists started to clench together and Toothless escaped my grasp then ran to the other side of the room. "How cowardly. Trying to get to me by using someone I care for instead of just fighting me directly."

His laugh echoed through the tiny room and I stepped backwards. "You think I want to _fight_ you, Jack? I wouldn't dream of putting a scratch on that perfect face of yours."

"Then what do you want?!" I yelled.

Out of the darkness, he approached me then looked into my eyes. I'd never seen a more piercing stare. "To see you _writhe_."

He was a sadist. The perfect example of one and I couldn't let him near Hiccup. I had to get him out of that room.

But then I heard the boy's voice outside of all places. He must have trailed Astrid all the way there, chasing after her like some moron.

Why wouldn't he just forget about herâ€¦? I wasâ€¦I wasâ€¦

"Poor Jackâ€¦" I turned to glare at him. "All he wants is someone to loveâ€¦but it seems the boy can't forget about who he _really_ loves."

Tears threatened my eyes. "He doesn't _love_ her!" I spat.

Pitch spoke fervently, "If he didn't, he wouldn't have followed her. He wouldn't even be trying."

I focused on a specific set of eyes and said, "Heâ€¦he'll forget about her. Once Iâ€¦"

"Once you what, Jack? Once you have sex with him?"

"He _will_ fall in love with me!" I shouted, the anger pulsing through my veins.

Pitch laughed horribly loud in my ears. "And then what? You'll have to watch him grow old and die as you stay young forever? What a fitting end to _that_ love story."

It wasn'tâ€¦wasn't like I hadn't thought of that before! But the way

he said itâ€¦just made it seem all too real and all too soon. Humans only lived for about eighty yearsâ€¦And in ten yearsâ€¦how different would Hiccup be from me?

My head was overwhelmed with thoughts and depressing images that I could hardly take it anymore. I needed to escape. Escape Pitch andâ€¦and even Hiccup.

I needed to be on my own again.

****x-x****

My heart ached like a deep, intense wound as I stumbled through the woods, trying to avoid the fact that I was letting myself and Hiccup down in one move. Pitch's penetrating stare had gotten too overbearing so I had soared through the window, desperately searching for a way out.

_ I haven't really found one. I'm still overly depressed. _

It was snowing, against my will, and for once I felt so cold. Too cold almost.

When I had left, my eyes scanned the area for my friend, but to no avail came my actions.

He must have gone over her house. He was probably making up with herâ€¦

The horrifying feeling of jealousy flooded me in seconds as I thought about the two of them kissingâ€¦and maybe even doing more. Her hands all over what was mine.

Mineâ€¦

Was he really what I said he was?

"I don't belong to anyoneâ€¦" _

I was in over my head with this oneâ€¦

5. Wishful Thinking is Foolish Thinking

****A/N: Hi friends! Hope everyone's day is going well, and if not, maybe this will make it better! Possibly? XD**
>

****I have a couple things to say, I think...if I can remember...oh yeah. Notice how this is rated T. Well, usually all the stories I write kind of end up going towards the M rated section. Not totally sure how this one is going to go, but...there will probably be sex in it. Not yet, obviously, cause their relationship is too fresh for that. There might even be something with Pitch and Jack? I don't know for sure yet, my mind works in crazy, mysterious ways sometimes, haha. xP But, I am just letting you all know! I think that's all I had to say...I'll update this if I remember anything else!**

>

****Please enjoy, my little Hijackers! And don't forget to review! 8D**

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*** * ***

><p>Chapter 5: Wishful Thinking is Foolish Thinking<p>

As the sun rose over those tall mountains, my head banged against the side of a house for the hundredth time. A pile of snow had accumulated on the top of my white hair; it was starting to weigh me down. Or maybe it was just my sulky, anger and fear soaked heart that was causing it.

Either way, I was uncomfortable and upset enough that I had resorted to hitting my head against a house.

I need some serious help.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw something black moving. My heart sped up but slowed instantly when Toothless ran up to me. I tilted my head to the left.

"Hey, Toothless."

He looked stressed out, almost as much as I did. With his teeth protruding, he bit onto my arm and started pulling me against my will.

"Shit! That hurts, you damn dragon!" I shouted, feeling his sharp teeth sink into my arm. I wouldn't even be surprised if he was breaking the skin.

He led me to Hiccup's house then pushed me through the open door, growling and snarling at me to get moving.

Mixed emotions flooded me after I had climbed the stairs and my eyes were staring right at the door to his room.

I didn't want to open itâ€|But at the same time, I did. I wanted to see his smiling face and feel his heat. If only I could latch onto his body and bring him close to me, through the pain of his warmth, I'd finally feel satisfied.

Yeah but he probably hates meâ€|

Toothless nudged my backside. "Alright, alright alreadyâ€|"

The door creaked open and I stepped in. Swift eyes went towards the bed where the boy was sitting andâ€|crying?

Shit. Shit, fuckâ€|

"Hiccup. What happened?" I went to put my hand on his shoulder but he instantly jerked away and started crying harder.

My thoughts went to Pitch. I hadn't gone back last night. I wasn't there to protect himâ€|I wanted to go back, but I kept thinking of him and that _whore_!

I clenched my fists in my hair and pulled roughly, causing my scalp to burn in pain. "Goddammit, Hiccup!"

He was quiet except for his sobbing. Of _course_ he wasn't going to talk to me. Of course not.

I stood awkwardly in front of him and when I looked towards Toothless he just sneezed and growled angrily at me.

"Looks like you both hate me, huh?" My voice sounded dull and dead to my ears.

Hiccup didn't look at me but he did finally speak. "What? What happened to keeping me safe?"

"You ran off with Astrid, Hic. What? I wasn't going to just...!" I growled and kicked the bed in frustration, then a cold gust of air blew the window open and snowflakes fluttered into the room.

With a sigh, I ran my hand along the back of my neck, attempting to cool myself down. I decided to cut to the chase. "Pitch gave you nightmares, right? So talk to me about them. It'll help. And I promise, tonight no more bullshit. I'll even if you run off with that girl again; I'll be here, _right here_, when you get back."

It pained me to say it, but feeling like this sucked basically as bad as when he had abandoned me for the blonde. Seeing him suffer, well it was even worse than being in pain myself.

The brunette sniffed a little and lifted his head but he didn't look at me once. "It all seemed so _real_"

"I warned you of that!" I wanted to sit next to him. All I wanted was to comfort him and talk him through this.

He sighed while staring at the floor. "I told Toothless to find you."

Narrowing my eyes, I asked, "What? Why?"

"Because in my dream, you"

My eagerness got the best of me. "What did I do?"

But his anger was too new. "I shouldn't have to tell you this! You weren't there last night to even bother to see what happened!"

"You left me! For _her_," I pointed angrily out the window, "I figured that was fucking _that_, Hiccup!" I glared down at him, standing tall above his hunched over form.

"So then _you_ just leave me for your enemies to prey on?"

I glared at him, rage in my eyes. "I thought you were scared of me getting hurt. What happened to that? Do you just not even care anymore?!" Without knowing what I was doing, I reached for his shirt and grasped it between my fists. His weight was hardly anything to hold so I tried hard to make him look at me for once. "Is that it, Hiccup? Because if you really can't stand me, then I"

He then did something very much unexpected.

His arms wrapped around my neck and in one swift movement, his lips had connected with mine in a pulsing, heated kiss that had me second guessing everything. I soon let my fingers loosen and the boy fell backwards onto the bed, my body going right after his.

The kiss wasn't much like our first one had been. Hiccup actually—he was kissing me back this time. The way his lips moved on mine made me crave more of him again. They were so soft and warm; I even dared to touch my tongue to them. My hands were around his neck, struggling desperately to tear the cloth away from his body in all the wrong ways.

His neckline was suddenly covered in chills when we finally both took the chance to breathe again. I gasped in a few quick breaths while he panted underneath me. The way he did—god, just looking at him was agonizing.

"What the hell was that?" I asked while slightly drifting my fingers along his collar bone.

There were a few sparkling tears left in his eyes as he said, "Jack, don't—don't ever leave me—"

His suddenly strong arms then engulfed me in another hug which had me squished like a sandwich to the boy. I couldn't help but smile though—

Hiccup wasn't even trying to be mean about anything. He was just as frightened and confused as I was. Maybe this was his way of apologizing. And I wasn't about to argue with any of it.

x-x

I walked closely beside my freckled love interest, hands in my pockets and eyes on the sky when he abruptly asked me, "Is your arm bleeding—? There's blood on your jacket."

My eyes strayed to him then to my arm and I nodded a little. "Yeah, I guess so. You shouldn't talk to me much though." I put my hand on one side of my mouth, as if to be secretive and smirked, "We're in public, remember?"

Brown locks shifted on his head as he looked away from me then back quickly. "Here. Follow me."

He led me behind a building where he then examined my arm.

"Don't touch it!" I yelled when he ran a finger along the bite marks.

"Those—look like Toothless'—"

"Yeah, he kind of forced me to come over this morning. He's pretty stubborn. Dunno where he gets that from, right?" I laughed a little but it soon disappeared as he poked my arm again. "Oww, oww! Stop that!"

"Maybe I was a little overdramatic when I told him if he didn't go and get you, I'd die." He looked up at me with shining bright eyes and I actually blushed a little.

I quickly used my other hand to shove his face away. "Drama queen, over here."

Hiccup smiled and let go of my arm. "I'll buy some medicine for you, too." He then held up his brown leather shopping bag and smiled.

"I could always just steal someâ€¦|It's not like they'd see me do it."

He hit me over the head with the bag and I yelped in pain. "Stealing is wrong. Plus, my father is the chief of this village. I'd tell on you for sure."

I cackled a little under my breath. "Oh _suuure_ you would."

Once we had finished shopping, we returned to the house and he tended to my wounded arm. Toothless actually came over to me and licked it, probably an apology yet it just made the sting even more searing than before. I accepted it with a manly grin.

With my arm bandaged and Hiccup fed, he then told me he had dragon training to attend to.

"Train him not to bite me anymore," I told the boy while we both approached the arena.

Hiccup turned around and smiled sweetly at me which gave me weird little butterflies in my stomach.

Frankly, though, I was kind of dreading this whole "dragon training" thing. I didn't want to see _her_â€¦|and I definitely didn't want to see them both together.

I took a deep breath of frosty air as I entered through the doors after the brunette. The first thing I saw was a large dragon on fire and a kid chasing after it with a bucket of water, yelling, "Hookfang! Get your butt over here!"

After watching the boy get blasted with a fire ball and ending up having to use the bucket on himself, I then searched for the evil enchantress. For a moment, I was actually beginning to think she hadn't shown up.

Until she did.

Her and her dragon walked through a gate on the other side of the arena, each looking like they owned the damn place.

That's when I returned to hitting my head against the nearest wall I could find.

"What are you doingâ€¦|?" Hiccup whispered to me after I got in about ten decent hits.

"I'm," _smack_, "dealing," _thud_.

He looked confused. "_Dealing_â€|? Ohâ€|"

"Hiccup, hey." She tucked her hair slightly behind her ear with a malicious little smile.

I sped up my actions. Oh, god her voice was like nails on a frickin' chalk board.

Don't ice her. Don't ice her. Don't fucking ice her, Jack.

"Heyyâ€|Astridâ€|"

"Youâ€|uhmâ€|Is Jack aroundâ€|?"

I looked up at him from my spot next to the wall. "It's funny how she's trying to whisper but I can hear her just fine." I didn't smile. Nor laugh. It wasn't even that funny, to be honest.

"Yes. Did you want to talk in private?"

Thud. Thud. "Kill me nowâ€|"

"Is he going to be madâ€|?" she asked, still quiet.

A harsh laugh exited my mouth, louder than it needed to be. "_Nooo_, of course not. You two just go fuck in the bushes, I'll be here. Making holes in the wall."

Hiccup shoved me.

Sighing, I straightened myself with my staff. "Sorryâ€|sorry. Carry on, children." I used my hands to shoo them away.

It didn't seem like he was totally okay with walking away from me, but he did. I had to look in a different direction and my eyes went to Toothless. He groaned a little and locked his orbs to mine. "What're _you_ looking at?"

The dragon pranced around me, sat next to the wall, and then started licking his lips. My arms were crossed on my chest and I leaned my body against the stone as I tried really hard not to look directly over at the two.

It was a lot more difficult than it sounded.

They were laughing, at least the girl was and Hiccup was smiling. The same smile he gave me on a regular basis. I did _not_ like sharing thoseâ€|

_You can't be so selfishâ€|Hiccup isn't just yours. He has friends too. _

"Yeah, friendsâ€|like she's _really_ just a friend." I twirled my staff around and watched them intently, giving up on the "not looking" bid.

When she leaned in and kissed his cheek, I fumed. Ice was beginning to shed out of my staff like wild fire. My eyes were narrowed slits when he finally came back.

Silence passed and he looked a little sheepish. "Whatâ€|?"

"She's doing that on purpose!" I shouted, slamming my staff into the ground.

He rolled his eyes a little but then cleared his throat to speak. "It's not like she actually kissed meâ€|"

"Her lips were on your cheek," I deadpanned.

"So whatâ€|?"

I growled and started pacing. "Soâ€|tell her to cut it out before I turn her into an ice cube!"

His features became grave. "You're threatening my friend, Jack."

"Threats are hardly the issue, Hiccup."

We each glared at each other for longer than I had planned. Toothless was the one to interrupt the stare down.

He hopped in between us and put his face in mine, large eyes staring into my soul.

"Dude, Dragon. You're in my no-no square." I pushed on his face but he hardly moved an inch. "Hiccup! Control your beastâ€|"

"C'mere, budâ€|" The boy grabbed onto the reptile's saddle and pulled him away from me. "Let's leave Mister Jealous to sulk."

I tongued the inside of my mouth and glared frightfully at the boy. "Now you're just being a little prick."

"Better than a jealous bone-head!"

"Well maybe if you'd stop being your flirty little self with her, causing so many reasons to _make_ me this jealous bone-head, _maybe_ this would all just stop."

He sighed and stared at me with lifeless eyes. "Thank you, for summing that up." That's when he began walking away from me, the dragon following behind him.

"_AHHH_!" I kicked the wall once I saw him fly away on Toothless then realized that, stupid me never wears shoes. My toe instantly started to bleed. "Oh, fucking _brilliant_â€|"

I began limping away from the other kids, when one of them said, "Hey Astrid. Are you and Hiccup, like, dating yet?"

Of course this caught my interest so I stayed and positioned myself nearer to them.

The blonde's face was flushing bright pink and I just rolled my eyes. "I wouldn't say _dating_â€|"

"But you_ are_ together?" a skinny blonde girl asked.

"Oh Astrid!" The larger boy with the fire dragon approached the girl and hung a limp arm around her shoulders. "Why choose that talking fish-bone when you could have _this_?" He gestured to himself and she pushed him away.

"Oh yeah, _very_ tempting, Snotlout."

They all laughed some and I almost opted out, untilâ€|

"Do ya think you guys will ever get marriedâ€|?"

The words held me, frozen to the ground. It was like I could hear nothing but the same sentence, floating around in my head like an angry, buzzing bee. I didn't even try to swat it away either.

_Marriage...? _

What a nauseating thing to think about. It made my heart want to burst into a thousand tiny pieces. My body would end up twitching and writhing on the ground until I bled out and died from sheer misery. Death sounded even better than having to deal with the thought of Hiccup marrying thatâ€|that _witch._

Tears threatened my eyes with determination and I was seriously having a hard time keeping them at bay.

I hadn't even heard her answer. Not that it matteredâ€|I would never stick around to see something like that happen.

With a damaged toe and a frail heart, I shot myself into the air and started flying away with no real destination in mind.

****x-x****

"Heyâ€| "

"â€|Heyâ€| "

The wind blew harshly in my ears, hallowing them out. It was almost deafening.

We were both residing on the same hill that we had spent the previous day at. It seemed familiar but yet distant and lonely at the same time. I found him, just sitting there with Toothless, petting his animal and staring sadly into the bright blue sky.

His eyes seemed lifeless. It hurt to look at him.

I sighed and the air was stonier than I wanted it to be. "You look cold."

"Well, Jack Frost is sitting right next to me."

A smile lit up my face for a moment in time. Without much thought, I lifted up my arm and snaked it around his shoulders. He didn't move at all, but I saw his lips purse together. "Probably not helping, am I?"

"It's fineâ€|"

"I wish I could be warm for youâ€|"

Hiccup shook his head a little. "I don't want you to change."

A small laugh escaped my lips. "You're so adorableâ€|" I cuddled towards him, nuzzling my nose into the nape of his neck.

The giggle that came out of his mouth was the cutest thing I'd ever heard. "Your hairâ€|Heh, that tickles." He pushed me away slightly but I held firm.

"Is my hair tickling you?" I grinned and kept rubbing my nose to his skin, the top of my spikes were flitting across his nose.

He laughed some more. "Y-yes! Cut it out!"

"Hiccupâ€|I'm sorry about earlier," I told him curtly.

His fingers began tracing lines through my tresses as he held my head close to his heart. "I am too."

A sigh of relief escaped me and I cuddled into his warmth. For onceâ€|it wasn't as uncomfortable as I remembered. I actually craved it, like some kind of drug.

"I want to stay like this forever with you," I spoke breathlessly into the chilly air.

"If only I was immortal too, then maybe that could really happen."

He actually got me thinking about it.

_What wishful thinking that was. Wishful and totally unrealistically impossible. _

Instead of shutting his idea down or making some kind of comment, I just pulled his face down to mine and pushed my lips to his. Once again I was overwhelmed with the idea of tackling him into the snow and stripping him down until all I could see was skinâ€|but I had self-restraint. A whole three hundred and twelve years of it.

Though being alone for that long was really trying on a teenager.

I pulled him into me further, causing the kiss to become a little more erratic than the others. While using my tongue to lick his bottom lip, I tried to sneak my way into his mouth with it. It didn't work so well at first, but he eventually gave in and opened those soft lips of his. That's when I got on my knees, placed both of my hands on the ground and began kissing the hell out of him.

The inside of his mouth was even warmer; his spit colliding with mine caused the lust hidden inside me to swell. When I touched my tongue to his, he seemed panicky but I used a hand to dig my fingers into his scalp and I forced him to stay. I hated kissing him, but I loved it at the same time.

His breath was hot around me, while mine stayed cold. It was practically melting.

"J-Jack!" Hiccup tried backing away. I clenched my fist a little tighter for fear of him evading me.

I answered with a few pants. "What? What's wrong?"

"I'm just!" He held up his arm and smiled a little uncomfortably. I grimaced when I saw he was shaking and covered in chills. Frost was actually starting to cover his hair—I hadn't even noticed!

Sometimes I forgot that I was the fucking spirit of winter and just about everything I touched turned to ice.

"Shit! here." I quickly took off my jacket and handed it to him so I was only wearing my simple dark blue T-shirt. "I don't know if that'll help any, but at least it's an extra layer. Toothless." My eyes went to the dragon and I nodded towards Hiccup. "Take him home, alright?"

The dark creature stirred and walked towards us. I helped the boy up and onto the animal. "Thanks, Jack!"

"Meet you at your house, kay?"

He nodded. "Yeah."

****x-x****

Hiccup had made it home safely and was cozying up to the fire when I climbed through the window. He quickly turned to me and smiled warmly. "Welcome back."

My legs turned into jelly at that moment so I sat down on the bed. For some reason, hearing those words from him was like something I really needed and had yearned to hear my whole existence. I'd never been welcomed anywhere. Hiccup was basically my first for everything not involving snow.

"How's the fire?" I asked while keeping my eyes on the shadows of his room.

"Hotter than you, actually."

I blew a quick breath out of my nose. "Ouch. I better apply some cold water to that burn."

"There's some in the corner, if it really starts bothering you," he said with a sneer.

"You're a brat, you know that?"

"Well you almost gave me frostbite on my head." He turned around and stared directly at me, but he had a hint of a smile somewhere in that look.

Though, I wasn't joining in. I turned to look at my hands that were

dangling over my knees. "Was it really that bad?" Hiccup sat up and walked towards me then shook his head around like a dog out of a bath. Water sprayed me, a few drops going in my eyes. "Hey! Watch it!"

"It's your own fault," he said while crossing his arms over his chest. "And no, it wasn't that bad."

"I'll learn to contain it. I guess I just got too happy. When I'm really emotional, sometimes shit happens and I don't really mean it." It was the truth, every last bit. I regretted plenty of things, time after time. People have even died because of my stupidity and lack of self-control. I would never let anything like that happen to him though.

He sat down beside me and put a chilly hand in mine. "Just take your time."

If only he knew what "taking my time" was really doing to me

I smiled halfheartedly and ran a thumb over his skin. "It's hard to wait when you're so..."

He paused for me to continue but gave up quickly. "So...what? What am I?"

A smile encompassed my lips as I thought about just how oblivious he was. Did he not see that I was basically about to jump his bones every time we so much as touched?

I laughed a little harshly. "You're so clueless."

"It's hard because I'm...clueless. Well, that makes perfect sense."

"Your sarcasm is a little rusty."

He removed his hand and nudged me in my side with an elbow.

We both laughed a little and that was when I said, "Hey...you never did tell me what happened in your dream last night. You dreamt about me, right?"

His body became ridged and his playful behavior quickly came to a halt. I waited for him to speak while kind of regretting saying what I did. He started shaking but not because of the cold, the fear of even remembering must have been wracking his body with distress. He spoke slowly and quietly, I could hardly hear him over the fire and my own rapid thoughts.

"You...you kept dying, Jack...Over and over again..."

6. Permanent Nightmares

**A/N: GUYSSS! Two days until the freaking premiere and I'm freaking the hell out. Like no joke, I'm so excited. I have my Jack cosplay all ready and everything and just UNFF. I'm probably going to enter the theater, see Jack on the screen, then instantly melt into a pathetic puddle of fangirl-goo. People will be dropping popcorn in me

and stepping on me in the isles. **

**...no but seriously. Hi. XD **

**Hope you guys likes this chapterrrrr. Please let me know if it gets too heated for a T rating, please? I personally don't think it's bad at all, but still. I don't know how young my readers are! But, anywhere. I love you guys and appreciate all of your beautiful reviews! (Even though I'm lazy and don't reply to all of them.)
._.**

**Bye, my lovely Hijackers.
>

**P.S. (Hopefully there isn't a ridiculous amount of errors in this one. I'm feeling lazy tonight so if there is I will find them and fix them later!)
>

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: Permanent Nightmares<p>

"No way."

"Just try it; it's not going to kill you."

"Yeah, I beg to differâ€|"

I stared unceremoniously at the bubbling vat of broth placed out before me over the fire. Hiccup was trying to be a cook, so it seemed. Though obviously "trying" was definitely the right word for the situation.

"It smells like your dad's bootsâ€|"

"You've smelled my father's boots?"

We each laughed a little and I held up my hands in protest. "You put them outside the other night and the stench it was justâ€|_terrible_."

"Yeah, boot night. Love it." I smiled and wrapped my arms around his neck from behind then nudged at his ear a little bit with my nose. "Your skin feels like ice."

"Deal with it. I'm trying to block out the fumes from your witches' brew."

I saw him roll his eyes a little but he continued stirring. My thoughts went to earlier that day, when the sun was still setting.

He'd told me some things that had me shocked and a little terrified. The dreams were like a different universe where your soul wasn't alive and the feeling in your gut was like being stuck in a never ending hole of desolation. The way he explained them to me had me shaking with anger and fear.

In the dreams, he was in pain but still couldn't feel much of

anything. Though when he saw me it was as clear as day.

"A tall, black being came and killed you. After each time he did, he'd let me run to you then I had to watch as the breath slid out of your mouth. It'd then switch to a completely different setting and he would kill you in another indescribable wayâ€¦I'd never experience anything like it before."_

Pitch wasn't messing around. He wanted me to know how much fun he was having. And with me not being there, it ended up creating the perfect opportunity for him to get as much out of the situation as possible.

I hate that spineless bastardâ€¦He'll pay.

Though it wasn't like I could just get up and go look for him. But the thought of waiting for him to come once again to Hiccup's room sounded so reckless to me. I had already made enough mistakes, if Pitch was near what I needed to protect once again, I could still mess up and Hiccup could get hurt.

It seemed after three hundred years of living on this planet, I still wasn't that great at a lot of essential things. Maybe I should have spent more time learning and less time pranking.

But it's not like I had any idea that anyone would be able to actually see meâ€¦|

I absentmindedly played with strands of the boy's hair from behind him. My heart felt heavy as I did, but I wasn't complaining. Being near him was enough for me.

"You're really not going to eatâ€¦?"

"Who are you talking to, lad?"

His father walked into the kitchen and knocked something over as he did. This guy was enormous, if I didn't mention that before. How someone as small as Hiccup was conceived from him was beyond comprehension.

"J-just myself, dadâ€¦|" Hiccup replied awkwardly. It kind of seemed the two didn't really get along as well as any real family would like to. It made me wonder suddenlyâ€¦Where was Hiccup's mom?

"Oh, ahâ€¦|what, what's for dinner, then?"

"Soup." Hiccup held up the pot and almost smacked me in the face with it.

"Jesus! Watch where you're swinging that!"

The boy smiled and so did his father. "Just take what you want and I'll have the rest, hmm?"

He nodded then we watched as the large man moved through the room and grabbed himself a cup which he filled with some kind of liquid. I eyed it thoughtfully, thinking to myself.

It kind of smelled like alcohol.

Once the large man left, I rocked back and forth on my heels and poked Hiccup in his side.

"What do you want?" he slightly whispered to me under his breath.

"So harsh." I leaned into him so my face was next to his, "It's almost like you're expecting something terrible to come out of my mouth."

He shrugged some. "Not something terrible. Probably just stupid."

I narrowed my eyes playfully. "I'd pin you to the floor and do very naughty things to you if your dad wasn't in the other room, you scrawny punk."

"Well, that's just too bad, isn't it?"

The kid was such a tease.

I pointed slightly to the barrel from which his father had gotten the drink. "What is that stuff?"

He answered me quickly. "Ale. Don't get any ideas."

"I wasn'tâ€|"

That was a lie. It wasn't like I was some kind of alcoholic. But I enjoyed it just as much as the next guy. I just wanted a little fun (and maybe Hiccup slightly naked). Was that too much to ask for?

"Hey, I'll eat your stinky soup if you agree to drink with me."

His eyes were half-lidded when he responded. "You said something stupid, see?"

"Come onnn, Hiccup!" I shook his shoulder a little and he grunted.

"Stop, my dad's going to think I'm nuts."

I sighed and turned away from him then began to sulk profusely. I just kind of hoped he would see and maybe change his mind.

"What if the nightmares cameâ€|? You wouldn't be able to do a thing."

Such a pain.

"I justâ€|wanna have some fun with you. That's it."

"Gee, Jack. That sounds really innocent," he replied.

Shock covered my face. "You think I'm that much of a pervert?!"

He laughed a little and poured himself some soup then walked out of the room. I followed like a beaten puppy and I landed jealous eyes on his father's drink.

If I didn't have Pitch to worry about, I could be getting drunk off my ass with the kid

"I have to feed Toothless, too" the boy said once we reached his room. He began heading for the stairs but I stopped him.

"I can do it. What should I do?"

The smile that lit up his face was genuine. "Thank you|uh, there's a basket of fish in the kitchen. Just go out the back door and he'll be out there, probably sleeping by now but the smell of those will wake him up."

I nodded and leaned in to give him a quick peck on the cheek before doing his chores.

The fish smelled rotten but Toothless seemed to enjoy them.

While pursing my lips together I eyed the dragon with envious eyes. "Hiccup likes you well enough|Bet _you've_ seen him naked."

The dragon grunted and lapped up the fish then looked me in the eyes before scarfing down three at a time.

My sighing was getting a little out of hand at that point. I walked passed his dad again and then slumped up the stairs but my fingers froze on the door handle.

I could hear talking on the other side.

"Frost's little antics don't come to you as much of a shock, do they?"

"He is the way he is|I like him that way."

"But changing him is what you would like more than anything? You want that part of him to grow up and become more compatible with your life style, am I right?"

There was silence when I realized whose voice it was.

My hand shoved the door open and I saw only darkness and Hiccup's green eyes.

"Oh, so he's joined us finally. Back from feeding the dragon?"

"What the _fuck_ are you two doing in here, chatting it up like two goddamn friends?!" I screamed and my staff was rightly placed in my palm, ready to attack. Pitch smiled as I ran over towards Hiccup and collected him in my arms. "Are you okay? Did he hurt you?"

"No he just|started talking to me" he said quietly.

"Wait|since when can you _see_ him?" My eyes were as wide as could be, the shock taking over more than just my state of mind.

Hiccup shrugged a little with fearful eyes. "I|I don't know, Jack, I"

"It seems you've found something very special, Jacky," Pitch sneered while he was about to sit on one of the chairs.

"Don't sit! _Get out_!" I stood up and pointed my glowing blue staff at the man. Ice was starting to curl around the end of it and snake its way towards him.

As the snow flakes and frost curved around his head he just leered further. "So hostile, Jack. I haven't even done anything yet."

"You racked his mind with nightmares last night! Don't fucking stand there and tell me you've done _nothing_!" My staff was almost touching his head. I was about to put all of my power into one shot when Hiccup's hand reached for my sleeve.

He pulled on it and I whipped around to glare at him.

His eyes were shaking along with his fingers that were clutched around the fabric of my jacket. That's when I lowered my guard and my staff. "He won't hurt you anymore, I promise." I grabbed his head and pulled him close to my chest, running my fingers through his soft, windswept hair.

I could feel Pitch's eyes boring into my back. The air in the room was denser than a fire pit.

"I will leave. But only if Jack comes with me."

That gave me no other choice. I wasn't going to fight him right in front of Hiccup.

Bambi eyes begged me to stay. "Don't leaveâ€¦!"

It was so hard to say no. "I'll be back. I just have to settle some things with him. Then after that, he won't bother anyone anymore. It'll just be us, alright?"

Hiccup sniffed a little, I couldn't tell if he was crying or just too cold. Either way it sucked. I pinched his nose with a fake smile then sat up and looked at him. His was fake as well.

****x-x****

"Don't you have anything better to do other than make my life a living hell?"

Pitch paced in front of me on the snowy ground and laughed harshly. "But it's getting oh so interesting, isn't it?"

"Interesting, my ass. Your reasons are sick. You're sick and twisted."

"If you're looking to offend me you might want to try a little harder than that."

I growled and sat down on a fallen tree. "If you don't leave this island, I will resort to taking drastic measures."

"And what would that be, exactly?" He stood in front of me, eyes

glaring into mine with force.

I wanted to punch him so badly. "I'll fucking kill you."

"You cannot kill fear, Jack."

"_Watch me_" I finally had enough willpower and anger to fight. With all of my force and focus, I blasted him with a shock of ice that would freeze any normal human to death.

But of course, Pitch wasn't human or anything normal at all. He instantly vanished; my blast ended up hitting a nearby tree and caused it to crack in half.

My eyes searched frantically for the enemy, I was fearful of losing him once again. When they locked onto a spot of darkness, I once again shot a strong blast of cold breath from my staff.

All I could hear was his laughter, floating around my head like it was present but also just in my mind. It was driving me insane.

"Fight me, Pitch!"

"You wouldn't stand a chance against me on your own, Jack."

More laughter.

I wanted to literally rip his heart out and freeze it.

His words echoed in my head.

On my ownâ€|

Maybe I needed help. Perhaps he was right.

Maybe Iâ€|

A dark hand shot out and grasped itself around my neck, lifting my bare feet off the ground in less than seconds. I clawed at the hand and gasped for breath that wasn't coming.

"Just _seeing_ you with that boy makes me furiousâ€|" He spoke so slowly, my head was floating in the clouds. "It almost seems like my nightmares won't be enough. Perhaps I'll really have to destroy him."

"Iâ€|can'tâ€|" I wasn't breathing anymore, just quick inhales like a fish out of water. The fingers around me squeezed tight in a deathly grip. My neck was on fire. It was the most physical pain I'd had to endure in what seemed like forever.

"You won't die. I could hold you like this for years and you'd still be living."

My eyes were rolling into the back of my head.

"Pleaâ€|seâ€| "

"Thereâ€|Jack. Just give yourself to me."

He kissed me again but I hardly felt it, barely even recognized his lips on mine. I wanted nothing more but to supply air to my lungs.

My lips were blue and indifferent so he backed away then finally dropped me to the ground. I heaved in the biggest breath I could handle and coughed copiously on the earth, trying to collect my bearings.

I saw red taint the snow as I hacked and rolled on the floor in pain.

"This pathetic little attempt at love will have you bleeding within for all eternity."

"Whatâ€¦What the hell do you know?" _Cough, coughâ€¦_

The man knelt down beside me and put a finger underneath my chin, forcing me to look at him. "Come and stay with me, Frost. For the rest of infinity we will make this world a darker place, bit by bit."

"Not on yourâ€¦"

He leaned into me once again and at least this time I had the strength to shove him off. He was much stronger than I was though and he wasn't the one coughing up blood. So without much of a fight he had balanced himself over me and began kissing me.

I quickly turned away to cough again but he used slender fingers to force me back into meshing his flesh with mine.

The absolute disgust wasn't even the worst part.

It was that Iâ€¦I was _weak_. No matter how much shit I talked, I wasn't even strong enough to handle one dream spirit. Though Pitch wasn't any regular oneâ€¦it still had me stunned beyond my understanding.

Not strong enoughâ€¦

His hand ran along my neck and I felt something wet slide up my collar bone. I soon realized it was his tongue.

I shivered and he grinned. "You're sensitivity is astonishing."

I tried punching him but he grabbed my hand before I could. My feet then began kicking his legs and I searched the available surroundings for my staff.

When I locked my eyes on it, my heart sunk. It was too far awayâ€¦I wasn't going to be able to reach it.

His grin just grew further. "You're a virgin, aren't you, Frost?"

I immediately spit into his face. "Get the fuck OFF OF ME!"

"Resisting will only get you _hurt_." He began pulling on my hair and tears were swelling in my eyes.

Do it for Hiccup. You canâ€|

I blinked out a few tears and pathetically blew frost into his eyes.

It hardly fazed him.

"Taming you is even harder than I'd imagined. So many years of raw adolescence welled up inside of you. It's almost amusing."

That's when I began crying. "I hate you."

"Good. Turn that hate into rage. You want it to storm, don't you, Jack?"

He was right. It was already snowing again. I hadn't even made it snow in almost two daysâ€|

"Crush this town and its people under the weight of your anger. Kill _everyone_." While he hissed in my ear I felt his hands travel down the side of my thigh and he stopped in-between my legs.

My tears were falling into the snow.

I'm not strong enough. I can't even protect one kid let alone myselfâ€|

I might as well...

"_Jack_!"

I saw the boy and his dragon in my peripheral vision.

My stomach dropped.

"Getâ€|get out of here, Hiccup!" I tried wiggling my way out of Pitch's grasp once again and had almost succeeded until he wrenched his fingers in my hair again. He pulled as if I was nothing more than an inanimate object that needed moving.

Mixed with the darkness and snow I could hardly see Hiccup's face butâ€|he wasn't even retreating.

"_GO_!"

"Toothlessâ€|fire."

In the next second, a large explosion shattered the air and I was knocked backwards into a tree. It felt like my spine had broken in half and once again breathing wasn't coming as well as I had wanted it to. My head was spinning and ringing like a siren. I was probably bleeding from somewhere other than my throat.

"â€|ckâ€|"

I blinked a couple of times and shook my head back and forth.

"Jackâ€|Heyâ€|JACK!" I received a shake and my eyes opened

widely.

"Hiccup? There's no need to shake me, I'm not dead!"

He collapsed into me, wrapping his arms around my neck and rubbing his face into my jacket. "I thought you were really hurt! I shouldn't have!"

"No! it's a good thing you!" _cough, cough, _ "showed up! Pitch was beating me up pretty bad."

"Your head is bleeding."

I smiled at him, probably with some blood in my teeth. "No biggie."

"You can fly back on Toothless. C'mon!"

He helped me up from the ground, picked up my staff, and then walked me to the dragon. After I was sitting on him, Hiccup followed and we both started flying home.

Once again, we sneaked by his sleeping father and made our way to the top floor where I was set down on the bed and cared for. It was wonderful but I still felt so wrong. Like everything that had just happened was my own fault and I could have avoided it all if only I'd been stronger and more focused on what needed to be done.

I was a failure in every way possible.

Wincing a little as he put some rubbing alcohol on my wounds, I rubbed the back of my neck with a freezing hand. "Thank you, Hic,!"

"No thanks are needed," he spoke quickly and wrapped my forehead in gauze. "You're safe, that's all that matters."

I coughed then laughed at that. "You're looking at this in all the wrong ways!" He seemed confused so I elaborated, "Look, it doesn't matter if I'm okay. I'm sure, pain sucks!" a lot. But I'm not going to die. You on the other hand, _can_ and _that's what really matters. Not me. I don't."

The slap he sent across my face stung but I hardly felt it. The shock was harder to deal with than the pain.

"What?"

"Don't say you don't matter, you idiot!"

"Hiccup!"

"Don't! don't ever say that! Just because I'm different than you that doesn't make me of any higher value. If I hurt or you hurt, it's still called pain!" I stared at him for half a minute before he looked away and apologized. "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to hit you, I'm sorry."

I stood up and held his body close to mine. "I could never stay mad

at youâ€| "

x-x

"I wonder what happened to the Boogeyman."

I chewed on some ice as I replied, "Hopefully you wounded him bad enough that he won't come back. Though that's just hoping. I never knew Toothless packed such a punch."

Hiccup turned onto his stomach and smiled at me. "He's pretty awesome, huh? Strongest dragon to ever live. Well, as far as we know."

"Should have just put him on night patrol. Would have saved me a lot of time." Smirking, I offered Hiccup an icicle.

"Ya know," he took it from my hand and began licking it. "Usually people don't eat ice."

I stated munching it between my teeth then put my mouth near his ear. "Butâ€| _crunch_, "it's so" _crunch_, "good!"

He giggled then sat up and shoved me away so that I was sitting crisscrossed. I watched as he sucked on the icicle and then I instantly regretted giving it to him. Watching him lick it was making my pants grow tighter than usual.

_ If only he'd do that to meâ€|_

Just the thought had me blushing and so I forced myself to look away from him.

"What's wrong with you all of a sudden?"

"Nothingâ€| just thinking."

"About what?"

_Oh you do not want to know. Trust me. _

"Basically about you."

His face turned red and he shoved the icicle deeper into his mouth.

Ohhh damnâ€|

I was starting to get impatient with everything. "Heyâ€| uhmâ€| can I kiss you?"

"Whatâ€|?"

I got down on my knees next to him and grabbed his wrist then pulled the ice out of his mouth. "Is that a yes?"

The look on his face was enough for me. The icicle fell to the floor when I started moving my lips on his in a fury of growing emotions.

How I loved kissing him. It felt so right and so perfect. His warmth was starting to grow on me too. My hands had minds of their own as they searched for skin yet never had enough. I ended up pushing so hard on the boy that he fell backwards onto the wooden floor. I was shaking with excitement when he spoke.

"Y-you're doing a little more than kissing"

"Is that bad?" I slid my fingers along one of his nipples and squeezed for just a second.

"Nngn" The way his vocal cords created that sound had me surging for more and more. It was like a muffled moan surrounded by pleasure and embarrassment.

My teeth went to his neck and I bit down on the flesh there, only to cause more soft moans from the boy. I hadn't had enough. Not yet. I really just wanted

YeahI wanted to have sex with him.

It wasn't a question or even an option anymore. It was something that needed to be done in my eyes. Though the thought of it was the most erotic thing to ever cross my mind, the fact still remained that we were both males andI wasn't even sure if Hiccup would be the slightest bit okay with that.

And how was I going to just ask him something like that? Without him getting extremely uncomfortable and/or making a run for it?

I sighed and looked towards the floor, my head was still beside his but I wasn't moving anymore.

"Whatwhat's wrong now?"

"Hiccup, I think I really like you."

He paused for a second then said, "UhmI-I like you too."

"No, like, I reallyreally fucking like you, Hiccup"

I could hear him swallow and it was silent. I felt the sudden urge to throw myself out the window. "Youdon't even want this, do you?"

"Jackit's nothing like that. I do want you. I like you, I just said I did"

"Yeah but do you want me the way I want _you_?!"

Maybe I shouldn't have shouted. I was probably overreacting but the feelings in my heart just wouldn't dissipate. How was I supposed to control them? I'd never liked someone in my entire existence. I didn't know the first thing about courting anyone or making love.

Was I trying too hard? Not enough? Was I too pushy or too overconfident?

I pulled myself away from him and sat against the bed with my hand on my face. I was just kind of attempting to hide my shame. After a few moments of despair, Hiccup placed himself next to me and pulled the hand away from my eyes.

He didn't let go of it either. That's how we both fell asleep.

7. A Little Visit to the North Pole

****A/N:** So I've seen the movie three times already, and I gotta say...It freaking rocks. (That's basically the reason this chapter took so long. That and Thanksgiving being a pain in the ass...) ******

******So have all of you seen it yet? I'm hoping cause I'm probably going to end up using lots from the movie now. If you haven't seen it...then I suggest you do very soon! (Unless you live in another country/continent and have to wait...x_x) I used some dialogue from the movie, a few things here and there in this chapter. Mentioned the Man in the Moon. Just trying to get as much back story and stuff as I can. Ummm what else. Just let me know your thoughts on everything, like usual! I appreciate each and every review that comes from you guys. And thank you for your patience. I love you all. ******

* * *

<p>Chapter 7: A Little Visit to the North Pole<p>

It'd been two days since Pitch was blasted with Toothless' attack. Twoâ€|somewhat peaceful days. Sure, I had to deal with the sorceress named Astrid frequently, and I didn't get very close to Hiccup because of how insecure and cold I was.

But they were two decent days, nonetheless. Even though every day and every night I worried like a fucking wart, just waiting for the nightmare to show up.

I found myself sipping on a glass of yak milk, watching as the brunette (who had basically stolen my heart) was hunching over his desk, deeply lost in some kind of work.

This kid, I'd noticed, really liked to tinker with stuff. Like anything and everything. He had actually made the saddle that Toothless wore. He also created things from scratch, like armor and little machines from items lying around his house and material from his older friend named Gobber. And I was just standing there like:

I can hardly make myself a sandwich. _

"What're you building, kiddo?" I asked a little quietly, leaning over his shoulder.

He looked up at me with innocent, green eyes. "Trying to make a new tail for Toothless. He's like meâ€|he's lost part of itâ€|Kinda my fault actually. But maybe this would be better for him, ya know? He could actually fly without me."

I pondered this for a moment, putting a finger to my chin. "Yeah, but

I'd never give that up."

He looked confused. "Huh?"

"You riding me," I answered him flatly.

It took him almost half a minute to kind of get the gist of what I had said. My seductive stare was helping that along.

But instead of addressing the fact that I had said something extremely sexual, he just blushed immensely and went back to working. I was smirking like a king from behind him.

The next thing I knew, there was a knock on the door and once again the blond haired slut walked into the room. She passed right by me and I glared.

_I wish this bitch could see me. I'd make her regret ever coming anywhere near him. _

"Working again, Hiccup?"

He turned and smiled at her. "Yeah. Just a new tail for Toothless."

I spoke up. "I'm not happy right now, just so you know."

"I know, Jack."

"â€|What did he sayâ€|?"

Hiccup stared at me and I stared right back.

The brunette then answered her with a small grin. "He says he likes your outfit today."

"God, you are such a liar!" I ran over to him, wrapped an arm around his shoulders and rubbed my fist into his hair until he started giggling.

"Stop, Jack!"

Astrid watched with envious eyes. "He's touching youâ€|"

"Yeah I am. You don't get to, do you?" I sneered at her, desiring the fact of her seeing it.

"He's justâ€|Jack, enough." He pushed me away and I put my hands in my pockets then leaned against the wall and watched the two.

Hiccup was smiling very awkwardly at the girl and trying to turn away from her without any tension. Though I could feel the strain, it was stagnant almost.

Too much time passed by and I was feeling like a third wheel. Whenever she was around, he'd basically just ignore me. You have no idea how much that pissed me off. It was ridiculous. Yeah, I understood that I was invisible to everyone except him, but did that mean that I just disappeared as soon as anyone else entered the room? No. I was still there and I was still very, very jealous as much as I

hated to admit that. I hated that she made him smile. I despised that she had him laughing.

It started to snow the next thing I knew. Frost formed on the window of his workshop and that's when he finally addressed me.

"Jackâ€¦you're making it snow."

"Thanks, _captain obvious_." I rolled my eyes with emphasis.

We glared at each other for longer than I wanted.

The anger emanating from me was growing and Hiccup was getting impatient, I could tell. Being around the kid for almost two weeks now, I was seriously starting to understand nearly everything he did. The way he talked, the things he said, the small gestures that would go unnoticed to most people were blatantly obvious to me. I loved that fact, but it also made things a little more intense and harder to deal with.

"Well, I think it's almost time to feed Toothlessâ€¦"

Astrid took the hint, thankfully, and so she stood up and began walking out of the workshop right next to him. I followed with my head surrounded by snowflakes.

She hugged him goodbye and I covered my staff in frost, causing the ground to freeze and when Hiccup went to walk away, he slipped and fell on it.

"Ahhh! _Jack_!" He stood up angrily and glared at me.

My eyes went wide and I threw my hands out to my sides. "_What_?! She fucking bothers the hell out of me and youâ€¦you just stand there like I don't exist! I hate that! I _hate_ it!" I was yelling and the snow was persisting. Wind started blowing the hair around our faces.

He held a hand up to block the gusts and grunted. "Your jealousy is overbearing, Frost."

"Don't you _dare_ call me thatâ€¦" I stood over him; my height seemed almost out of hand. It wasn't often that I noticed I had almost four inches on him.

As we both locked eyes Hiccup's started to water and that was when I began to calm down. But that was also when he grabbed the staff out of my hand. The frost instantly liquefied away and it turned brown until it resembled a branch of a tree.

When he threw it to the ground my heart almost split in two. He started shouting at me, "I've had enough of you! You act like a child and you don't understand anything! Grow up and stop being so immature!"

The wind had died down and I feltâ€¦so frozen. Like time had stopped and nothing would ever make it in motion again. I was reminded of the words he had shared with Pitch just the other dayâ€¦

"_You want that part of him to grow up and become more compatible with your life style, am I right?"_

I looked to my staff then to the angry boy standing in front of me. Heâ€|was the one who didn't understand anythingâ€|He was the childâ€|_He_â€|

With tears welling up in my eyes, I pushed him out of the way, grabbed my staff off the ground and took off into the night without a second glance.

It was like nothing I'd ever felt before. Like I was melting away from my body. Iâ€|detested it. He thought he'd had enough? â€|Well I'd had _more_ than enough.

x-x

The wind took me far away. So far in fact that I ended up having no idea where I was. Snow covered the earth and my heart felt as if it was the ground. Just shielded and buried in the cold, with no light and nothing to see but darkness.

My eyes trailed the floor when I landed and in the distance, I saw a place that I'd kind of avoided for the past hundred or so yearsâ€|

The North Pole.

"Might as wellâ€|" I kicked some snow with my foot, creating icicles that shot up towards the sky as I meandered towards the large set of buildings scattered throughout the mountains of snow.

When I came up to the center of it all, I scanned the entirety of it. For some reason, it seemed a lot bigger than I had last remembered.

"North is going to _geek_â€|" I heard someone mumble some kind of strange language when I realized who it was out of the corner of my eye. He approached me without hesitation. "Ohâ€|hey Phil."

The yeti put two fingers to his eyes then pointed them to me as if to intimidate me. He was large and an off brown color and honestly looked a lot more fuzzy and cuddly than mean and scary.

I swung my staff over my shoulder and asked him, "Hey, you think you could get me in? I actually kind of want to see North, if that's not too big of aâ€|"

More strange speak that I could only describe as: "Anu fwua ta?!"

I think he was trying to tell me to go the hell away. The reason I thought that? Well, I'd tried to sneak in here beforeâ€|"more than once. Hell, I had sneaked around this place looking for any way in just so I could get a glimpse at what was going on in there. The whole thing astounded me and North never let me in. Said I'd probably just make a mess of things.

I tried to persuade the giant yeti. "Phil, lookâ€|I don't have any place to go right now. I just needâ€|someone to talk toâ€|And it's not like I can just go make friends. I'm invisibleâ€|"

He looked at me with big, green eyes and I saw him lighten up for a moment. He grunted a little then regretfully it seemed, opened the door and let me through.

With wonder in my eyes, I walked through a giant archway then ended up in the globe room. There stood the huge representation of the Earth. On it were lights blinking and shining, but I never got the chance to ask what those meant. The only other time I'd actually been in this room was when I met Northâ€”probably almost two hundred years ago. And he was intimidating as heck. He scared me, butâ€”he also seemed like a person I could just talk to. Given the chance, I felt like he'd actually be one to care, maybe a little. And it wasn't like I had much of an option. Bunny was out of the question. He was annoying and grumpy andâ€”so full of himself I couldn't even have a normal conversation with the damn kangaroo. Sandy didn't talk and when I tried conversing with him, it just confused me more because the images above his head went so fast I couldn't keep up with the little man. And Toothâ€”? Wellâ€”she was good to talk to as well, but she just always seemed so busy, I never wanted to bother her.

So that left North and since I was already thereâ€”

Yetis passed me and there were elves everywhere I looked. I almost stepped on three as Phil led me to North's work room. I was actually pretty nervousâ€”I didn't even speak to him much when I had met him. And it wasn't like I had acquired the type of social skills that I needed to actually have a discussion with him by now.

Wow, maybe this was just a bad idea overallâ€”

Though I realized it was too late to change my mind when the door slammed shut behind me and locked with a strange mechanism that I figured would only open if I was Santa himself.

I swallowed thickly when I saw the red coat. His back was towards me and he was loudly humming some kind of Russian song that was playing throughout the room.

"Ahhâ€”Northâ€”?"

I was obviously too quiet. The man didn't hear a thing I'd said. He was too busy working on some kind of ice sculpture. It looked kind of like a train.

I sighed and rubbed a finger along the bridge of my nose.
"_North_â€”?"

More singing. "_Daâ€”dada da ZNNN_! _Da da da ZNNN_!"

"What a waste of fuckingâ€”"

"Jack Frost?!"

In seconds the large man with tattoos had approached my slumped over form and he stared at me with huge eyes that I almost had a hard time looking back into.

"_Rimsky-Korsakov_!" He exclaimed as two overly large hands graced his hips and he leaned back to take a full look at me. "How long has

it been, hmm? Little over two hundred years, give or take?" I tried laughing a little but it was cut short by his own boisterous one. "You think you can just barge in without invitation?"

"Hey, I've tried to bust in here for years," I told him with a shrug of my shoulders.

"What do you mean, 'bust in'?"

"Oh, don't worry. I never got past the yetisâ€¦" I could almost feel Phil's glare on my back.

He just laughed more and I kind of half smiled. "You come here for good reason then, no?" A small elf passed by just then with a plate of something. He grabbed it then held it up towards me, offering, "Cookies?"

"Ah, no, thanks. I actually kind of wanted to talkâ€¦"

He threw the plate with no regards for where it would land then led me over towards his desk. With a push of his arm, he made room for us to both sit comfortably across from each other.

"You tell me what is troubling you. Perhaps I can be of assistance."

I took a deep breath then let it out slowly. Honestly I was just really hoping that none of this was going to turn around and bite me in the ass.

I spoke anyways, though. "Iâ€¦I found someone who can see meâ€¦"

His large eyes grew even wider as he shoved a cookie into his mouth. "Believes in you?"

"Heâ€¦well, he didn't know who I was at firstâ€¦It's strange. I kind of feel really connected with that village for some reasonâ€¦"

"Are they Norse?"

I looked at him, confused. "Excuse me?"

"Norse, Jack. As in Viking lore. That is what you have originated from."

It suddenly hit me.

They were Vikingsâ€¦it made sense! I meanâ€¦not _enough_ sense, but at least it shed some light on the situation!

"Yesâ€¦_yes_ they are! They..._all of them_ are Vikings."

"Well then!" he exclaimed, happily eating another cookie. "That would explain some, yes?"

"Yeahâ€¦pretty muchâ€¦"

"How does it feel, Jack? To be seen? _Believed_ in?"

I shut my eyes and then opened them only to stare down at my shaking

hands. I was still very nervous. "Itâ€¦feels _good_. I really like Hiccupâ€¦"

"You are spending time with the child?"

I rubbed a cold hand on my shoulder. "Yeah, I guess. Almost two weeks now."

"This is interestingâ€¦" He twisted his beard a little then continued. "What is it that is troubling you then?"

This was going to be the hard part. Telling him about Pitch andâ€¦and the fact that I was falling in love with a mortal.

Fear showed in my eyes when I tried looking up at him.

He seemed to realize that. "You are hesitating?"

I nodded. "It's someâ€¦heavy stuff."

"I'm sure I can keep up. Christmas is not for another five months, yeah? I have the time, Jack."

While biting my lip harshly, I finally began to talk. "F-first offâ€¦wellâ€¦Pitch is there. I mean he _was_. Weâ€¦might have gotten rid ofâ€¦"

"Pitch _Black_?!" He almost stood up in shock but then just slammed a gigantic fist onto the table, rattling the ice with the force. "The Boogeyman is at it againâ€¦That gutless monster."

"Y-yeahâ€¦ahhâ€¦he gave Hiccup nightmaresâ€¦Pitch just wants to get to meâ€¦that's all. And it'sâ€¦it's because, Northâ€¦I'm kind ofâ€¦"

"You love this child, huh?"

How did he guess that so easilyâ€¦?

"I can see itâ€¦it is written all over face, Jack. You are beaming with light."

I blushed like a damn schoolgirl and tried to hide my face from his view by putting my hood up. "I justâ€¦! North, Iâ€¦"

"Thisâ€¦is very serious, Jack. It is good thing you came here. You came because you needed help, that is very good."

Noâ€¦I came because the damn wind took me hereâ€¦

"Has Man in Moon spoke to youâ€¦?"

My heart beat very erratically as soon as he mentioned the moon. Yeahâ€¦the damn moon. I instantly turned away and glared at the ground. "That guy hasn't spoken to me_ once_ since I've been here. He told me my name and that was that!"

I was a little sore when it came to the Man in the Moon. Heâ€¦_made_ me how I am. Though I've always been Jack Frost, I sometimes wonder justâ€¦if there was a Jack before me. Who was I? Why was I here?

Forever young and forever wandering the earth with powers that any human would be amazed to see let alone wield. Though those questions were never answered. And I gave up on ever figuring them out a long time ago.

North was tapping his chin thoughtfully as I had a stare down with the floorboards.

When he started talking again I had just about forgotten the real reason I was there. Too many thoughts about my past and blank memories flooding my mind.

"Jack." I looked at him with fear and regret in my eyes. "You must make decision. You must choose one or other. There is no in-between."

I wanted to cry. I wanted to cry so badly. I could almost guess what was going to come out of his mouth next.

"It is either you go back and you face Pitch or you never return again."

I sniffed and bit my finger. "Both are going to hurt"

"Yes, both will cause pain but you do not have to be alone. The Guardians will help you, Jack Frost."

"I'm not one of you guys I don't I don't need your help!" My stubbornness got the best of me. "I just need I need"

North had stood up and he placed two hands on my shoulders. He then lifted me up from the chair and backed me into the wall where I stood, watery eyed and lip trembling.

"Who are you, Jack Frost? What is your center?"

"M-my center?"

"You do not know what is in here!" He poked a finger to my chest and growled his words out with his thick Russian accent. "You cannot move forward if you do not know what your purpose is!"

I tried shoving him away from me but he persisted. "I I don't know, alright?! I'll never know! It's one big blur. I can't just figure out who I am without ever knowing who I was!"

This halted him. He slightly backed away from me then spoke slowly. "You you do not remember?"

And that was when I heard a laugh.

The one that sent chills down my spine that I never intended to be there.

It was Pitch.

The cackle was loud and overbearing and everywhere. I wanted to cup my hands over my ears for fear that he would drive me insane just from the sound.

North looked shocked beyond belief as he turned to the ceiling for answers.

"Oh this is just _so_ heartbreakingâ€|" His voice was loud but calm and seductive. It made my skin crawl. "Little Jacky finally goes to seek for help, but all he finds is a man who doesn't understand himâ€|Such a pity. It was getting so good; I hardly wanted to interruptâ€|"

"Pitch! Show yourself, coward!" North went and grabbed two swords that were leaning against the wall. He held them up to the sky but that just made Pitch laugh harder.

"You think a couple of toothpicks can stop me? North, you're a litter denser than I remember. Are you still on that all-cookie diet? I can tell it's working."

I narrowed my eyes and clenched my teeth together in my mouth. I'd _so_ had enough of Pitch and his devious ways. It was sickening to just hear his voice, if he showed his face I'd probably want to maul him.

"You won't get away with anything you are planning! You think you can threaten Jack? You will have to deal with Guardians!" North reached to his side and slammed down a large, glowing button.

"And why is it that you care so much for this boyâ€|_hmm_? He's not even one of you. What makes him so _exceptional_?"

North turned to me then said something I'd never forget. "It 'tis becauseâ€|he has something very special inside of him. Something that cannot be seen by most eyes, but is seen by mine and others as well. I can _feel_ it_â€|"

I stared back at him with hope in my eyes. The words almost reached my cold, frost encased heart.

But it upset Pitch because that's when he snuffed out every light in the room and the only thing we both saw was a large shadowâ€|"his shadowâ€|"cast only by the moon.

"The light you all share is just _repugnant_â€|" the nightmare sighed out.

I stepped forward, my head held high but my eyes wanting to hide. "Pitchâ€|leave Hiccup alone. If it's me you want, then you can have me. But leave him out of it."

The large red clad man looked at me with confusion and fear. "Do not do this, Jack. We can help. Pitch is too strong for you alone, you know this."

He was right. I did know that. But it was better than giving into everything and pretending that I actually had another way out. Like they would really help me through thisâ€|

It was just one big joke.

Or maybeâ€|it wasn't.

By some string of hope, I watched as the room began filling up with the legendary Guardians. To my left, Bunnymund made an appearance. He glared willfully at me, his nose twitching, showing his buck-teeth. "Been a long time, mate. Blizzard of '68?"

I let out a small, shocked laugh and smiled. "Yeahâ€|Easter Sunday, right?"

He shook his large, bunny head but then pulled out two boomerangs. "North, you called?"

"It is Pitch. Is Tooth and Sandâ€|?"

"North! This had better be good, I was having quite the busy night and Iâ€|Oh my. Is thatâ€|Jack _Frost_?!"

The fairy flew over to me and instantly shoved her tiny little fingers into my mouth.

"_Ahhâ€|ahhhhhhh._"

"Ohhâ€|they're so white! Like freshly fallen snow! You've been flossing, haven't you?"

North stared at the hummingbird. "Toothâ€|fingers out of mouth."

"Oh," she shrugged, backing away from me, "Sorry. They're _beautiful _as alwaysâ€|"

Pitch was growling in the distance but he still didn't show himself. "You will all be sorry you are being so carefree in my presence!"

Tooth spoke up slowly. "_Pitch_â€|Is that really him?"

Everyone suddenly looked at Sandy who just shrugged his shoulders with a question mark above his head.

The owner of the pole took a stance and said, "Pitch. You will have to get through all of us if you want Jack."

Bunny laughed sarcastically. "This is about the _kid_? Oh, crikey. I figured it was something a little more important."

The fairy stood up for me quickly. "Bunny, enough!"

I just sighed. "Noâ€|he's right. I don't even need any of your help."

Everyone besides Bunny looked at me in disbelief. I wasn't sure if I regretted saying that or not.

I didn't have the time to feel remorse anyway. "I thinkâ€|it's about time I ended this little charade. Don't you agree, Jack?" Laughter floated around my head again and I saw those eyes descend into the darkness. In the next few moments, a shadow formed beneath me and sucked me into it.

The last thing I saw were North's large, blue eyes. He looked

terrified.

****x-x****

I coughed and faced the floor as I tried to remember what was going on. My mind was crowded with thoughts that hardly made any sense and the pain I felt in it was immense. It was like I'd just fallen from a twenty story building and landed on the concrete.

My eyes locked onto my hands, which were tainted with deep scrapes and cuts, blood bubbling and leaking through the soon to be scabs.

The shock of it sent my body flying backwards to collide with something hard and unwelcoming.

When I turned around I understood the reason for it feeling that way.

Golden eyes bore into mine. "Ahhâ€|you're finally up, hmm?"

The darkness lifted me off the ground by my hood. I strained to pull at the part that had me choking with my hands.

"It's funny almost: The Guardians. Thinking they stand any kind of chance against me. None of them even care for you, Jack. You see how they acted when they realized it was all for not?"

He dropped me and I started coughing again. "Youâ€|you've finally got me. So hurry up and get this over withâ€|"

His voice was so smooth and collected, as if he had rehearsed his lines for years. "Get what over with, Jack?"

With all the strength I had, I lifted my unwilling, shaky arms up towards him then put one of my wrists on top of the other. My fingers hung like limp twigs on a dead tree. "Doâ€|whatever you want with me. I won'tâ€|" I started to cry softly, "resistâ€|"

With an evil stare, the man pulled me closer to him by my wrists. His breath smelled like burnt charcoal. "So you're sayingâ€|you're allowing me to fuck you? Is that it, my sweet?"

I closed my eyes tightly together, forcing myself to pretend. "If youâ€|if youâ€|agree to leave Hiccup aloneâ€|Then I'llâ€|I will do anything you want."

This wasn't really happening. It was just a dream and that's all that I could see. That's all I needed to see. For dreams came and went like the fallen snow. This wasn't going to be forever. I just had toâ€|_remember_ that.

Pitch narrowed his eyes and slapped me across the face. It reminded me somewhat of when Hiccup had done the same thing to me days ago. Though this time, my cheek stung with intensity and there was nothing left afterwards but empty echoes.

The tall man started to pace with his hands behind his back. "This is not what I had expected."

"Whatâ€"?"

"_Do not speak_" He yelled and it reverberated throughout the emptiness.

I stayed quiet then, even though my whole being was telling me to reach for my staff and freeze the living hell out of him.

_You can't kill him. You can't get rid of him and if he's not satisfied thenâ€"he'll keep coming after Hiccupâ€" _

What a terrible way for things to pan out. My only option being to enslave myself to this horrible, creep of a man. Either that or beg for help from the Guardiansâ€"

I looked up to the sky for a moment but saw nothing but darkness. We were enclosed by it, surrounded and trapped underground somewhere. There were stairs and balconies everywhere I looked along with large cages hanging from the ceiling. If you squinted hard enough, you could see remains of the dead inside of them. It was no wonder the air smelled like rotting flesh.

Pitch finally started to talk again, after I had attempted to calm myself down. If you couldn't tell, it hardly worked at all. "It seems as though nothing is going to get through to you, Frost."

My silence was mind numbing. I felt myself slowly slipping away from sanity while being down there with him. It was like the place and just his presence shifted you into another dimension where light was just a fairy tale, long forgotten.

My whole being was fear soaked and hopeless as he continued. "For you seeâ€"I _do_ want youâ€"snow white virginity and all. But I would also enjoy crushing the things you care for. You don't deserve something as passionate and beautiful as a lover, you're Jack Frost! You make a mess everywhere you go. And in the end, really Frost, who is going to end up the one hurt?" He put a finger to my chest and pressed hard against it, leering down at me. "It's you, Jack."

"I don'tâ€"want to hurt anymoreâ€" I crossed my arms over my chest and began digging my fingernails into the flesh on my arms. The more I thought about what he was saying, the more I agreed with him. Something was off about this place. It didn'tâ€"I wasn't thinking straight.

_Noâ€"Hiccup, heâ€" _

"Don't you?" He made a fake pouting face at me and then grinned crookedly. "What a mess this is turning out to beâ€" "

_Jackâ€" _

I looked up from my fetal position and heard it again.

_Jaa-aack! _

That wasâ€"it was in my head. That's it. Just in my head, no one was even speaking. Pitch wasn't, heâ€"

Jack? Jack!

Noâ€|No that's! That's notâ€|

Pitch looked to me and frowned, eyes flashing with new charged rage.
"What is that? Who is that?!"

"_Hiccup_â€|"

I reached for my staff and pulled it into my hand then ran. I sprinted up and down stairs, all the while Pitch was quickly gaining on me with shadows and harsh words.

"I will _kill_ that boy, Jack! I will slit his throat in his sleep!"

My heart was like an erratically beating drum, I almost thought it would quit on me. But that was when I saw the tunnel. At the end, there was light. Something leapt in my chest as I ran for it.

When I finally had my feet in the snow again, I saw him.

He was standing there with Toothless by his side and his eyes glistened in the snow.

He wasn't even wearing his bootâ€|

My feet took me towards him and when we crashed together it was like a wave of warmth and purity had hit me. Lightning shot through my veins and I realized that I was stupid to have left him again.
Soâ€|so stupid.

My fingers entangled into his hair and I wasted no timeâ€|"I immediately kissed him. It was passionate and meaningful.

But it hurt all the more.

The things Pitch had said didn't fully leave me and probably never would.

I'm just going to get hurt. I'm goingâ€|to getâ€|

"Jackâ€|" Hiccup broke the kiss and nudged his head into my hoodie.
"It'sâ€|it's all so messed upâ€|"

I let out a small puff of frost through my nose. "Yeahâ€|I know."

8. Patience is a Virtue

**A/N: I've seriously spent over a hundred dollars seeing Rise...And I have no regrets. I will forever love Jack Frost, I dun even cares.
**

**Anyways! How's everyone todayyy? Tonight? I always post these really late. That's cause I end up staying up into ridiculous hours of the night writing. Bleah. I'm trying to make the chapters around 5,000 words now and it's killing me cause I'm SUCH a procrastinator. Not even funny. But at least this is up and done! XD I hope you all

enjoy it, as usual! Oh and I kind of want to do something special for my 100th reviewer...I'm just not sure yet. Maybe either have them choose between some kind of special, short Hijack writing orrrr maybe I could draw some fanart of these two? UGH! I'm not that good of an artist so I'm not sure how well that would work out! XD Perhaps someone has a better suggestion? I just really want to thank everyone for being such great readers and such. I adore each and every one of you.**

* * *

<p>Chapter 8: Patience is a Virtue<p>

There was so much on my mind. Though one thing was a little louder than the other jumbled, disordered thoughts:

_You_â€|_ran away_.

I was so ready to give myself to Pitch that I had even been the one to offer it beforehand. Butâ€|I _ran_. I ran away like a coward and put Hiccup in danger once again. I was so stupid. I was so weak. And I was selfish but most of allâ€|

I was in love.

Yeah, I kind of realized that as soon as we both landed back home and I had tackled the boy into the snow to plant kisses all over his neck and cheeks.

Hiccup yelped happily and tried to push me away. "J-Jack, calm down!"

"I can'tâ€|I can'tâ€|" I slowly kissed his collar bone and he froze instantly as my tongue flicked out and licked the skin. "I missed youâ€|I'm so sorry for leaving youâ€|"

He spoke slowly, his voice husky. "It was my faultâ€|I said all those mean things to you. I feltâ€|horrible after you left. I justâ€|" He stalled as I drew my fingers underneath the lid of this shirt. "I just had to find youâ€|"

"I don't know how you didâ€|I went so farâ€|"

He eyed me attentively. "Toothless is very fast."

I smiled and held him tightly to my chest. "You meanâ€|so much to me."

"Jackâ€|" I sat up a little so I could look him in the eyes. "I don'tâ€|want to kiss Astrid anymoreâ€|"

My eyebrows lowered as I tried to understand what he was saying. "You meanâ€|you don't like her anymoreâ€|?"

He nodded, "Maybeâ€|?" but then shook his head and shrugged his thin shoulders. "I don't know. All I do know is that when I think of kissing, well, I uhâ€|I justâ€|"

"You think of me." I smirked and he blushed.

"No! Iâ€" "

"C'mon Hiccupâ€" I leaned closer to him once again and rubbed my nose on his. "Just admit itâ€" "

He huffed a little and I saw a bit of a frown appear on his face. "But you're a boyâ€"so I shouldn't think like that."

I laughed with my teeth showing. "You think that really matters?"

"I'm not aâ€"a homoâ€" he said rather abruptly.

Shaking my head a little, I played with a strand of his hair while leaning on one elbow. "I'm not either."

"So what_ is_ this?!" He gestured to me with wide eyes. "What is it that goes on between us? I don't get it. It'sâ€"strange but, I feel like I_ like_ it. And thatâ€"that just confuses me more. Ughh...I don't understandâ€" "

I eyed him up and down. "You think too hard. Just let it all go. It's not like anyone can see us together. You won't get bullied or picked on. It's just between us, so whatâ€" "

"Astrid knows. And I still think about itâ€"An-and what if this makes me not ever like girls againâ€"? If I'm slowly starting to dislike Astridâ€"thenâ€" "

I could see his point, very well in fact. Hiccup was the one growing up, right before my eyes while I stood there, eternally eighteen. It wasn't like our time together was going to last and after that endedâ€"would he be able to move on? And if he could, how would this affect him? Would my actions have that great of an impact?

I sighed angrily and fell to the ground next to him then buried my face into the slush. It was cold and welcoming and it calmed me down a little. "Wake me up when things are easy againâ€" I mumbled into the icy floor.

I heard him crawl over to me, his knees crunching in the snow. Larger footsteps were also heard; I figured those were Toothless'.

They both sat by me and the boy placed a hand on my back. He started rubbing circles into my hoodie; it gave me strange flickers of excitement in my lower abdomen. It was annoying as all hell, but I kind of loved it at the same time.

I began eating the snow in frustration.

"You wanna head homeâ€"? Hiccup asked after a few moments of my inward sulking and severe sexual frustration.

Those words basically hit me like a ton of bricks though.

_Home_â€"

Wasn't my home we were going to. It was Hiccup's. And Pitchâ€"

"_I will kill that boy! I will slit his throat in his sleep!"_

I cringed and sat up finally, causing his hand to fall off of me. I faced him and swallowed my anxiety. "Can'tâ€¦I can't go back with youâ€¦"

He looked shocked. At least this meant that he hadn't heard any of what Pitch had said it seemed. Or else he'd probably understand my reasoning. "Whatâ€¦do you mean?"

I tried to smile and disregard my heavy beating heart. "Iâ€¦have to fix thisâ€¦I won't allow you to get hurt."

"Why do you always think you're alone in this?!" I blinked a few times then backed away a little, his voice was so potent. "I'm right here! I can helpâ€¦I can help If you'd just _let_ me."

"I'd rather die than see you hurt, Hiccup," I told him sternly.

His eyes became wide and full of anger. "And I'd rather _die_ than hear you say that!"

Toothless grunted a little beside the both of us, licking his lips and watching us intensely.

It felt like my heart was ripping in two as I looked deeper into those eyes. He stared back just as strong and I finally dropped the gaze to growl, stand up and hit my staff furiously against a nearby tree. It shook and became covered in frost in seconds. Icicles hung above me like long swords, aiming at my skull.

"You don'tâ€¦you don't understand how strong he is. He's immortal, Hiccup! Does that not _mean_ _anything_ to you?!"

"So what do you plan on doing, huh?" he asked with arms open at his sides, he had stood up as well. "Are you going take him with you? Some kind of suicide mission that traps the both of you in oblivion? I don't know what you're thinking Jack and if it's something stupid then I won't let you go through with it!"

I sighed and tiredly rubbed at my eyes with a few chilly fingers. "I'm notâ€¦I'm not goingâ€¦" I couldn't handle all this caring and compassion. It had me more disorganized and confused than feeling like I was important. "I'll be _alright_â€¦" I finally muttered, trying to convince him well enough.

Hiccup placed himself in front of me and grabbed onto my arms, shaking me slightly. His head was bowed and he was either staring at the ground or he had his eyes closed. "Please, don't goâ€¦I want you to stayâ€¦I'm begging you, please don't leave here." He collapsed into my arms and I felt a few tears on my skin. "I like you, Jackâ€¦I doâ€¦I like you _so_ muchâ€¦" He sniffed a little and I thought that my heart had stopped pounding. "Iâ€¦I realized that not long after you left. The only reason I ever ignored you was because I was afraid of Astrid thinking I was weirdâ€¦But I don'tâ€¦I don't _care_ anymore and I'm so sorry! I just want _you_ nowâ€¦I don't know why and it doesn't even matter. You make me feel so comfortable and happyâ€¦way more than Astridâ€¦"way more than _anyone_ ever has and I'm not about to lose that!"

I didn't know what to doâ€¦

I'm soâ€¦happyâ€¦

How was I supposed to think rationally in a situation like thisâ€¦? How could I handle all of this at once? After three hundred years of neglect and solitude, confinement and lonely nights filled with self-loathing, violent storms and internal pain that could never be healed. I finally had someone clinging to me, begging me to stay by their side. Telling me they liked me, more than anyone. It seemed unreal almostâ€¦basically something that I thought could never happen, _was_ happening. And that stunned, _immobilized_ me, beyond belief.

My chest was about to explode. But instead of gripping at it in pain like I wanted to, I ignored the swelling inside and crushed the smaller boy's body to my own. The friction and heat was enough to send me over the edge. It was like Hiccup's temperature now caused my libido to grow, only wanting more of it as if he was a fire and I was a dry forest. I had essentially forgotten what it felt like for heat to cause me discomfort. Perhaps it wasn't the fact that it was painful. Maybe I just never had the chance to get used to it as Hiccup caused me to. Whatever it was, I absolutely abhorred it. Butâ€¦then again, I was swimming in its utter magnificence.

When he pulled away from me he leaned his soft hair onto my chest and sighed heavily, like he was under a lot of stress. I guessed that was true, for the most part. It wasn't like I was the only one carrying the weight of all of this. "If you're leaving to fight Pitch, then Toothless and I are coming with you."

"What about your friends? And your dad?" I asked him carefully.

His breathing was a little erratic as he spoke. He seemed scared. I hated that. "I'll tell Astridâ€¦she'll convey the message. And I can leave a note for my father."

"A noteâ€¦?" My eyes were anything but amused. "Saying what? 'Hey dad, just off to go fight darkness incarnate, might be back, might not. Save me some haggis!'"

I saw him grin. "That just sounds stupid. Besides, I hate haggis," he laughed and I pushed on his shoulder, slightly joining in with him.

Though my smile faded almost instantly when I turned to look at him directly. His large, green eyes watched me with anticipation as I spoke. "I need you to promise me one thing, Hiccupâ€¦or else this isn't happeningâ€¦"

He looked at me with a small sense of hesitation but he nodded quickly. "What is it?"

I blew some air out that chilled my chapped lips then made sure he knew how serious I was by never looking away from him. "If things get too seriousâ€¦if you're in trouble. If you're going toâ€¦end up fatally wounded or anything close to thatâ€¦" I want you to get out as soon as possible. No second glances, no regrets. This is importantâ€¦to me, Hiccup."

He looked at me longer than I had expected he would and I felt my heart tighten. But finally he dipped his head somewhat, returned to look at me and then said, "I promise, Jack."

****x-x****

"Jackâ€¦we have to goâ€¦"

"Yeah, yeahâ€¦I know."

Silence and more touching, mostly done by me. Breathing in his scent was killing me. I wanted nothing more than to strip him down to just his one sock.

"M-my dad is homeâ€¦he could walk inâ€¦"

"He'd see you sprawled out on the bed. That's it."

The small boy huffed and faced away from me, a violent blush saturating his freckled cheeks.

So damn cuteâ€¦

"C'monâ€¦I need my fix before we go do boring, work-related stuffâ€¦" I nuzzled my nose into his neck, blowing cold air onto his skin. I felt him shiver and Goosebumps covered his arms. He tried fidgeting with me, each movement he made I just advanced further on him. "Stop trying to _runnn_â€¦Just let me have a little fun, okay?"

"Yeahâ€¦" He was on his elbows, attempting to scoot his way off the bed without falling. "Your definition of fun is a little unlike most peoples, Jack."

I rolled my eyes drastically. "Oh sure, make me out to be such a pervert once again. You're starting to get on my nerveâ€¦"

He had pushed a pillow into my face. I glared from behind it.

Without thinking, I grabbed his wrist in my palm and removed the cushion then stared down at him with narrowed eyes. "What isâ€¦?"

I didn't finish. He wasn't even looking at me; his eyes had strayed to the other side of the room where Toothless' bed sat. I noticed he was shaking as well and the redness in his cheeks hadn't dissipated. Iâ€¦didn't understand it at all.

"Hiccup, Iâ€¦"

"I'm sorryâ€¦" He tried moving but I held onto his wrist firmly. "I'm sorry! Iâ€¦I'm justâ€¦"

He couldn't form the sentence that he wanted to so instead of trying again he just bit his lip and stared down at the sheets with watery eyes and short, quick breaths.

Anger erupted inside of me but I held it back with all I had. I let go of his wrist and with a heavy sigh I ran the fingers through my hair as an alternative. Sitting up, I looked at him with eyes half-lidded. "Okay, okay. What's wrong?" I urged him to speak, my

hands tightly placed under my arms so they wouldn't go anywhere.

He drew his own hands and arms into himself and refused to make eye contact with me. The stuttering continued. "I-Itâ€|you justâ€|I-I don'tâ€|"

I sighed again. "How am I supposed to make things better if I don't even know what's bothering you, Hicâ€|?" He looked absolutely mortified. Maybe I was just making things worseâ€|"Dammitâ€|I'm sorry. I'm sorryâ€|Let'sâ€|let's get goinâ€|"

"I'm just _scared_, all right?!"

Okay, well at least we were getting somewhere.

"Scaredâ€|? Of what?" I asked him very cautiously.

Hiccup tugged at his hair in frustration and looked anywhere but at me. "Youâ€|not _you_, but usâ€|_this_."

Kayâ€|still pretty damn confused.

"Can you elaborate, a little, maybe?"

He growled under his breath, I could tell he was past upset and more to the point of breaking down right in front of me. But over whatâ€|? Me touching him? I'd done that plenty of times before. Something was different this time.

A few moments of silence floated by and I waited, forcing myself to be almost too patient for his reply. I was starting to tap my fingers along my arms.

His eyes finally glanced at mine but looked away quickly like a small, scared animal. "I've neverâ€|_done_â€|anything like this before. Not with Astrid. Not with anyone. I told you Iâ€|I kissed her before, but that was it! Nothing else ever happened between us and I-I'm only fifteen!" I became ridged when he shouted the last few words. Sure, I knew his age, he had told me before. But all of a sudden he just seemedâ€|so _young_.

I'm in an eighteen year old body but I'm technically three hundred and twelve and I'm trying to get into a fifteen year olds pantsâ€|

Okay. Yeah. I was a pervert. Hiccup wasn't wrong about those accusations whatsoever.

But it wasn't like we were coming from that different of situations! I hadn'tâ€|_done_ anything with anyone either. Ever since I woke up from that frozen over lake, my body new and powers I had barley any idea how to control, I too hadn't had anything. People never saw me_, _so how was I supposed to kiss or be close to anyone in that stateâ€|? Sure I had _seen_ thingsâ€|happened upon incidents where people were intimate, my observation and curiosity had gotten the best of me. But obviouslyâ€|I never got any chance to do any of those thingsâ€|"with anyone.

I'm sure Hiccup understood that. I was about to tell him my side of the story as well, but I stopped short. What was the point anywayâ€|?

He wasn't going to change his mind if I told him I was just as much of a virgin as he was.

I slapped a hand to my face and dragged it down slowly, as to indicate my sudden animosity of the whole situation. So much animosityâ€”I still had a slight hard-on.

All I wanted to do was have sex with the kid then sit on one of the mountains I had familiarized myself with and create a terrible, freezing cold blizzard.

Of course that wasn't going to happen. Hiccup wasn't ready. Maybe in five years he would beâ€”?

_Oh god, I cannot wait that long. _

"Are you upset? You look upsetâ€”" Hiccup played with the fur on his vest and frowned downwards.

_Upset doesn't really come close. It's more like extremely sexually frustrated and downright enraged at the fact that I might possibly have to wait a decent amount of years to actually have sexual intercourse with you. _

My inner me was telling me to just give it a rest. I'd lived for how long now? And I'd waited for something like this for centuries. Itâ€”wasn't like a few extra years were really going to kill meâ€”right? You'd think after all that time I would have learned at least a sliver of patience. Funny thing wasâ€”I hadn't.

x-x

"Where is your dad anyway? I thought he was home," I asked him while sitting on the counter.

We were in the kitchen; he was packing some lunch and food for himself. When he turned to me, he answered with, "He must have left. Probably out doing chief type thingsâ€”He's not home much so I've gotten used to it by now."

It seemed that the fact of his father not being there kind of upset him, once again I could tell that just by looking at his facial features and small gestures.

I rubbed my tongue along the inside of my mouth and swallowed roughly, slightly coughing. I decided not to say anything more. He looked too focused on what needed to be done.

With a note written and a bag packed, we exited the house, our hearts heavy. At least mine was. I figured he wasn't far behind feeling the way I did. He had to have been scared, at least a little. Scared and worried. What if he never came backâ€”?

As we walked towards the back of his house, Hiccup became motionless and stared ahead of us. I joined in and realized just what had caught his attention.

"Astrid!" he yelled while fastening the bag higher on his shoulder. He slipped a little when he reached her; I stopped him from falling by catching his arm in my hand.

He nodded thanks to me then focused on the girl. My eyes searched frantically for somewhere to hide. I didn't want to be there for their touching goodbyeâ€|

While taking a few steps backwards, I saw his hand reach out behind him and he latched onto mine with determination, halting my movements instantly. I stared at it in confusion but then sighed and stood beside him. If he didn't want me to leave, then I wasn't going to. No matter how hard it was to watch the two of them interact.

Astrid was standing in front of us now and her eyes suddenly narrowed when she looked at Hiccup's hand. "Whatâ€|are you doing?"

"Astridâ€|Iâ€|I need to tell you something." The boy looked up at me then scanned the area. "Come on." He then grabbed the blonde's hand as well and I rolled my eyes as he pulled us both to the side of the house, out of the way of any late-night passersby. "Okayâ€|uhmâ€|here-here is good."

She looked utterly confounded by his actions. "What's going on, Hiccup?"

"Look, Iâ€|I don't really know how to say this. But Iâ€|"

His embarrassment was almost starting to distress me. Once again I could feel the seeds of jealousy creep into my soul. I suddenly couldn't wait to leave the village with him.

"Hiccup." She placed a hand on his shoulder and I glowered at it. "Calm down, alright? Justâ€|tell me what's on your mind." She smiled, as if she had no idea what she was about to hear come out of his mouth.

I almostâ€|felt kind of bad for her.

"I'mâ€|Iâ€|" He didn't look her in the eyes, his were trained on the ground as he said, "I'm leavingâ€|"

The wind blew a cold, sharp gust that tussled our hair. I'd never seen the girl's eyes so wide.

"You're not seriousâ€|Tell me you're not serious."

Hiccup straightened his stance. "I am. There's some things that need to be done and I'mâ€|I'm not sure when I'll be back. You've got to tell the other's that andâ€|" She punched him on the shoulder and he yelped in pain. "_Whyyyy_ would you do that?"

I was about to pounce on her but Hiccup's hand tightened around mine.

"Shut up! You're not leaving!" she yelled, slightly stomping her foot on the ground.

_Oh, that's real mature. _

"Thisâ€|this is about Jack _Frost_ isn't it?!"

_Okayâ€|now she was crossing the line. _

I had to say something. "Look, Hiccupâ€|if she's just going to act like a spoiled bratâ€""

"Astridâ€|it's not _just_ about him. It's about me, too, and Iâ€""

"You _what_?! You've finally realized that you want to _belong_ to him now?! Is that it, _Hiccup_?"

We both stood, shocked at the words being spat at us by this devil of a girl. Maybe if I didn't like the brunette the way that I didâ€|maybe she would be different in my eyes. Perhaps she was just extremely jealous as well. But at this point in time, none of that really mattered to me. All that did matter was keeping Hiccup safe and making sure he wasn't stolen from me.

With how the boy was just standing there, eyes large and fingers shaking around mine, I figured it was about time to step in at least a little. "Don't listen to herâ€|she's just angry. She's mad and confused and most of all she's jealousâ€|trust me, I know how she feelsâ€|"

He didn't even acknowledge that I had spoken. "Do you hate me, Astridâ€|?"

The girl, solemn and red faced, held her hand up towards him again. I was about take further action to protect him, but she only just placed the hand on his chest and began to cry softly. "This isn't fairâ€|isn't fair, I saw you _first_! Iâ€|this isn'tâ€|"

She seemed at a loss for words. How infuriating it was to watch her break down like that. Though sympathy was tugging at my subconscious, I tried to pay it no mind. This girl couldn't see me. So she didn't matter. Not one bitâ€|

I tightened my fingers around his hand this time and started to walk away. "Hiccupâ€|"

He wouldn't budge.

I was beginning to become frustrated. "Look you've got to make a decision, Hic!" I gestured to the girl and then to me. "You said you liked meâ€|you saidâ€|you didn't want to kiss her anymore. That's what you said, and if that's trueâ€|then we've got to leave. Hanging on is only going to make her want you more. Don't trick her into thinking that you like her ifâ€|if you don't." I hated being so callous to him. I hated shouting at him. But when he was in a daze like this it was really the only thing I could manage.

When I let go of his warm hand I took two steps backwards. It pained me, but I needed to make him decide. It was either me or her at this point. If he really wanted her, well thenâ€|

"We should get goingâ€|"

A little surprised and relieved, I nodded and held out my hand for him to take once again.

Astrid went nuts, so to speak. "_HICCUP_! You're making a mistake! You're making a _huge _mistake! Don't you leave, dammit!"

I saw him close his eyes together tightly but he kept on walking. "I justâ€¦|have to ignore herâ€¦|right?"

The girl didn't stop. "_HICCUP_!"

He looked so damn heartbroken. It made a nauseating feeling swirl in my stomach. There probably wasn't enough hate in the world to encompass my feelings for that girl. I started to walk a little faster as I pulled on his hand. "Yeahâ€¦|It's all going to be alright. Okay? Where's Toothless?"

"Heâ€¦|should be out backâ€¦|"

"Okay."

The air was quiet and I heard the girl speak one last time. "_Hiccup_â€¦|pleaseâ€¦|"

I didn't want to face this factâ€¦|but I knew, somewhere deep down, that my jealousy of the girl was shelling the fact that she was probably in a lot of pain. This hurt herâ€¦|and it was my fault. And I wasn't really sure how to feel about that at allâ€¦|

****x-x****

Hiccup was right. Toothless was fast. Even faster than me and not a lot in the world was. We made it to the North Pole in record time.

Why the North Pole you ask? Well, I figured it was time for me to suck up my pride and reallyâ€¦|ask for some help. If Hiccup's life was on the line then I needed to really figure out my priorities and fast. I wasn't about to let my stubbornness be the death of him.

Phil was outside once again, it seemed like that Yeti never left his post.

When he saw us fly up and land on the ground next to him on a dragon no less, his eyes were enormous and if I could see a mouth under all that hair I'm sure it would be wide open.

He grunted out strange words as soon as I had hopped off the reptile and I held out my hands to calm him down. "Phil! It's just meâ€¦|I need to talk to North againâ€¦|Can you let us in?"

"Arguwa udge?!" He pointed to the tired looking boy and the dragon incredulously.

I sighed heavily and regarded him with pleading eyes. "Please, Phil? This is legit, I promise."

He looked to me and finally, he let us all in. It seems he had given up on keeping me out even though he did try.

Hiccup yawned but his eyes widened as he took a look around the globe room. I watched as he did, keeping him in view. Even though we were

basically at the safest place on the planet, I wasn't going to let him out of my sight.

I heard Toothless grunt and Hiccup nodded then petted the beast. "Yeah, I know, bud."

They each had a strange way of communicating. I had long since wondered and questioned about it. It was a lot better just to accept the fact that he was a very special kid rather than accusing him of being unstably mental.

"Phil? Can you take the uhhâ€¦the dragon to where the reindeer are? That'd be okay, right Hic?"

Hiccup was entranced by the flying machines and sparkly lights I assumed, but he nodded. "Y-yeahâ€¦He'll be safe?"

I smiled. "North takes good care of his reindeer, I'm sure."

"Go with theâ€¦yeti, thing. Okay Toothless? I'll come visit you later, bud." The brunette hugged the dragon before letting Phil lead it away, a little awkwardly. It wasn't like the dragon was a deer.

"Jackâ€¦where are we exactly?"

"Do you celebrate Christmas, Hiccup?" I asked while leaning against a railing, the giant globe was circling behind me.

He tilted his head a little and answered, "You meanâ€¦Snoggletog?"

I raised an eyebrow at him with hazy eyes. "Uhhh...Sure. It's when you get presents, right? During the winter, wellâ€¦during the actual _months_ of winter." I remembered that his town was basically always covered in snow. It was probably hard to tell when the season actually came around.

He nodded and half grinned. "Yeah. From old man winter."

"Well, his real name is North. And this is where he lives." I raised my hand in the air, gesturing behind me where yeti's were crafting away at toys and trinkets. "This is where all those presents come from."

"Wowâ€¦" He leaned over the railing almost instantly and a huge grin took over his features. "This is amazing!"

I eyed him with a smile, overjoyed to see him so happy. With a swift movement, I wrapped my arm around his waist and looked over the ledge with him. "There's a lot of wonder in this place."

He cuddled into me and closed his eyes; I could feel his hot breath on my chest through my jacket. "Jackâ€¦Jack, Iâ€¦"

"Jack Frost!"

We both turned to see old man winter himself, fists placed on his hips like usual and a huge grin, stretching from ear to ear. "We thought you were dead!" The large man hadn't seen Hiccup beside me it seemed because he picked me up from the ground and gave me a life

threatening hug.

When he placed me back down I gasped and coughed.

That's when the two locked eyes.

"You can see himâ€|huh, Hic?" The boy nodded and I laughed.
"Northâ€|this is, uhâ€|this is Hiccup. The kid I was telling you aboutâ€|"

North's eyes were scanning the two of us until he finally just smiled again and held a large hand out for Hiccup to take, introducing himself loudly as usual. After they shook hands rather violently, North looked to me and winked.

I have no idea what that meant.

"You must tell me all that has happened, Jack. There is little time to waist." We followed him as he led us back towards his workshop.

I spoke up quickly though, attempting to catch up with him. "Can uhh, can Hiccup possibly rest a little though? He's been up all night."

Said boy instantly looked to the ground and blushed. "I'm fine, Jack, reallâ€"

"He can sleep, yes of course! I have room for him. You two follow me."

I shrugged and looked to Hiccup with a bit of a smile on my face, mouthing the word "sorry."

We trailed behind the man until he stopped at a small door (well, small compared to him) then opened it, gesturing for Hiccup to go in. "You will be safe here. I will position yeti at the door, so you need not worry."

"I'm justâ€|gunna say goodnight to him. I'll meet you at your workshop?" I looked to North who just nodded and then walked away.

When he was gone we entered the room and closed the door. It was small but very quaint with a bed and a desk along with toys lined along the walls. A small heater sat in the corner which I turned on for him.

I then faced him and smiled genuinely. "Just get some rest, alright? I'll be here when you wake up."

Either Hiccup was feeling uncharacteristically affectionate that night or I was just really capsizing under the weight of three hundred years of solitude. Whichever one it was, it made no difference. The way he collapsed into me and enveloped his arms around my torso was unlike any of the embraces I had yet experienced with him.

I almost had to hold myself back from sobbing like a little kid.

I swallowed the spit that clung to the inside of my mouth and rested

my chin on his shoulder. The aura in that room was so thickly sweet I had trouble breathing.

It was minutes until he spoke, voice shrouded in emotion. "I want you to know that no matter what happens" He paused and rubbed the edge of my hoodie between his two fingers. "I just think you're a great person. And"

I pulled away from him and held him in front of my eyes, leaning down so I could see his. With a smile, I leaned so close to his mouth I could melt. "I love you, Hiccup."

It was easier than forcing him to say it. And I couldn't just wait hours for him to get the courage to. I knew he felt the same, I wasn't blind. Whether he loved me as a great friend or an actual lover, it didn't matter at that point. There were just no other words for what I was feeling.

I loved him. I loved every little thing about him. Nothing was ever going to stop or change that.

Hiccup would always be inside my heart, he'd already carved a place for himself there and I wouldn't want it any other way.

9. Basically a Guardian

**A/N: OH YES! RATED M NOW SUCKAAS! Lol. So okay. NO SEX IN THIS CHAPTER. But it gets pretty darn heated between these two love birds. ;D Gosh, I hope you guys like this...it took me awhile to write and I just...ugh, I dunno. It made me...embarrassed to write almost. I've written smut before, but it's been awhile! And these two just mean so much to me lately, so I can't even...But yeah, PLEASE let me know if you like it! And sorry I barley got back to any of the reviews for the last chapter...there were honestly so many I could hardly keep up with them. O_O You guys are freaking amazing, I just want to let you know that. I adore each and every one of my readers and take everything you say into deep consideration. **

**Enjoy your Hijack Frostycup fluffy-ness everyone.
>

* * *

><p>Chapter 9: Basically a Guardian<p>

"So."

"_Sooo_"

He looked at me awkwardly. I was starting to feel the heat collect in my cheeks. Maybe bringing Hiccup here wasn't the best idea.

"That is boy you told me about?"

I nodded abruptly and scratched the side of my cheek. "Yeah. Look North_I'm sorry for not telling you about this. It just kind of happened and I couldn't_he _wanted_ to come. He asked to and"

The man started laughing. My hand stopped on my neck which I massaged a little as I waited for him to simmer down, eyes drifting around the room.

He gripped a large cup of hot cocoa and chugged it down in seconds then eyed me strangely. "No apologies are needed, Jack. He is safe now."

I nodded a little and opened my mouth to speak but nothing came out. I wasn't really sure what to say. And it wasn't like North made me feel that uncomfortable. I was just so terrible at conversation that it pained me to even talk to anyone besides Hiccup it seemed. And North well he was an adult. Any kind of figures like that just seemed to offset me for some reason. Maybe because I'd never had parents before.

I was pretty sure he could sense my uneasiness so he brought up the talking once again. "What happened, Jack?"

Well I was sure he was going to ask that sooner or later. He had basically every right to know. I was using his home as a hideout and a safe house for sheltering my mortal.

I took a deep breath and told him everything. How I had fallen into Pitch's lair. How he'd threatened Hiccup's life. And how Hiccup had come to my rescue just when things were really going to hell. It was strange because I spoke so fast and told him almost every little detail. Maybe not looking at him and focusing on the shiny snow globe sitting on the desk was helping in that.

When I had finished my speech, North leaned back in his chair and started to rub at his bearded chin. He stayed like that for about a minute until.

"_IDEA_!"

I was surprised because he'd practically screamed that word into my face. It took a few seconds for my heart beat to slow.

"What's idea?" I asked gently.

A huge grin lay across his face as he stood up to pace then pointed to me with a large finger. "_WE_ will find Pitch."

_What kind of idea is __**that**__?"

"_Find _him? What?"

North nodded furiously and yelled at an elf to fetch him more drink. "Yes. The Guardians, including you, will find Pitch. We will search for this lair, the one you spoke of and then surprise attack!"

Okay so it didn't sound too horrible, but still it seemed like it could be thought through a little better. Though what other option did we have?

"You're all just going to scale the globe in search of his hideout? Do you know how long that could take? I don't even remember the remote area I was in. And Hiccup's dragon is so fast, I have no idea

how far away it was."

"Give me break," he shrugged a little, rolling his shoulders. "Do you know how many toys I deliver in one night?"

I took in a sharp breath but then just rolled my eyes and let it out slowly. "I don'tâ€|okay, let's say this _does_ work. Then what? How are you all going to defeat him? Don't you remember that we're all immortalâ€|? As well as the Boogeyman?"

This stopped him for a moment and he sipped his steaming drink with narrowed, thinking eyes. Finally he just said, "We will figure that out."

My mouth hung open. "We can't just bullshit around! We have to have a solid plan, orâ€|"

"Jack, you worry too much." Once again he placed a hand on my shoulder, maybe to calm me down. "You must put your trust in us. We are strong and we can fight. You will be there too."

That's what I'm afraid ofâ€|

I didn't want to be anywhere _near _that hellish creature of the dark. Just hearing his name sent horrendous chills down my spine.

A sudden yawn escaped my lips and I then realized that I too hadn't slept in so long. I justâ€|wanted to cuddle with my chestnut haired boy for the rest of the night.

North noticed my weary nature and patted me on the back. "You are drowsy as well?"

"Yeahâ€|"

"It is strange. Once you become a Guardian, you never have to sleep. I do not remember what it feels like to be sleepy, as you are."

My eyes grew shocked at his words. "Youâ€|never sleep?"

He shook his head. "Our jobs require us to be up almost all the time. Especially for Tooth and Sandy. Of course they never sleep, nor does Bunny or I."

"Well, I guess there's _one_ good thing about being a Guardianâ€|" I looked to the floor once again, too embarrassed to see his eyes.

North leaned down a little to my level as if to make me look at him. "There is not just _one_ _good_ thing, Jack. There are many."

"I could never," I said with harshness in my tone. "Spend eternity cooped up like you guys? That's _not_ for meâ€|"

He looked a little unhappy but then gestured towards the door. "But Jackâ€|you _are_ basically a Guardian now."

Confusion covered my tone. "Whatâ€|?"

"That childâ€|you are guarding himâ€|"with your life, no

doubt?"

Okay so he had a pointâ€|

"I'mâ€|yeahâ€|"

He smiled. "You do not have to make any verdict. No one is forcing you. But being a Guardian is something to cherish, hold dear to your heart. I do." I smiled too, just a little. "Okay! Now, off to bed and I will call meeting for the other's in the morning. Would you like another room, orâ€|?"

"I can sleep in Hiccup's roomâ€|"ifâ€|" The look he was giving me made me want to take back what I'd just said. "If that's okay, I mean, or I could justâ€|"

"Go, go!" He pushed me out of the room, laughing like a madman.

I wanted to sink into the floor.

Once I was alone again it wasn't so bad. Though I still felt anxious and downright terrified of the future and this whole idea that just seemed like it could fall through the roof at any given moment. What if nothing worked out as planned? What if he finds Hiccup before we find himâ€|? There are only so many places he can look and countless that we have to. In the endâ€|he was inevitably going to win.

I kicked on the door and it creaked open. The anger in my body was about to overflow, that and the fact that I was sleep deprived just made everything worse.

My eyes went straight to the boy who was still sleeping as I heard a couple yeti's walk up to the open door. I nodded at them and they closed it behind me. I continued to walk towards Hiccup. When I was standing above him, I used a couple of fingers to sift through his hair. He was snoring a little, but just enough to let me know he was in a restless sleep. Besides, I thought it was adorable. If anyone else started snoring in front of me I'd probably be repulsed, but it seemed that everything this boy did just drew me in and made me want him that much more. Even just looking at him, so vulnerable and unconscious caused thoughts and ideas to run wild through my mind.

If I touch himâ€|will he remember? Or even wake upâ€|?

My hands wanted to badly put my questions to the test. With slightly tapered eyes I lifted up the covers from his lower half. I then let one of my hands trail along his upper thigh and towards the middle of the two where I so desperately wanted to come in contact with for so long. My index and middle fingers ghosted over the small lump in his pants and that was when he gasped a little louder in his sleep and the snoring stopped. For a moment I thought he was waking, but he just made a small noise then began breathing heavily again.

I grinned like a cat and used all three fingers this time to almost massage what was beneath those pants of his. I could finally _feel_ him, but the cloth in the way was pissing me off immensely. It wasn't enough for me. God, I just wanted to rip his clothes off so badly. We were so aloneâ€|and the only thing stopping me was the pure threat of being rejected and/or him freaking the fuck out on me.

That and I was still tired as ever.

I tried to push that fatigue away. My greedy, lusty eyes watched as the boy turned a little and groaned, his lids were still closed and I was still molesting himâ€|

I was attempting to pull my hand back but I couldn't really control what it did anymore. My other was gripping his hip, thumb rubbing over the bone that stuck out. I wanted to bite the skin there.

As I leaned forward on the bed I placed one leg on the far side of the boy and let my other follow suit. Soon I was straddling him and that was when his eyes flickered open.

Dammitâ€|And I was just starting to enjoy myselfâ€|

"J-Jackâ€|? What are youâ€|?"

I recoiled my hand in shame and smiled slightly at him from above.

Once he realized just what I was up to, his face burst into color and he started wiggling his way out from underneath me. "_Jack_! You didn'tâ€|youâ€|What did youâ€|?"

"Calm down, kiddo. I wasn't doing muchâ€|"

"_Wasn't doing much_?!"

I held a pointer finger to my mouth and motioned towards the door. "There are yetis out there. So I'd keep it down if I was you." He glared at me and I sat on the bed, laughing a little to hide my humiliation. "I'm sorryâ€|you just looked so damn cute while you slept, I couldn't help myself. It's your own fault."

I didn't think his glare could get any more potent. But it did. "_My_ fault, huh? Is that so? Well, next time _you're_ sleeping I'll just dump a hot bucket of water on you because you just look so damn cold!"

He swore. I found it a little funny. Basically because I'd never heard him do that before and the words he was saying just made no sense whatsoever. He was tired and angryâ€|That was my bad.

"Okay, okayâ€|I won't do it againâ€|" I looked at him with puppy eyes then. "Can I at least cuddle with you tonight?"

The way he threw the blankets over his head and buried himself into the bed kind of had me thinking that was a no.

x-x

I ended up sleeping on the other side of the bed, farthest away from him. Not once did I get to snuggle up to the boy. It was like he didn't want to or something.

When I woke the air smelled delicious. It almost had my stomach growling. I blinked a few times and turned to see Hiccup sitting at the desk with a plate of food in front of him.

He looked at me with burning eyes and then back down to the table. His voice mumbled a, "Morningâ€|" then continued to eat, ignoring me as I stood up to sit in the chair across from him. The plates were full of breakfast foods including pancakes, sausages and hash browns.

"Did North make all this?" I asked, hoping to get things back to normal with some light chatting.

He just nodded his head.

Well, that wasn't working.

"Hiccupâ€|if you're pissed, I get it. I'm sorryâ€|please don't be mad at me."

"I'm not mad," he spat.

I raised an eyebrow at him. "Oh really? Cause you seem kind of furious."

The boy shoved half a pancake into his mouth and grunted at little. "I'mâ€|fine."

Well, it wasn't like I was going to pester him about it anymore. I let him finish eating and I actually ate some too. I felt full for the first time in what seemed like years.

Once we had both finished eating, I tried speaking to him again.

"So did North talk to you today? When did you get up?"

His eyes landed on me as he pushed the plate away from him towards the other side of the table. "Yeah. He said we should eat and whenever we were ready to just let one of the yetis know. I've only been up for about an hour now."

I looked at him skeptically. "What, so North's just letting us slack around?"

"He said something about this being my first time at the amazing North Pole and I should enjoy it," Hiccup told me rather quietly.

I blew the bangs out of my eyes with a puff of cold air. "What a narcissist."

"Not reallyâ€|at least he's kind enough to offer all of this. He could have just left us out in the cold to search for Pitch ourselves."

I cringed when he said that name. He hardly thought before he did.

With a large sigh, I stood up and went back to the bed then sat down, huffing as I did. "Well, if that's how it's going to be then I might as well enjoy this little R and R thing."

He didn't look at me but he stood up and started to clean off the table. I watched him with lazy eyes, trailing him, mostly going to

his ass. Because heaven help me if I ended up staring at anything else on his figure.

The moment he leaned over to pick up something that was out of his reach on the desk, my sexual desires were about to overflow out of my damn ears. My body moved without any kind of consent from me and I instantly placed myself behind him. I trailed my hand down along his arm and then wove my fingers through his, halting his movements.

It seemed to stop him all together.

"Jackâ€¦"

"I'm so tired of waiting for youâ€¦" I quickly bit his neck and sucked hard, causing him to squirm. Little noises exited his lips as I did and I felt his fingers clench around mine. It was so sexy. It was so hot. I wanted more. I needed this. I wasn't going to wait any longer.

"Pleaseâ€¦stopâ€¦" Hiccup said under his breath, leaning back to lock eyes with me. When he did, it just drove me further. I took his chin in my hand and forced my lips onto his. My hips were bucking into his backside; I could feel myself getting harder as the moments passed by. He could probably feel it as well, because when he broke the kiss to breathe frantically, I could see his face was redder than ever.

"Hiccupâ€¦you're making me fucking crazyâ€¦" I let it all go then as I rubbed my hand along his upper thigh and clenched at the skin. He shivered when I slipped my hand into the top of his pants and trailed my fingers along his hip.

"Jackâ€¦youâ€¦" His breathing was still erratic and hoarse as ever.

I spoke lowly in a throaty tone, his ear right next to my mouth. "I want to fuck you, Hiccupâ€¦" His whole body started to shake; I could feel it trembling underneath every touch. "I'll make you feel so good, I promiseâ€¦" I licked that ear and bit down on it gently. "Is that okay?"

As my other hand slowly slid deeper into his pants a quiet yelp sounded in the room and he leaned forward, trying to escape me once again but the table was there. "Jack, we can't! Weâ€¦we _can't_. _I_ can't, this isâ€¦not here. Not now, please justâ€¦"

My hand moved to the front of his pants and he slammed his hands onto the table, pushing away from it and back into me. It felt like he was grinding into me and that caused my whole body to be set aflame with sexual desire and a very rampant need to have sex with this boy.

He probably didn't expect that to happen though, I could tell he was trying all he could to disperse the situation. He grabbed onto my hand with one of his and pulled it out of his pants. I almost didn't let him. "Stopâ€¦you're going too far todayâ€¦"

I became a bit angered. "And when will I be allowed to go any further than kissing you, Hiccup? I've got needs, alright? And sometimesâ€¦just _looking_ at you makes me completely _senseless_. I've tried staying awayâ€¦I've tried holding myself backâ€¦I really

have."

The boy lowered my hand in his and his head was towards the table. "I make youâ€|_that_ frustratedâ€|?"

I almost had to laugh. "Are you kidding me?" I lowered my lips to a part of his back that was revealed and kissed the skin there softly. "Every time I see you I picture you naked."

"Oh Thor almightyâ€|" A few moments passed where I didn't make any moves but still wanted to. I kind of was hoping he would calm down a bit so I could continue and possibly seduce the hell out of him. I was getting so _close_â€|

"The God's must really hate meâ€|"

I began massaging his head with my whole palm, my fingers rubbing at the scalp. "Why would you say that?"

He spoke quickly, hands running along the wood of the table. "They send me someone as beautiful as youâ€|yet I'm too scared to do anything with youâ€|"

Beautifulâ€|? He called meâ€|

"Youâ€|you think I'm beautifulâ€|?" I asked softly. I tried looking him in the eyes but they were avoiding mine, as usual.

He nodded and I pictured his face perfectly in my mind. Eyes shut tightly and mouth trembling. "Youâ€|you really are. I've never seen anyone so perfectly flawless beforeâ€|I mean, that's not saying much since I live around a bunch of dirty old Vikingsâ€|but still. Itâ€|youâ€|"

My mouth let out a small sigh and I wrapped my arm around his stomach, holding him close to my chest. "Thank you, Hiccupâ€|Thank youâ€|"

"I-I'm just telling you the truth, is allâ€|really, I amâ€|"

"I wonder if you could tell me that while looking me in the eyesâ€|" I asked him kind of slyly.

Hiccup giggled a little. "I probably couldn'tâ€|"

We each laughed quietly and when we had stopped, I spoke up quickly, "Hiccupâ€|do you think maybe we could try other things? Besides sex?"

He tensed again but not as edgily as he had before. His voice still had that apprehension in it though. "Whatâ€|what do you mean by that?"

I cleared my throat. "Well, since you're so terrified of having sexâ€|there's always alternative options, you knowâ€|"

I gave him a moment to consider what had been said and of course he began to shake his head violently back and forth. When his hair hit my nose I almost sneezed. "Weâ€|but itsâ€|I don't really knowâ€|"

"Well then why don't we just try?"

Silence filled the room. Hiccup was probably on the edge of either running away or possibly taking me up on my offer. I was practically jumping up and down in anticipation.

By the time he had finally spoken I'd basically planned out what I was going to do if he said yes. "Whatâ€¦_kind_ of things?"

That was enough of a yes for me. That was basically a hell yes in my mind.

_Hell yes. __**Hell**__ yes._

I flipped him around in one swift gesture so he was finally looking towards me. It was nice seeing his face again; that was what I liked most about him after all. "Well for startersâ€¦" I then grabbed his hand and moved it towards the middle of my legs. When the heat covered me I wanted to condense into a puddle but I held myself together for the sake of going further than him just touching my pants. He looked like he was about to collapse as well, but he didn't remove his hand from me. "You can touch me tooâ€¦justâ€¦" I began stirring the hand on me in a circling motion. A cool, long breath escaped my lips. "Move your hand around a littleâ€¦"

I heard him swallow and he seemed horribly nervous. "Youâ€¦do you like thisâ€¦?"

My head couldn't stop nodding after that. "Yesâ€¦_hell_ yes. Pleaseâ€¦don't stop."

After a few moments I took my hand away from his and he actuallyâ€¦didn't stop. Even though the movements were varied and awkward, trembling and reluctant, it stillâ€¦well it was the most amazing feeling I'd ever experienced. Three hundred years and finally someone was touching meâ€¦and sexually for that matter. The thought of his petite hands actually on the skin beneath the cloth had me twitching.

I became hard again in seconds and Hiccup almost withdrew from me, my pants growing so unbearably tight I could hardly stand it.

He looked to me for what seemed like further direction. "Hiccupâ€¦" I became very serious even though my voice was shrouded in ecstasy. "Can we go a bit further than this?"

His large Bambi eyes blinked at me. "Do youâ€¦want me to reallyâ€¦_touch_ you there?" His small finger pointed to my pants, the tip of it lightly nudging my bulge.

I breathed in sharply through my nose. "I can do it to you too; if you wantâ€¦I'd like that very much, if I could touch you as well. It's likeâ€¦sharing a new experience with each other. Just think of itâ€¦" I cringed a little, the pain almost too intoxicating, "like that..."

"Have you everâ€¦done stuff like this before?"

I shook my head hastily. "Never. You're the first, Hic. And I want

you to be the first for everything."

This seemed to shock him a little, maybe in a good way. Perhaps he was thinking all this time that I was some kind of experienced sex addict. I should have told him a long time ago.

"You're the same as me!" He looked down then up at me again, my mouth open just slightly. "What should I do?"

The smile on my face was vast as I grabbed his wrist and led him over to the bed. We both took a seat and I picked him up a little to face me. He sat, his legs crisscrossed and his features utterly shy. It made my heart beat out of my chest. Perhaps I was a little nervous as well.

"Okay so..." I looked down to his pants and fingered the buttons of them. "I'm just gunna take yours off. And you can take off mine, alright?"

"We have to be_ naked?" A tiny bit of shock entered his voice.

I rolled my eyes. "Not completely_just..." I unbuttoned one of the buttons and grinned at him. "Just enough so that we can have fun..."

He backed away some and eyed me attentively. "Is this is going to be fun...?"

It was as if he was completely sexually ignorant. "Hiccup_haven't you ever done this yourself before?"

"_What?!"

He seemed a lot more shocked than he should have been.

"You've touched yourself before, right?"

Once again his face looked burning hot and as red as flames.

"I...well, I..."

"You don't have to answer_just think about how it felt." I leaned towards his face and spoke the next words into his ear, whispering them. My breath was frosty and a snowflake landed on his heated skin, melting almost immediately, "_I'll make you feel ten times better than that_."

He was a statue as I slipped the pants away from his body, my hands were swift and I didn't take my time. Soon he was sitting there; tiny white briefs covered what I craved.

When I went to reach for those as well, Hiccup's hand caught mine in an instant and he stared at me with slightly watery eyes.

"Jack..."

"It's okay, Hic. It's okay_I'm not going to hurt you. There's nothing to be embarrassed about_I promise you this. I promise, okay? Don't worry_don't be afraid." I grabbed his face in my hand, "_I love you_." My eyes never left his and we stayed like that for what seemed like forever.

After long, agonizing minutes, Hiccup finally let go of my hand and

turned his head away from me, closing his eyes together tightly. He chanted the words, "Okayâ€|okayâ€|okayâ€|" over and over again.

I was almost apprehensiveâ€|but I shook the feeling away. I wasn't about to let this moment slip away from me. He wanted itâ€|he just didn't know how to tell me that. And his embarrassment clouded that fact as well.

Just show him that there's nothing to be scared ofâ€|

My fingers slipped down past the lining of the briefs and then tugged as I nipped at his neck. I could feel him getting hot, so hot it was almost painful to me again. I loved thatâ€|

With a few more pulls I finally dragged them down to his knees and my eyes took in all I could. He was slightly hard, but not enoughâ€|I could change that. Besides for that, he was a decent size smaller than me, but I didn't care. He was adorable as hell. I loved him. I loved seeing him like this. The passion deep in my abdomen was burning with the urge to fuck him once again. I knew I couldn't though and that kind of pissed me off.

As I looked to the boy after I had examined his lower regions, he was shaking once again and his freckled cheeks were warm and rosy. "You're perfect, Hiccupâ€|"

He turned away from me so quickly that he almost hit me in the head. "Don'tâ€|! Don'tâ€|say thatâ€|I'm notâ€|"

"You _are_â€|You're so damn adorableâ€|"

He made a long, distressing groan that sounded nearly too cute to me. There was nothing that I disliked about this boy. Nothing at all.

Without his permission, I finally placed a finger on him. He jumped and flinched and almost retreated from me. The squeaks and sounds coming from his lips were way too sexy. "_Jack_â€|" he whispered my name and I couldn't stand it anymore.

My hand wrapped around his shaft and I squeezed, maybe a little too hard because the noises escalated into small screams. He gasped and breathed in countless inhalations of what seemed like pleasure to me. I couldn't stand it anymore.

"Hiccupâ€|touch me too, okay?" I grabbed his hand and moved it to my own. As he left his fingers there, I started to help him remove my pants with my free hand. I was wearing boxers which were easier to remove, so I slid out of those promptly. When he at last placed a warm hand to me, I knew this was so right. Everything we were doing. All of this. It was right. It was so utterly perfect and true. It practically made tears form in my eyes, I was that happy.

The brunet wasn't moving his hand much on me but it just being there was enough. I grabbed him in my hand once again and twirled my finger around the tip, electing an alluring moan from the boy. "Does this feel good, Hic?" He held his lips together tightly and nodded just a small amount; I saw a few tears in the corner of his eyes. "Why are you crying, babeâ€|?"

When he opened his eye lids he rubbed a fist to them and shook his head. "I'mâ€|I'm sorry, I didn't mean to, I justâ€|I don't really knowâ€|"

I smiled and scooted closer to him then lifted him up to sit on my lap as I leaned against the wall that the bed was up against. He let me but seemed pretty shocked by my actions. He was most likely blushing and dodging my eyes because of the way he was sitting. I could feel his butt on my legs, his sensitive part just barley gracing my thigh. "This should be an easier way to do this."

He tried regarding me. "Doâ€|whatâ€|?"

I looked him straight in the eyes when I said, "I want to make you come, Hiccupâ€|"

The shock on his face was so overpowering it looked like he wanted to just give this whole thing up and run for the door, screaming at North to lock me away for sexual harassment. I grabbed onto his arms to keep him steady. "Heyâ€|hey, it's alright, Hic. I'm not going to hurt you, remember?"

"But Iâ€"! Thisâ€|I can'tâ€|" His stuttering was still delectable as always. He could hardly form any kind of sentence. It made me feel dominant.

I decided to just kiss him again. Passionately and with a lot of tongue. I used one hand to pull him closer to me by shoving on the back of his head and the other graced his penis again. He opened his mouth to speak but that only caused saliva to fall and land onto my hand beneath him. I decided to add more to that. With a grin, I brought back my other hand and spit into it then covered him with it.

He looked mortified. "Whatâ€|what are youâ€|?"

"It'll hurt if I don't do this. Hereâ€|watchâ€|" I started to rub my palm along him, coating him in my spit. My hand was made into a slight fist so that when I extended to the end I could run my thumb along the small hole there. He was hard as a rock.

Hiccup collapsed into me after about the second time I reached the top and his arms wrapped around my neck. I was smiling like I never had before, taking in the scent and sounds of my lover. I also moved my legs a little so that the cheeks of his ass separated slightly between them. He was yelping in pleasure.

"Jackâ€|Jack, Iâ€"! "

I could tell he was about to come. I clenched my teeth together and started going faster, my movements timed and precise. His heart was beating so fast along with mine like two synchronized drums.

"_Jack_â€|" Spit was falling onto my shoulder, dabbing my skin. I pictured him with his mouth open, his eyes hazy and lust-filled.

"Hiccupâ€|Hiccup I love youâ€|" I told him. It was the most truthful and amazing thing I could say. It tasted like liquid honey coming

from my lips. In the next instant Hiccup ejaculated and after a few seconds of heavy breathing, he collapsed onto me fully, his chest crushing me to the wall.

I could do nothing but smile and run my hand up the back of his shirt, massaging him and holding him close to me. "I love you _so much, _ Hiccupâ€|"

My ears could hear him laughing a little, or maybe he was crying. I was about to ask him what was going on, but he pulled back and finallyâ€|he looked at me. A smile was draped across his face; some tears still lingering in his eyes. "Thatâ€|felt _good_â€|" His smile was so big that his eyes were closed.

I'd never loved him more.

"Come here, youâ€|" With my hands I once again crushed our bodies together and he was giggling like a little girl. Hiccup was never this adorable. Sure, he was cute as could be. But nowâ€|I don't knowâ€|I just never wanted this moment to end.

Though somewhere in the back of my mind, I knewâ€|I knew it was. It was going to end and there would be nothing I could do about it. The only thing I could do was immerse myself in the moment and cherish him as much as possible.

Until the endâ€|

Until the end, Hiccupâ€|I will love you until the very end.

10. Memories Won't Save Us Here

**A/N: HEY! :D New chapter, finally. That took way too long. I'm getting too lazy and I started writing a Jack X Jamie fic...which I might possibly post, but I'm not sure yet. I need to be less distracted. I WILL FINISH THIS STORY. Even if it kills me.
o_e;**

**Hope this chapter is good. It gave me many a feels towards the end.
;-; (Why do I always end chapters with them hugging...?) **

**Hi, I'm clicheÃ©!
>

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: Memories Won't Save Us Here<p>

"My hoodie is dirty."

"â€|"

"Maybe you should find me something to clean it with before I have to go see North like this. He might question just what we wereâ€|" "

"Okay, _okay_" The smaller male looked angry as he buttoned his pants and then started searching the room for what I had asked for. I watched as he did with narrowed, lustful eyes, fastening my own pants

around my waist as well.

I sighed then and laid my whole body back onto the bed, glaring indignantly at the ceiling of the room. It was a little difficult to deal with what had just happened. I'd finally interacted with the boy, and it wasn't innocent like all our other encounters had been. But in the end, my needs weren't totally satisfied. Sure I loved touching him and the way his warm hand covered my skin, moving ever so slightly was completely and unreservedly blissful. Just seeing the boy in total pleasure had set me up for what I had desired. Yet the burning feeling in my stomach continued to rear its ugly head. It still felt like I needed

"Will this work?" He held out a towel, his eyes on the floor and shunning mine, like that was no surprise. He was still in shock too I had guessed. Besides, our relationship had just taken a giant step forward and neither of us was saying much of anything about it. I wanted to talk to him, wanted to ask him questions that I felt needed answered. Like how did it feel, exactly? Did I do things alright? Was it what he expected from me? Was I too cold?

But I knew he wasn't about to just start talking to me about it all. The embarrassment would cloud his judgment and I'd probably end up getting smacked in the face or something equally painful.

"Yeah, that's fine. Where did you get this?" I asked while leaning on an elbow, sitting up from the bed somewhat.

He gestured to the other side of the room where a door stood. I hadn't even seen it there before. "There's a bathroom right there. I've never even seen a latrine like that. It's really fancy."

I laughed a little bit under my breath. "Might as well use it then, huh?"

He narrowed his lips and sighed. "I don't have to go."

"Ya _suuuure_?" I poked his stomach and he swatted my hand away.

"Stop!" He looked mad but I knew it just was because he stood really uncomfortable with this whole state of affairs. I was just trying to lighten the heavy, inundated mood that had surrounded us.

I then stopped my pursuit of teasing the boy and began to wipe my jacket off, quickly scrubbing the white away until there were just dark blue blobs in the fabric. Hiccup was sitting next to me with his arms overlapped on his chest and his neck arched. I wanted to know what was going on in that head of his. Did he suddenly have a pang of guilt in his conscience for what we had done? Why did he look so damn distraught? I understood that he was discomfited and all over averse with everything we did. But he hardly had to act like I wasn't even present. It was as if he didn't believe in me anymore and that was just downright disappointing.

With a slight sigh I tossed the towel into a corner and turned to him. He looked taken aback. "Don't just _throw_ it somewhere!"

I beheld at him with lackluster eyes. "Why not?"

"_Because_! North will end up cleaning the room and he'llâ€"

"He already knows I love you, so I doubt it'll come as any kind of shock. Moreover, he won't really know why it's dirtied unless he like, smells it or something. Just give it a rest." I waved a hand towards him in a tired manner and then collapsed onto the bed once again, closing my eyes and groaning loudly. "I really don't want to do any work today. I just want to go have some fun."

"â€|_Fun_?"

"Yeah like go prank some adults or something. Cause blizzards, ice pathways. Stuff like that."

"That sounds like more like sabotage than fun, Jack."

"It's fun to me," I laughed out, closing my eyes tightly at the sudden joy I felt.

Moments passed and Hiccup said nothing. I felt like his anger was just going to boil over at some point and he'd probably lash out at me sometime during the day. Oh how I was _not_ looking forward to that.

"Let's just go tell the yetis we're ready," he commented while standing up. The moment he did, he buckled a little and stammered a few words under his breath, sounding wounded.

I instantly took action, grabbing onto his arm so he wouldn't fall over or anything. He shoved me away and my eyes turned into slits. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

His eyes were sparkling with unshed tears as he said, "M-my leg hurts, _Jack_!"

An expression of complete surprise took over my features and I stepped away from him. "Whatâ€|? Why? It wasn't cold last night, was it?"

"Noâ€|noâ€|" he muttered and then continued limping away from me.

What theâ€|?

"Hiccup, just tell me what's wrongâ€|"

He growled at me and whipped himself around to glared daggers. "You weren't exactly _careful_ with me just now! Andâ€|and sitting like that really hurtâ€|"

"Youâ€|you didn't even tell me I was hurting you!"

"I wasn't just going to say _stop_! You wouldn't have anyways. You _never_ listen to me."

There wasn't much I could say because of the rage that was swirling deep inside of me. If he was hurting that much then Iâ€|I would have stopped! I could have ended it if he would have justâ€|

"Fine," I held a hand up in front of me and walked in front of him, towards the door I stomped away. "You're right. I'm just a totally worthless piece of shit who's out to rape you."

"That-that's not what I meant, you idiot!"

I buried my hands in my pockets. "Sure sounded that way, _idiot_."

My back was towards him and I wasn't about to turn around and look at him.

Stupid little prickâ€¦!

I'd had enough of this shit.

After grabbing my staff that was standing against the wall, my hand went right for the door and I swung it open to see two yetis staring at me with wide eyes. "You can tell North we're ready to go," I grumbled to them while leaning on the door frame.

They nodded and one of them left. I continued walking until I was outside of the room then began twirling my staff around in front of me. It almost hit the yeti.

He mumbled crossly to me and I shrugged. I had a slight inkling for the words coming out of his mouth. "Sorry. I'm not in the best mood right now."

"Jubuwagee?"

"The mortal is pissing me off, that's all," I ground out as I froze a nearby elf that was walking by with a plate of cookies. It fell over onto the floor and I glared at it.

The hairy beast looked back into the room and probably saw Hiccup before turning back towards me with confusion on his furry face. "Nuwegebe?"

I flipped my hood over my head and looked up at him. "We're having a bit of a fightâ€¦!"

"Ahhjwuwaâ€¦!" He nodded his head and stared down at the ground.

It was awkward then, the silence I mean. Never did I think I'd be having a heart to heart conversation with a freaking yeti. And it wasn't like I even understood what he was saying.

The other came back shortly and my head perked up some. He gestured towards North's workshop, most likely meaning that I could head there now.

"Thanks," I told him while walking by the room once again. Hiccup was standing next to the bed, eyes teary and face red. Remorse was flooding my entire soul. He looked terrible and it was my fault. I suddenly couldn't help but run to him and hug his small body. He buried his head into my jacket and sobbed.

"Hicâ€¦Hiccup it's okay, _shhhhhh_â€¦!" I hushed him and rubbed my fingers into his soft hair. I felt like such a failure.

"Youâ€|you _hate_ meâ€|" he blubbered out.

"No, no, I don't. I could never hate you, sillyâ€|"

"Butâ€|but youâ€|" A small hiccup escaped his lips and I laughed at him. Hiccup hiccupping was conceivably the cutest thing I'd ever heard. I then put a finger under his chin and caused him to look at me.

"I'm not mad anymore, Hic. I'm sorry I got so upset. It was stupid. I'm so sorry about your legâ€|"

It was strange how I couldn't stay mad at him at all. Fifteen seconds ago I was steaming with anger and nowâ€|Well now all I wanted to do was protect him once again. Defend him with my life. Be his personal guardian.

"It'sâ€|" he sniffed and rubbed a hand along the bottom of his nose, "It's okayâ€|"

"Good." I smiled and leaned down towards him. "Let's go see North, alright?"

****x-x****

There were Guardians in the room. Every last one of them.

Sandy waved to me happily, putting an exclamation mark above his head with a smile. Tooth was hovering above the ground and whispering to her baby teeth, small humming birds that followed her basically everywhere and helped her collect teeth. Bunny wasâ€|well Bunny was glaring at me from the opposite side of the room. No shock there.

"Jack! There you both are!" North was the first to speak. He approached me and the boy. "You two have good breakfast?"

"It was great. Thanks," I told him.

"Good, good! Now we get down to tacks of brass."

Tacks ofâ€|?

"Bunny has yet to agree to everything we are doing, but Tooth and Sandy are on board!"

"I figured as much from the kangarooâ€|" I eyed the rabbit and he turned furious.

"What did you call me? I'm _not_ a kangaroo, mate," he growled out in his deep, Australian accent.

"No squabbling! Pitch is out there doing who knows what and we must find him! He could be close and plotting. We have to be vigilant!"

Everyone turned to North, even Hiccup who seemed very apprehensive towards them all. I leaned my head down near him and asked, "You can see these guys too, right?" He nodded. "Don't be scared. The only

thing you have to worry about is Tooth jamming her fingers into your mouth." I laughed a little and put my arm around his shoulder, dangling my fingers near his neck.

As if on cue, the fairy flew over to us. "Jack! Someone can _see_ you? That's great! How are his teeth? Are they clean?" She drew closer to the boy next to me and attempted to touch his mouth. I caught her hand in mine before she could.

"His teeth are fine, trust me." I smirked at her and Hiccup's eyes were as wide as saucers.

"Jack, you must try and convince Bunny," North spoke after Tooth had backed away a little, seeming embarrassed, but soon enough she was chirping along with her bird friends.

The large cottontail spoke quickly, "Nothing is going to convince me to do something like this, North. I see no point in it, and I don't wanna mess with Pitch."

I snarled lowly and grabbed onto Hiccup then shoved him forward, a little out in the open so everyone could see. He tried to drag his foot into the floor so I couldn't move him but his efforts didn't work too well. "You call _this_ no point? This is a child's _life_ we're talking about. Aren't you a guardian, you damn kangaroo?!"

His nose twitched and he frowned so excessively I thought maybe he'd stay that way forever. "Don't talk to me that way, mate."

"Grow so damn balls then and protect him," I huffed out.

Hiccup spoke up quietly amongst the others. His voice seemed so frail in the room. It didn't stem off the walls like everyone else's did. "Jackâ€¦it's okay, it's not a big dealâ€¦"

"It _is_ a big deal, Hic. Your life matters just like every other child's."

Bunny looked to be in denial and Sandy was puffing his cheeks up, eyes surveying everyone, I could tell he felt very awkward.

"Okay, look," I started, eyes zooming in towards the Australian, "If you don't even want to be here, then leave. We don't want your help if your heart isn't in this."

North stared, arms crossed and even Tooth looked pleading.

Finally, the rabbit gave in. "Alright, alright already. I'll help. But just this once, Frost."

I inwardly cringed when he called me by my last name, but it faded when I heard everyone rejoicingâ€”mostly North.

"This is great! Now, time for preparations!"

I pulled Hiccup back towards me and hugged him from behind. That's when I whispered into his ear, "_I love you_."

Straightaway he flushed and bowed his head. It seemed like Hiccup became more loveable by the second. I never wanted to be angry with

him again.

x-x

Time passed in which plenty of talking was doneâ€”something I seriously detested. I really hated just sitting around, planning things and speaking with adults like them. It made me antsy. I would have rather been doing anything else in the world. Preferably something that involved Hiccup and I in bed. I pictured us cuddling and his nose balanced close to my neck, licking and kissing me there. I would then climb on top of him and devour his collar and face in sweet, lush kisses until he was moaning my name and begging for me to touch him. It wouldn't be long before that happened and when it didâ€”this time we would actually do it. Hiccup would let me penetrate that sweet body of his and the feeling would be overwhelmingly exotic and perfect that I probably wouldn't be even able to remember my own name.

My eyes went straight to my pants, which I noticed a gradual erection appearing in.

_Good lord, I need to stop thinking about this. _

North was looking at me when I glanced back up. Actually, everyone was and of course I had no idea what they expected or wanted me to say. They must have asked me something. Either that or they noticed I wasn't paying any kind of attention and were about to scold me like the kid that I was.

"What do you think, Jack?" Tooth asked me. She was actually sitting in the chair beside me, something I'd never seen her do. She always seemed to be flying, her tiny, fast wings keeping her afloat in the air.

I blinked about five times then asked stupidly, "Uhhâ€”what? I didn't really hear you guys, sorry."

"And he says _my_ heart isn't in this," Bunny scoffed, placing a large pawed hand onto the table roughly. "The kid is just day dreaming. What a waste of time."

"Suck an egg, rabbit." I leaned backwards and put my feet up on the table. "Repeat the question, please."

North looked to me then to my bare feet and said, "We were discussing whether or not to start in the immediate area, or fan out across the globe."

I bit my lip lightly, thinking on my toes. "I'd say start around here and go from there. It's most likely nowhere close, but if we just start searching random places, it'll be harder to remember where we started from."

They all agreed for the most part and started talking again. I involuntarily tuned them out. Honestly, I just wanted to see Hiccup, but he was with Toothless. That damn dragon. It was more than likely he was talking to the animal about everything. Things that the boy would never even _think_ to speak to me about. Like what had happened and how he felt. A reptile knew more about my lover than I did. How infuriating.

North's loud voice reverberated throughout the room in the next few moments and I sat forward. "Everything is set! Everyone knows what to do? We search and we all return here as soon as sun sets. Then we relay information each of us collected."

The Tooth fairy piped up, her voice quick, "I hope this all doesn't take too longâ€|my fairies need me. And Sandyâ€"

"Sandy will be able to have time for dreams at night," North interjected the only female with a grin. "Do not worry. This is all going to work out just fine! Now, let us be off!"

They all dispersed. Tooth placed a hand on my shoulder before leaving, saying a few kind words of endearment before fluttering away after I had thanked her for her kindness. Bunny locked eyes with me but only raised his head then thumped on the ground with a large foot and disappeared into a hole that appeared there. When the gap closed, a few flowers bloomed in its place. Sandy was the last to leave. He hugged my legs, which kind of had me in a small state of astonishment.

I kneeled down to his level and placed my hands on his back. "Thank you, Sand Man," I told him with anticipation in my voice.

He bowed his head and then hopped onto a cloud of gold dust which he flew away on.

Then it was just me and North once again. A heavy sigh escaped from my lips and my back went straight to the wall behind me. My bones hit the cement with too much force and it practically made my breathing challenged. "This is all so exhaustingâ€|What if nothingâ€"

The large man made eye contact with me, burning determination swirling in those big blue eyes. "All will be fine, Jack Frost. For where there is wonder, hope, dreams and memories, there will be _triumph_."

It took all I could to nod. He had so much confidence and I was just standing there, sweating in my clothes, worried and wanting nothing more than for Hiccup to be safe so he could return home with me.

"Your centersâ€|" I spoke softly, reaching for my staff. "Those are your centers, aren't they?"

North had a small smile gracing his lips. "Indeed."

I felt cold suddenly as I regarded the floor, a shiver racking my body with tenacity. "What if I never find mineâ€|? What if I don't even have one?"

"You _do_, Jack." That's when he reached into his pocket and pulled something out. My eyebrows furrowed together and lids became narrowed over my eyes when I saw what it was.

A small golden box. On the front there was a picture of a boy with brown hair, smiling. A boy that had a small resemblance toâ€|_myself_. It shined with eminence and importance. I desperately needed to know what was inside.

"Whatâ€¦what is thatâ€¦?" My words sounded hollow.

I could see something in his eyes, like the pure feeling of empathy. It shrouded them in waves of blue and black. His voice was low when he told me, "Your memories, Jack."

****x-x****

"It can't really be true, right?"

"â€¦Why are you just scowling at it? Why not open it and find out?"

"Becauseâ€¦Iâ€¦" I ran a thumb over the box and clenched my teeth, the enamel scraping inside my mouth. "I'm a little scaredâ€¦"

Hiccup sat down beside me, motioning for Toothless to follow him. The large dragon put his scaly head in the boy's lap and purred as hands petted him. "North said those are your teeth, right? From the Tooth Fairy? They holdâ€¦_memories_?"

I nodded, eyes still glued to the treasure in my hands. It felt like it weighed a ton, my fingers were being crushed underneath. The pointed edges were digging into my skin and I almost thought I was bleeding. Though it was probably because I was just holding onto it a little too tightly.

Hiccup suddenly placed a hand on top of my shaking one and leaned forward. His green eyes were a sight to behold, sparkling like emeralds and crashing into mine as if they held some kind of secret power over me.

"I'm right here with you. Why not justâ€¦try?"

Shaking my head, I looked away from his piercing stare and closed my eyes tightly enough that it hurt. "I'm fuckingâ€¦_terrified_ though, Hicâ€¦I almost just want to throw them off a cliffâ€¦What if this changes me somehowâ€¦? What if I see something I'll regret? I don't _want_ that!"

"They're memories, Jack. Not demons."

"But what if there are demons _in_ my memoriesâ€¦?"

With a small sigh, the brunet reached a hand up towards my head and pulled down my hood swiftly. It fell to my back and warmth hit my ears. I was much too hot. Everything was burning. My frozen over jacket was the only thing keeping me sane.

Without much warning, Hiccup placed his heated lips onto my forehead. I was stunned and alarmed but I didn't move. The act of him doing this was almost too gentle. It made me feel soâ€¦_loved_. Something I wasn't very familiar with. And that was an extreme understatement.

When he drew away from me he ran a few fingers through my hair. It felt like there was ice crusted into the follicles and by him doing so he was melting that frost away. "Open it when you feel ready. No one is pressuring you. But I think you should. You deserve to know

what your past was like and what happened in it."

My eager hand shot out and grabbed onto his. I then brought it to my mouth and planted a chaste kiss to it, my eyes closed and mouth puckered. "I don't know what I'd do without you Hiccup. The past doesn't even matter to me. What matters is the now. And I will do everything in my power to keep you safe, I promise."

The smile that took over his features was one that I hardly ever saw on him. It was the sweetest thing you could possibly imagine. And it was all for me. "I know you will, Jack."

x-x

It was time. For the moment of truth, so to speak. Though this moment could possibly be draw out to extreme extents, I was still nervous as a rabbit in a cage.

Hiccup was beside me, dragon on tote and a small smile set on his face.

_He really doesn't know what he's going up against. _

"Hey, Hic?" I looked to him, not moving my head but my eyes were focused.

The boy nodded. "Yeah?"

"Rememberâ€|your promise, alright?"

The wind blew cold and his nose was turning red. "I won't forget, Jack." I could see the hesitance in his stance like a generous amount of energy was coming from the simple need to get things done and over with. It was in his eyes too, profound and avid as the morning sun.

I sighed and then looked back to the door we had just come through. In that building, my memories were lying in a drawer. Just waiting for me to set them free. I exhaled heavily and glared at the snow in between my feet. Now was definitely not the time for second thoughts. I was saving my memories for when we defeated Pitch. Even if the voice in the back of my head was telling me:

_You will never win. _

It frightened me to the point of wanting to run back inside and lock the doors behind me. That'sâ€|all I wanted to do. But then I looked at Hiccup.

He was small and even though he had that dragon, it still felt like the boy would never stand a chance on his own. So I wasn't going to leave him. Ever. I'd already promised myself that. Even when he wasâ€|olderâ€|

"Are you ready?"

I took a deep, cool breath that tasted of mint and grinned despite my clashing thoughts. "Yeah. Let's find the Boogeyman and bring him down."

****x-x****

Hours passed by. It felt like a never ending cycle. We checked every decently sized hole in the ground we could find but most of them were just dips either dug by animals or humans. Either that or landslides that the earth had created. Hardly any of them went passed my leg when I placed my foot inside.

It was all beginning to seem like a total wild goose chase. Though, I figured, at least Hiccup was there with me and safe. That's all that mattered.

"I think Toothless is getting tired!" The auburn haired boy yelled over the wind.

"Let's stop then!"

The both of us landed near a spring and Toothless collapsed to the ground, drinking the basin almost clean of water. Somehow we had reached an area where it was much warmer. So of course there wasn't any snow and I was practically melting. I felt like a damn snowman sometimes.

With a huff I threw off my jacket and it landed in the grass beside me. "It's so hot hereâ€|"

"You should make an igloo or somethingâ€|" Hiccup suggested while he sat down next to me.

"It'd melt too quickly. If I had a few hours I could make a big enough storm to shower the place in snow, but I don't." He looked at me, a little concerned. "I'm fine, don't worry. I can handle the heat."

He leaned backwards and stared at the sky. His skin was paler in the sunshine, it was beautiful. I really just wanted to touch him. "This feels so good," he said then, his eyes were closed. "I haven't had this much sunlight in years. I wonder where we are."

"Most likely towards one of the western continents. We did cross a lot of ocean."

"You meanâ€|we're not on an island?"

I laughed quietly. "No. Of course not."

"I'veâ€|never visited any place other than my island and the dragon's. Unless you count the North Pole."

"Wish we could spend some time here togetherâ€|I bet there's a town around somewhere," I spoke into the heated air. It wormed its way into my throat and threatened to fog it, the inability to talk was looming over me like a dark, thick cloud.

Hiccup nodded and a small, exasperated noise exited my lips. "If only we could just forget about all of thisâ€|"

If onlyâ€|

The boy was still and calm and I was the exact opposite. It felt like

the only thing that was going to make me feel better wasâ€¦him_.

"Hicâ€¦" I reached my hand up towards his neck and finally touched him. Fingers massaged the skin there and he tensed noticeably.

"Shouldn't we be going soonâ€¦?"

"I just wantâ€¦to kiss you for a secondâ€¦"

My lips found his and the heat was intensified. But it was the good kind of heat. The kind I liked and yearned for from him and only him. His body emitted steam that fueled my whole being.

He opened his mouth for my tongue to explore. Inside it was soft and lush, like a cavern of sweet sugar. I felt a sharp breath come in through my nose and my hand pulled him closer towards me. I couldn't even understand what I was doing while kissing him. Common sense and control were pushed into the far reaches of my mind where I didn't dare enter.

Hiccup's hand was shoving on my chest and he made me break our contact. "Jackâ€¦we have to go. Please stopâ€¦"

My hand was snaking its way in-between his legs. "But Iâ€¦" I looked into his eyes and the need was excruciating. How I wished I could just throw his body into the bright green grass and have my way with him. But Iâ€¦

"_You __**never**__ listen to me."_

He was right. I didn't listen. I was letting myself be manipulated by the lust and needs deep inside that I forgot everything that was happening around me.

With extreme dislike for what I was doing, I pulled my hand away and leaned myself back towards my former seating arrangement. I could hardly look at him.

"I'mâ€¦gunna goâ€¦cool off." I pointed towards the small waterfall near where Toothless was lying and sat up. "I'll be right backâ€¦"

I didn't look behind me so I wasn't sure of his expression. Though I figured it was somewhere between confused and relieved. Sometimes it really felt like this whole sexual desire thing was absolutely one sided. Being so, it was utterly exhausting to deal with.

A livid hand ripped off my shirt as well and I threw it into the grass. "I don't need sexâ€¦" I voiced to myself as I stuck my head underneath the water, letting the coolness of it drench my body. The way the droplets flowed over my skin had me sighing in relief. It defiantly felt amazing.

But that moment was ruined quickly.

"So, this whole thing is about you trying to get off with that kid. What a joke."

I glared and finally saw who was speaking. It was that damn kangaroo.

Just what the hell was he doing here? He stood in the alcove behind the falls, sheltered and out of vision from Hiccup and the dragon.

Good. Then they won't see me beating the living hell out of him.

"You were supposed to head east. What the hell are youâ€"?"

"I was about to make a diagonal stretch from here, but then I saw you. Hands all over that _child_."

I growled low and harsh. "That's none of your fucking business."

"Oh, isn't it?" He walked a little closer to me and I stepped slightly towards him, the water leaving me. "How about I just tell everyone else what's _really_ going on? How you're screwing with a _mortal_!"

"What, is that against the rules or something!? Lay off, rabbit!" I yelled, my face turning red with anger.

He laughed harshly and rubbed a furry hand over the boomerang in his belt. "Against the rulesâ€"? No. Of course not. But it's certainly a problem. A _big_ problem, mate."

"You know whatâ€" I glared forcefully at the large hare. "We don't need your help. Why don't you hop along home and dye some fucking eggs."

His nose twitched in irritation and he then whipped his weapon out, slammed me into the rocky wall and had it around my neck in seconds. My first thought was to freeze him to the bone but he started screaming at me.

"You're going to hurt that boy, Frost! Don't you even think about any of that?! Like what's going to happen when he grows old and you stay the same, _bloody_ age?!" I swallowed a lump in my throat and felt the sharp edge of the wood against my skin. He continued, a little less maddened, it seemed like he was losing his fight. "You don'tâ€"understand what's going to happen. How he will feel. How _you_ will feelâ€"!"

It was like he actually _cared_.

"Whatâ€"would that matter to youâ€"? It's _my_ life! Myâ€"choiceâ€"!"

He laughed, sounding crushed and shook his head, and then those tiny eyes bore into mine with intensity I'd never seen before. "You will be sorry, Jack Frost. This will ruin you for years and years to come."

"How would you even knowâ€"?" I was confused and scaredâ€"what he was saying seemed so real.

The rabbit backed away from me and held his weapon down. I rubbed at my neck, massaging the wet skin. He spoke with an air that was empty and lonesome. "Becauseâ€"I once fell in love with a

mortalâ€| "

_Heâ€|went through the same thing. He was the sameâ€|as
meâ€|_

"Whatâ€|howâ€|?"

"It's a long, boring storyâ€|" He flipped the weapon back into its holder and looked to me. "She was perfect thoughâ€|everything about her."

My heart was aching. I wasn't sure if it was for himâ€|or for the depth his words held. "Whatâ€|what happened?"

His eyes became lifeless as he stared at the falling water in front of him. The sound of it hitting the rocks beneath was almost too loud in my ears. "A few days after her sixtieth birthday, she passed away. She was very, very sick. I was there when she went. And I will never forget that moment."

"But youâ€|" I was crying, I hardly even noticed the tears flowing down my cheeks. They felt like the water that had just been running over my skin. "You hadâ€|fun times with her, right? Wasn't that _worth it_?! Didn'tâ€|don't you just cherish those memories, at least a littleâ€|?"

He shook his head and stared at the wet ground. "The only thing I cherish is seeing the hope in children on Easter morning. The pain in my heart will never disappear from the time Sophieâ€|and I sharedâ€|" There were tears in his eyes as well. He reallyâ€|did care. "You'llâ€|regret thisâ€|The pain overshadows the good, Jack."

"_Jack_?"

A large gash was ripping apart my insides when I heard the boy's voice. I looked once more to Bunny and he nodded his head at me. "Justâ€|think about it. I won't stop helping you and the boy, because I understand everything. But it _will_ end someday. And I don't want either of you to go through the pain I didâ€|"

In moments, he was gone, flowers sprouting where he had once stood.

I looked at those daisies and shook my head back and forth, tears persisting and my heart thudding in my chest as if it would burst into a million tiny pieces.

"Jackâ€|? Are you okay?" He was just behind the water. I wanted to go to him. I wanted to hold him in my arms and pretend it was going to be forever. Bunny's words wereâ€|they were lies. Lies all of them and I wasn't going to listenâ€|

I never listenâ€|

I ran to him and my wet, half naked body wrapped around his smaller one. Even though Bunny was just trying to helpâ€|he had only made things worse. Nothing was going to tear me away from this boy. Nothing in the world and I would ride this crazy feeling of love until it all came crashing down. How could I just leave himâ€|? How

could Iâ€|?

"You're soaking wetâ€|"

"I'm sorryâ€|"

"It's okayâ€|Heyâ€|are you alright?"

I rubbed fingers into his hair and breathed him in. My love for this boy was like nothing I'd ever felt before. Living in the moment was a mistake, I knew that. Nothing lasted forever. And this was going to be as short-lived as the seasons passing.

But hell if I was going to miss a single second of it.

I let a few tears fall onto his head as I said, "I am nowâ€|"

11. Stolen

****A/N: Yess! Finally! I'm finished with this chapter! And now after this one, I can get to the good parts that I've basically already planned out! (And by good parts I mean super fucking dark and angst filled shit that's going to ruin a lot of you...) But anyways! Enjoy this chapter, even though Jack is really pissy through a lot of it. Poor kid can't catch a damn break. ****

****I love you guys and PLEASE don't forget to review! I love it when you do! :D**

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*** * ***

><p>Chapter 11: Stolen<p>

It had been a long day and walking through the doors of the North Pole seemed like such a disappointment. More to the point, I felt like one. I knew it was the first day of searching and I hadn't really expected to make much progress, but nothing was going to get the angry, fleeting thoughts out of my head like how I was returning while Hiccup was still in mortal danger. Honestly, I thought of just throwing the idea of sleep out the window and continuing where we had left off in that dense, foggy forest. I'd gotten strange vibes from it; maybe that was why I had called it quits a little early. Somewhere in my heart I couldn't bear the thought of the one most precious to me being so close to the darkness that was Pitch Black.

But I was so tired. And the brunet was as well, I could tell by just glancing at him. The way his eyes were partially lidded and his usually lively, perky face was overtaken by a look of defenselessness and exhaustion.

"You look terrible," I told him as the large, metal door closed with a loud slam behind us. There was a smug smile on my face while I stifled a yawn.

He turned to look at me, eyes shining. "You don't look so great either, Jack."

"Guess we're both in need of a good night's sleep. You can head off to bed; I'm going to talk to everyone first. I'll join you afterwards."

Hiccup nodded. "Wake me up if I'm sleeping when you get back—I want to know if anyone found anything."

"Sure—"

Uneasiness settled deep inside my stomach as my eyes trailed all over him.

Just kiss him—What's the big deal?

I stepped closer and he visibly tensed then set his eyes onto the floor, as if he was waiting for me to do something awful to him. Desperately, I wanted to reach out to him and lock our lips together. His body heat on my polar opposite was something I seemed to need. But the look on his face—he didn't want that. Or maybe he did. I couldn't tell, I couldn't tell anything with the damn boy. If only he'd stop being so shy and actually tell me what he was thinking.

"Hic—" My hand shot up towards him but stopped before I touched that pale flesh. He was shaking. How absolutely exasperating it was. With a sharp swallow, I struck my staff onto the tiled floor; ice spread out and covered it. "Goodnight," I told him with a huff. My angered feet took me towards the workshop and the wind around my face was colder than it had been while flying earlier that day.

The door hit the wall and everyone stared at me.

My eyes met no one's. I grumbled loudly as I set myself into a chair and abruptly glared at the floor as if it were my worst enemy. The only thing on my mind was the absolute frustration and mechanical feeling of failure. That and how badly I just wanted to throw myself at the boy I had probably just confused the hell out of.

North cleared his throat, as to get mine and everyone's attention. Though I was probably his top priority. "Is everything alright, Jack?"

"Mmnn—" I bit my lip and kept my stare aimed at the floor. I wasn't about to look at anyone, not while I felt this unsteady. Wouldn't want my finger to slip and have an icicle accidentally spear someone.

"Do we have anything to report?" North asked after a few moments of silence. He was most likely waiting for me to cheer up. Pity, he'd have to keep his patience.

Murmurs filled the air around the table and my heart sank. I was really hoping someone else had at least found—something_.

"Well, then better luck tomorrow!"

He was way too upbeat and positive. The wonder in his eyes never faltered, not for a moment. I didn't understand how that wouldn't wear him out every second of the day. If I had his job and forced personality, I'd end up on the edge of my seat, basically spiraling

downward until I was a paranoid schizophrenic.

That was another thing I detested about the mere thought of being a Guardian. Their jobs took over their whole lives. Like I wanted to waste mine with something as trivial as giving out presents or eggs.

I yawned a little, glancing upwards finally and I noticed Tooth was flying towards the window. She waved goodbye to everyone before disappearing into the blackness of the sky. Sandy was already gone, probably busy with his dream sand, his job weighing him down once again, in my opinion.

Then my eyes locked on Bunny's.

What a dreadful feeling that was.

They reflected in mine with the pain he had relived to me behind the waterfall. I remembered every last word and how I had disregarded them afterwards with the utmost foolishness.

And as I continued to look at him, it almost felt like he knew exactly what I had done. The way he narrowed those big eyebrows downwards only furthered the sinking feeling inside of me.

I'd seriously had enough of everyone for the rest of forever.

"I'm going to bedâ€¦I'll be here when I wake up with Hiccup." I headed straight for the door and was only stopped short by North's kind voice.

"Keep at it, Jack. We will find Pitch."

The more he kept saying that, the more it seemed like the most unlikely thing that could possibly happen.

x-x

He wasn't sleeping so I didn't have to wake him. I figured my strange actions had him lying awake, thinking.

Or it also could have been me just being hopeful that I was actually on his mind.

"Hey, how'd it go?" He sat up on the bed and stared at me; hope swirling intensely in those green orbs.

But I shook my head and he sighed a little. "No one found anything," I muttered while stepping up to one of the many shelves on the wall. My fingers picked up a box of matches; beside them was something that resembled a cigarette case. Suddenly the world didn't seem so terrible.

I lifted the box and opened it. Sure enough there laid three white sticks with sweet smelling tobacco packed into them.

Cigarettes were hard to come across and the one time I had smoked, I'd actually found it to be enjoyable. Except that I had almost passed out from the smoke and the way the heat made me sweat. But after I'd gotten over the fact that I was being made into a chimney,

the sensation they gave me was a calm one.

I was looking forward to having another, and since I was a lot more accustomed to the heat as of late, smoking seemed like a little light at the end of the long tunnel this day had been.

"Want one?" I threw the case onto the bed beside the boy as I struck a match and held it up towards the stick in my mouth.

Instantly I started coughing, hacking up a lung more like and Hiccup's stare on me was less than impressed. "What are you _doing_â€|? Those are probably North's. And yeah, what a _great_ idea for Jack FROST to be smoking something."

"Bugger off, please, Hiccup. I'm fucking tired and not about to deal with you right now." I breathed in the smoke again and this time it was a little easier. Though the tobacco was rough, it still tasted good in my mouth and made my head float. My hands weren't even sweating yet.

I sat on the table and tapped the ash into a cup of water. "That was mineâ€|" the boy growled towards me.

"Sorry," I mumbled, blowing smoke into the room.

Hiccup sat up in a stormy rage and stalked towards the window which he opened quickly. He then sat on the bed board and stuck his head outside, hanging it over the ledge.

Dramatic.

I watched him as I smoked and when I had finished he was still sitting the same, histrionic way. And even though I was still upset, it seemed as though a lot had changed in my mind. Like the fact that I wasn't really humoring the thought of holding back much anymore. I couldn't help but let my eyes take him in like every other time we were alone. My thoughts went to that morning, when he was sitting on my legs, his backside bare and my fingers all over his soft, velvety skin.

My chest roared loudly with fire and desire. It seemed to burn my insides much like the cigarette had though this was such an altered feeling. It drove me to touch and feel and _possess_.

However, with my clashing thoughts of the way Hiccup had looked not too long ago, it died down just a bit. Those tired, weak eyes desperately trying to tell me something that I couldn't possibly understand. I hated that expression and I never wanted to see him like that again.

My feet took a few unworthy steps towards what was basically my victim. I still wanted nothing more than to leave kisses on the back of that neck and press myself against him, whispering sweet words into his ears until he melted in my embrace.

When his eyes found mine I was only a few feet away, attempting to keep my hands at my sides, they were fighting me like dogs on chains.

"You're done?" he asked me. His voice sounded way too appealing in my

mind even if it had that little, sarcastic undertone that made me want to shut him up. I nodded in the face of my clashing emotions. "Then I'm going to bedâ€|" He sat up promptly, but had to pass me before he could continue.

And I wasn't letting him by.

I heard him sigh and it caused me to narrow my eyes. "Please move. I'm tiredâ€|"

"We need to talk first," I told him roughly.

He brought a few fingers to the bridge of his nose and pinched the skin there. "About what?" I grabbed his wrist and he flinched away from me as if he'd been caught in some kind of trap. "Let go!"

"No," I glared at him, my eyes focusing intently on his. They were deep and tightened with fury raging within. The feelings in my chest were no excuse for the way I was acting, but I wanted answers. I needed them and his curt attitude was motivating me to act rashly. "You're going to tell me what you're thinking lately. Like why were you so apprehensively upset after what happened this morning? Why are you acting like I'm about to bite your head off whenever I take a step towards you? Answer me, Hiccup."

He wasn't about to, I could tell. What with those emerald eyes distanced from mine and his body language cautioned and weary. "I don'tâ€|want to talk about anything. I'm too tired."

"Bull_shit_," I barked and pulled him closer towards me, however, he started tugging in the opposite direction. Soon he was hanging off of me by a thread. It was maddening. It seemed as though he'd finally made me find something to dislike about him. And just that fact was enough to have me in one of my raging states. "I can keep this up all night. You'd _better_ talk to me."

"No!" he yelled, his voice hitching and tears forming behind draped lids.

"You are so _frustrating_!" I yelled at him equally loud.

The way he turned into a lifeless doll in my grip and fell to the floor was even more so. He began to cry softly and I finally let him go, his arm joined the rest of his limp body.

I looked at him almost with disgust. "Let me know when you actually start to care about us."

"You're so stupid, Jack Frostâ€|" he whimpered under tear stained breath.

My usually quick thinking mind had nothing to say back to that remark. I thought that maybe he was correct in some sense. I was acting like an idiot but so was he! Was it that hard to just talk to meâ€|? Was I really unapproachable to the point that he had to resort to curling into a ball of gloom on the floor rather than speak his mind in front of me?

With a loud growl, I clenched my fist and pulled at the hair that hung in front of my eyes. "Fine. If you're not going to talk then

goodnight. I'm sick of trying." I took one more look at the brunet then made my way to the bed which I fell onto. The warm cloth of it made me calm slightly, yet I still couldn't help but think that Hiccup really had no intention of making up with me even though I was trying my hardest to understand him.

If only he would justâ€¦

"Jackâ€¦"

I opened my dreary eyes then noticed him standing in front of me. When I sat up I had the chance to really see him. Arms drawn into his shaky body and eyes reddened. He looked pathetic.

The boy just stood there for about thirty seconds before I saw his arm flinch forward, as if he was about to reach out towards me but he held it back, changing his mind internally.

"Why are you so scared of meâ€¦?" I asked him slowly, no trace of anger left in my tone.

The younger male wrinkled his nose at me, a little disregard along with something like pride showing in his features. "I'm not."

Skepticism was heavy in my voice. "_Sure_ you're not."

This in turn made him quite upset. "Would you just shut the hell up?!"

A small, cynical breath escaped my nose. "Trying to be a hard ass is only going to make you seem like less of one." My eyes scanned him up and down. "You just sound like a complete dolt."

He snarled a little, it was kind of amusing to see him like this. I figured, though, that his tiredness had a lot to do with him acting this way. But there was something else too. Perhaps he had finally had enough of this too. "Okay! You want to know everything I'm thinking, right? Then go ahead. Ask me anything."

I blinked lazily at him, my mouth set in a small line. "Alright, I'll humor you," I said calmly as I crisscrossed my legs and became a little more comfortable on the bed. "Let's start with how whenever I go to touch you lately, you shy away from me as if I'm going to hit you. What the hell is that all about?"

He didn't falter, which was impressive. "Iâ€¦" he cleared his throat, coughing a little, "Honestly, I feelâ€¦as if whenâ€¦you go to touch me, you'll want to do all thoseâ€¦_things_ we did this morning."

My eyebrow raised in one quick movement on my forehead, becoming hidden by my snow-white hair. "Is thatâ€¦a big deal? You hated what we did? Were you lying to me when you said that youâ€¦"

"I _wasn't_ lying!" I blinked at him again and he recollected himself promptly, as if to act suitable in front of me. "It makes me uncomfortable, that's it. I getâ€¦reallyâ€¦nervous and that is why I'm acting soâ€¦"

"Annoying?" I added in for him.

He appeared apathetic. "If that sums it up for you, then yeah. Sure."

Sighing heavily I rubbed a lithe hand over my cheek, scratching it. "Hiccup, I'm not going to rape you."

He answered me quickly with little trouble. "I-I know that."

My head tilted backwards a bit as I watched him. "And what I don't get, is you just said you weren't lying. So you did like what happened between us. If you enjoyed it so much then whyâ€"

"You intimidate me."

My mouth hung open slightly but it was because of the sheer fact I couldn't fathom a comeback. I intimidate himâ€? I meanâ€I knew that. But the way he said it wasâ€I don't knowâ€_shocking_ to me. How the bloody hell was I that intimidating?

A small grin grew across my face and my head was shaking back and forth. I noted him swaying in his stance before me, I could see that he was getting to the point of where the exhaustion would take over and he'd collapse once again.

So I held my arms up in front of me and grabbed onto his waist. When my cold hands touched his body, he wasn't as shaken. More like he'd been waiting for me to finally take some kind of action. I took great care while pulling him onto the bed to sit beside me and he gave me no trouble in doing so. It was possible that I didn't seem as threatening as he had me out to be, I hoped he noticed that somehow.

Once he was seated close to me, out hips touching and legs stretched out across the bed, I leaned forward and fixed a small kiss onto his forehead. "I'll wait as long as it takes for you to be comfortable with me, Hiccup," I told him with solace.

He didn't appear too encouraged though. "Just this morning you said you were tired of waitingâ€"

Of course he had to bring that up. I hardly even recalled speaking those words.

"_Okayy_â€but that was then. This is now. I'm not some damn wild animal that can't control its impulsesâ€" It was slightly hard saying those words to him, since I tried my hardest not to lie. Kind of felt like somewhere in-between them held a bit of falsehood.

"Yeah but it always seems to be the opposite, actuallyâ€" I stuck my finger into the side of his tummy and wiggled it around. He fidgeted instantly. "Stop! Stop!" small lips laughed out. And once again I was overwhelmed with the realization of how crushingly adorable this kid was. Damn him for having that extremely vexing power over me.

"Take that back and I'll stop," I said, leering down at him.

"Yeahâ€¦_right_" he giggled, lids closed and cheeks slightly flushed, "You always act like you can't hold yourself back around me. You even _said_ you couldn't!"

This damn brat, I thought with playful arrogance.

"You're _soo_ going to get it!" I shouted, eyes pointed in his direction as I clambered on top of him and began shoving my fingers into the skin that was exposed above his hips. He was laughing uncontrollably as I lifted up the cloth shirt and continued to torture him. Deep in the dark ends of my mind, desire was growing slowly and surely. I felt like if I didn't stop touching him soon, or at least distance myself, that it would surface and spoil everything.

I tried my hardest to hold it back for fear that he'd rub in the fact that I really _was_ an uncontrolled animal, just like he had claimed. And I wasn't about to let him have that satisfaction.

My breaths were starting to get heavy and excited as our hips connected sharply, the boy's movements causing bodies to interact without any consideration. He'd nudge and rub against me in his skirmish to free himself but I was positive he had no recollection or second thought of it. I really did need to stop this before things got out of hand.

So with an untamed grin I reached forward, grabbed onto his wrists and pinned him to the bed. He struggled spiritedly in my hold but when I leaned forward and pressed my lips to his ear, the air became chilled. The smaller boy held completely still.

The way the words left my mouth was painful and edging. "This wild animal is very close to breaking off his chainâ€¦" My lips ghosted over the cartilage of his deeply heated flesh with every single syllable.

I heard the chestnut-haired boy swallow and his breathing sped up, but only slightly. With a heavy coat of shrewdness in his voice he answered, "Maybe he doesn't have as much control as he thoughtâ€¦"

A low, throaty growl seeped from my thin lips and the skin around my eyes was twitching from the way I was tightening them hatefully.

_Damn it. __**Damn**__ him. _

He was egging me on, whether he noticed it or not. The underlying significance that his words carried was so thick with seduction that it had me reeling to attack.

Fingers began to shake around those wrists. I noticed for the umpteenth time that restraining myself around him was one of the hardest things I'd ever had to do. Even after three hundred years of breathing there had never been anything more annoying that I'd had to put up with.

This boy would be the non-literal death of me.

****x-x****

Aggravation evidently covered my face. There was plenty to account for that fact. The most effective being that I had woken up with a severe problem in my pants and sleeping right beside me was the most fuck-able human being I'd ever laid eyes on. And of course the blanket had to be near his feet, revealing his whole body to my greedy eyes and his shirt just had to have been draw up almost to his damn neck. One of the boy's hands was draped over his belly button and his mouth was hanging open, a bit of drool coating the pillow beneath it.

My eye twitched with frustration as I looked at him then back to my way too tight leggings. Honestly, the only thing that I figured would fix this issue would be to throw myself outside into a giant pile of snow and burry my whole body underneath it until I became a Jack-cicle.

But the alternative option just seemed so much more appealing and likable that I could do nothing but stare at the object of my total aspiration. Every time he breathed in, I exhaled and tried to fight the regressive flames growing in my lower abdomen. Though with Hiccup beingâ€|wellâ€|_Hiccup_, that idea seemed ultimately like a complete waste of my time. Nothing was more antagonizing than seeing him in a complete state of susceptibility like he was, laid out in front of me at that very moment.

So, instead of acting on my compulsions like I so desperately sought to do, I began executing the thing I always did in frustrating situations. My head connected with the wall and one time after another, I methodically knocked it against the hard surface. The ache in my forehead was nothing compared to what lingered in my pants.

Hiccup woke quickly to the sound of my constant pounding most likely.

Lazily, he rubbed the corner of one eye with the back of his wrist. "What in Odin's name are youâ€|?" I glared at him in response to whatever he was about to say. It wasn't like this hadn't happened before. "Are youâ€|_dealing_ with something againâ€|?" he asked while yawning quietly in-between his sentence.

"Yup," I answered with no sentiment whatsoever. He had the nerve to giggle at me. "Shut it. I'm in serious pain right now."

"I can see thatâ€|" he laughed again, dark chestnut hair was whisking around his ears as he did.

He could see the pain I was inflicting upon myself, but he was blissfully ignorant to what was really discomfoting me.

And I wasn't about to point it out. How awkward that would be.

I decided to change the subject. "Wonder where North is with theâ€|"

"GOOD MORNING!"

"Ohâ€|"

Said jolly man entered the room at a particularly well placed time

and in his hands were two steaming hot plates of breakfast. This time it looked like waffles and an assortment of fruits. It was as if having someone else at the pole who liked eating was exciting to him somehow. More than likely though, it was because of the fact that he enjoyed indulging in treats and sweet things as well. So it was just an excuse to cook more. Nevertheless, the gesture was very thoughtful and had me second guessing that maybe all adults weren't such dreadful human beings.

A tiny elf followed him who was holding a decent sized tray of cookies which it then held up to North after he set breakfast onto the table for the both of us.

"Thanks, North," I told him while rubbing a hand through my probably really fluffy bed-head of hair.

The man chuckled jauntily and then winked at me. He really needed to stop doing that. "You had good night's sleep, I presume?"

"Yeah, it was greatâ€|not one nightmare," I looked to Hiccup to confirm that he was darkness free as well and he nodded his head in agreement. I continued after that, "Which kind of has me wondering what the Boogeyman is up toâ€|" I mentioned while grabbing a chewy cookie and shoving it into my mouth. Hiccup had stood up as well and was drawn to the food just as much as I was.

North bowed his chin and crossed thick arms onto his chest. "This troubles me as wellâ€|Seems he has justâ€|given up?"

Disagreement hit me quickly as I lowered the second cookie from my mouth. "Noâ€|" I almost whispered, "he won't give upâ€|everâ€|"

A strange silence covered the room until North spoke up. "Then we will find him and put a stop to his evil ways, Jack."

I nodded but didn't meet his eyes. A horrid wave of repugnance had taken over the center of my gut and it made me feel very antisocial andâ€|sick. I wanted to run to the bathroom and puke up the cookie I'd just ingested.

"Well then. I will leave you two to eat. Meet me in the workshop when you are finished." North clapped his hands together out in front of him and finished with the word, "Enjoy!" before exiting the room and leaving me to stare at the now nauseating looking cookies. They glared back at me with chocolate chip and cranberry eyes.

Hiccup seemed to sense my downed mood but he didn't comment on it.

Minutes passed by before I finally joined him in sitting at the table.

"You're not going to eatâ€|?" he asked me about halfway through his plate.

With my arms hugging my chest I shook my head. "Not hungryâ€|"

"You were just eating the cookies when North was hereâ€|" he commented gently.

I shrugged in response, not having the energy nor the competence to do much else. My cold fingers rubbed at the bare skin of my arm and I searched the floor for my jacket. I'd tossed it off sometime last night, I remembered that much.

My eyes locked onto it; somehow it had ended up on the fire mantle. I narrowed my eyes thoughtfully at that.

_I must have a damn good arm while I'm half asleep to have thrown it halfway across the room. _

While walking over to retrieve it, the feeling of disgust came screaming back and overtook my entire being. For a split second, I could have sworn I saw a pair of golden eyes surface in the ashes of what was once a burning fire. But when I shook my head and blinked rapidly, they disappeared.

I'm going crazyâ€|

My fingers wrapped around the jacket and I slipped it on quickly, feeling a little better.

Butâ€|something was still very off and I couldn't shake it as much as I tried. The clothing felt just a tad bit heavier than it usually did on me which was one reason that things seemed strange. Cautiously, I put one finger into the pocket of my hooded coat. And I instantly felt something that without doubt hadn't been there before. The fear of unknowing had me shaking when I pulled it out into the open.

My eyes narrowed into slits as I spun it around my in palm.

It was a box. And I'd seen one just like it before.

Sharp, golden edges with green and blue accents. But it was different, this one. Instead of being closed with the triangles sealed together over the lid, it was wide open andâ€|totally hollow. Small dips stood where there most likely should have been white enameled teeth. It was, without a doubt, a tooth box. Just like the one Iâ€|

My thoughts were cut short and I flipped it over with frightened movements. I stared wide eyed at the portrait on the box, but it did not portray me as I had expected.

Noâ€|it was undeniably _not_ who I thought it would be.

With wobbly hands and equally shaking eyes, I attempted to conceal it from the other in the room. He couldn't know this. It would only frighten him; only cause pain and fears that weren't needed. I looked once more at the object in my hands and then turned very determined.

The child on the box was covered in freckles with apple green eyesâ€|The boy was _Hiccup_.

x-x

The workshop door flew open and cracked into the wall behind me but I paid it no mind whatsoever. There wasn't anything else on my mind but figuring out and _fixing_ the demanding problems behind this empty

box.

"How the hell does something like this happen?!" I angrily tossed the canister onto the table where it clanged and skidded before coming to a halt right in front of North. Everyone stared at it then at me like I'd finally lost my sanity. "I had a hard enough time hiding it from him so the kid wouldn't freak out. What does this mean? Is he going to lose memories now?!"

The Tooth Fairy looked at me, confusion covering her features. "Jackâ€|calm down. What happeâ€|"

"Don't fucking tell me to calm down!" I shouted into the pixie's tiny face. Though I regretted the words right after they left my mouth, her eyes looked so damn hurt. But with my evident awkwardness around all of them, I had no idea how to apologize. So instead, I just ran a few fingers through my hair with fury and rage that was basically to the point of being uncontrolled. There was snow blowing through an open window and chilling the room.

North glanced at Tooth who fluttered her long eyelashes in confusion. As he picked up the case, his large, bushy brows furrowed and then told her, "Theyâ€|are the mortal child's. And they are goneâ€|"

She gasped slightly and then looked to me once again, using a very scared yet somehow collected voice, which was kind of strange to hear from her. "Pitch must have gotten past me andâ€|and stolen the teethâ€|"

Well I had kind of already figured that out. The dark sand that was covering the inside of it portrayed the fact that this ultimately had Boogeyman written all over it.

But that didn't change anythingâ€|

That didn't change anythingâ€|_

"We have to get them back! We HAVE toâ€|" I felt on the verge of tears. Damn tears. I wouldn't cry in front of these people. These Guardians that always appeared to be on pedestals above everyone else in the world, surrounded in light and fortune and glory. Better than me. Better than the children. Just that much betterâ€|

"We will find them, Jack," North spoke slowly to me.

And it made me that much angrier. He said things like that, but where was the proof that his words were even true?! He was lying! Nothing good even happened to us yet and nothing good was ever going to! Everything was just spiraling downward and all anyone could do was watch and tell me that things would get better.

Well I was tired of the talks and speeches and petty little words that were meaningless in the end.

My fist was clenched tightly against my staff and around it spiked ice and patterns of white mist.

Bunny approached me cautiously. "Mateâ€|" He put a paw on my shoulder and I inwardly tensed. A tear fell from my eye that I cursed every

centimeter it fell down my face.

I knew the rabbit had seen it, the way his eyes were drawn to me and so sentimental. "C'mon, Jack" He brought me towards the door and pulled me outside in seconds. He then began to walk forward, only when he looked backwards and motioned with his head to follow did I begin to trail after him.

With a sniff I used my frosty sleeve to wipe the traces of tears from my eyes. "Bunny"what?"

"Do you know what all those lights represent, mate?" he asked, cutting me off as he leaned against a set of controls. Behind him was the globe, circling in a steady motion as always.

"No" I shook my head and tried not to look directly at him.

He wasn't attempting to change that either, which I noted as tolerable. "Each one is an individual child. One that believes in us Guardians with all their heart."

I frowned at a toy plane flying round beside the large representation of the Earth.

"That's nice" I don't see where this is"

"If they stop believing in us, we die."

No longer did I indicate any emotion. My teeth were rubbing against each other in my mouth with anger and something like understanding. But confusion was also there and it was the first to show.

"You"die? What"what kind of job is that? You just signed up for it, knowing the outcome could be death?!" Basically, I was saying whatever popped into my mind. Which was pretty stupid, seeing as how I never thought anything through when I chose that option.

Bunny lowered his head and still wasn't looking at me, even though I was paying enough attention to him. "We took the job to protect them. That's our ultimate goal." He took a few steps towards me, his arms still crossed but eyes finally found mine. "Every single one of us is going to protect that boyand not just for you. But because it's our oath as a Guardian. I realize that now and I'm positive that everyone else in that room does too."

In a weird way, I think he was really trying to reassure me. And it feltgood.

"Thank you" I told him with my head lowered and sadness now just tugging at the abstract portions of my mind.

The large rabbit grinned at me and then turned back for the workshop. "I'm going to go search for Pitch. And when one of us finds him, he'll be sorry he ever messed with the Guardians," I looked up at him with a small smile, "and Jack Frost," he added before leaving.

x-x

Hiccup wasn't acting any different but I was worried the whole time flying. I'd keep looking at him, searching for any kind of sign, even though I had no idea what to even look for.

If Pitch really did have his teeth then what? No one gave me any kind of answer. Even though Bunny did help this time, it was only in my head that he sorted a few things out. What about Hiccup?

What's going to happen to him if we don't get the teeth back?

Every time our eyes met I felt a shock of shame and fear. And I was just trying to figure out if it was a good thing that he didn't know what was really going on. He had no idea his childhood memories were being threatened along with his life.

I almost couldn't deal with any of it.

We rested in a forest again though this time we were by a small river. Hiccup drank from it and started playing with his dragon, splashing around in the water like a child.

Sometimes it was hard to remember that he was just that: a human child with a soul and a family and friends to call his own. Those realities about him had me feeling a little envious.

The brunet walked towards me. His whole outfit was drenched in river water and his hands were cupped out in front of him, a large grin overtaking his face.

"Look, Jack! I caught a frog!"

When he moved his fingers the tiny, slimy amphibian started to worm its way out of the clutches of the boy.

I laughed at him. "Good job. You gonna eat it?"

He looked nauseated. "Ew, no!" My laugh grew a bit louder and he smiled at me. It was such a pure act. "Toothless likes it here. I think it'd be nice to live somewhere that isn't so freezing cold all the time." I think he suddenly regretted what had been said because of the strange look he was giving me. Something like embarrassment and remorse mixed together.

I looked at him with drawn eyes. "If I wasn't always there then"

"No, no. I didn't mean it like that!"

I sat up and hugged him, surprising the both of us. The frog leapt away when Hiccup lowered his hands. "I know you didn't. It's alright." As the seconds went by I breathed in the wind that blew around us. Pink leaves were zipping by and one happened to land in his hair. As I picked it out, I asked him, "Hiccup, what happened to your mother?"

The question was both a test and something that had been donning on my mind for quite a long time.

Both of us were inert, the only thing audible being the river flowing in the background.

Hiccup's voice was loud enough for me to hear but there was sadness flooding it. "All I know is her name and that she left the island a long time ago. My dad never speaks of her, it'd be like blasphemy if he did, I'm sure."

"Do you want to talk about her?" I asked him, feeling overjoyed that his memories hadn't seemed to leave him yet, but still very saddened at the thought of someone leaving Hiccup's life. Someone who he had really needed all those years. A mother isn't just something you can go without I'd know that better than anyone.

Hiccup was rubbing his nose on my shirt as he spoke, "I don't really know. I can't even remember what she looks like."

"What was her name?"

"Valhallarama"

Sadness clutched at my heart, burning and swelling deep within it for the boy. If I could fix this for him too, I'd do all in my power that was possible. I'd search the world for his mother if he wanted.

"Maybe she didn't leave for bad reasons, Hiccup"

"What else would she have left for?" he asked me quietly, without much emotion. I could tell he was hardened from the years of raging thoughts and ideas of his mom. With her possibly still being out there somewhere maybe even just a boat ride away, he must have been frustrated about even just that.

"She might come back one day, you never know" I spoke to him, playing with a lock of his hair.

He sighed noticeably, his face scrunching up. "If she did, my dad would probably kill her. The way he spoke of her before it just really felt like maybe she had loved someone else, too."

I was quiet for an instant, thinking really hard before I spoke anything in a situation like this one. "People can change, though Hiccup even if it takes years and years. I've seen it before. You never know she could be out there and maybe she'll think things through." I paused then thought of something else to add, "N-not to give you false hope or anything, just trying to help you."

"You are helping, Jack. Thank you" With those words he turned his head and placed those soft lips to mine. I melted in that moment and closed my eyes, opening my mouth against his. I flipped my tongue out to touch his lower lip and then pulled back before anymore thoughts swarmed my mind.

_Self-control, Jack. You're not an animal. _

Hiccup was smiling, that little side grin that bunched up his freckles and showed a few of his teeth. He was adorable.

I kissed his nose, leaving a drop of frost on the tip and the smile only grew.

That moment of happiness was short-lived. I heard a loud noise echo through the forest and in my ear drums. It took me a second to realize what it was.

A horse.

And that was the only animal that I really, truly feared. The fact still remained that it could mean the Boogeyman was near and we just had to find him. _I_ had to find him and defeat him.

There was drive in my system, the total urge to kill and destroy and shatter the man overtook me and I distanced Hiccup from my body. Instantly, I reached for my staff and began to follow the noise.

"You stay here; I'm just going to go checkâ€"

"I'm coming with you," he told me absolutely.

I didn't have the time to argue with him. He took off after me into the forest with Toothless following closely after him.

It wasn't long before I saw it.

That black stallion, leaning its long, disgusting head down to eat the grass that was wilted and browned in a circle around it. When the animal saw us, it neighed loudly and stood up on its hind legs to rear its front two in the air. Then it took off in a fast bolt.

"_Hiccup_! Hurry!" I yelled back to him as I ran through the woods, dodging trees and branches, hitting a few with my staff.

My forehead was nicked by one that I hadn't even seen because of the speed I was going at.

When we finally stopped running, there was blood trailing over my right eyelid. With annoyance I wiped it away, smearing the liquid into my jacket. The two of us plus the dragon were looking for the horse. But all we saw wasâ€|the skeleton of a bed.

There was nothing on itâ€"no mattress, no sheets or blankets and the more I investigated, the more broken and worn down it seemed to be. I approached it with caution, leaning my head over to see that beneath it there was â€|there was a hole that went farther down than I could see. I stared into that darkness for longer than I had anticipated, my breathes were substantial and fast.

We'd finally found it.

This is where the Boogeyman was hiding.

12. What is sin?

**A/N: Hey everyone. This took me a very long time to write because the depth of everything going on was very intense. I don't think I

got as...descriptive as I had formerly wanted, but it'll do. (It's the best I could possibly do, I was basically flipping my table over every hour as I wrote this.) Also, my beta is working on the chapter right now, but I decided to post it sooner just because I told everyone it would update soon. So there may be errors here and there.
**

WARNING: This chapter contains character death, Jack bashing, and plenty of cruel, sadistic Pitch.

* * *

><p>Chapter 12: What is sin?<p>

The hallowing sound that rose up from the hole was like none I'd ever heard before. It seemed to scratch and claw at my ears, as if it wasn't really just a sound and more so like a physical being. When my vision blurred, my head throbbed along with it.

"Jackâ€|whatâ€|?"

"Shhhâ€|" I quickly put a finger to my lips but my eyes never connected with his. "Don't speakâ€|"

The air was heavy with smog. I had a severe urge to run away.

"Jackâ€|I hear someone's voiceâ€|Someone is callingâ€|my nameâ€|"

The anxiety infused features left my face and then I turned to the boy. He was subdued but something about the way he stood wasn't right. Green mist shadowed closely knotted to his feet as he took tentative steps in my direction.

I held a hand up in front of my chest, advising him to stop.
"Hicâ€|Who do you hear?"

"I thinkâ€|" His eyes lost all control for a moment until he looked to the soggy floor then back up at me with fire quelling behind them.
"It's my mom, Jack. I _know_ it!"

In the next few seconds the boy pivoted on his heels and ran towards the bed. "Toothless! Come on!" The dragon followed and my hand attempted to grab onto his wrist but failed miserably. He was too quick. "Don't Jackâ€|I'm going down there. My mom isâ€|"

"Are you _crazy_?! Do you even hear yourself?" I spat into his face.
"If you go down there, you'll die."

The ultimatum seemed to puncture some kind of wound into him, but that didn't stop his willpower. "She's in troubleâ€|we have to help her, now! We can't wait!"

"I don't _hear_ her, Hiccup!" I bellowed while he kicked the middle board with a shoe until it broke and shattered. He watched as it fell into the abyss and seemed to disappear from the world. "You're thinking too rationally. How do you even know that's your moâ€|?"

"_Hiccup, my sweet boy, help me_â€|" he seemed to mimic her voice, the one he heard at least. His stare was blatantly lost and confused, but the hope that shined within wasn't afraid. I knew that he was going to jump head first, right into the Boogeyman's clutches.

"Hiccup, stop thisâ€|_Please_â€|I don't know what you're hearing, but it'sâ€|it's not _good_! This isn't good, Hicâ€|" I was begging him, which felt kind of strange. Begging usually happened in the bedroomâ€|

An unwavering glare was set into his features when I looked at him in the next moment. It shook me like nothing had. I'd never seen him soâ€|indomitable before. The strength overtook his uncut being and virtually had me rethinking a few things; like how I had basically seen this kid as someone who was incapable of taking care of himself. Perhaps I was horribly mistaken.

"Whether it's my mom down there or not, I have to know. And you're not going to stop me," he growled under his breath and then looked at his dragon. "Toothlessâ€|don't let Jackâ€|" he turned pained as he finished, "get in my wayâ€|"

"_HICCUP_!" I cried and Toothless was on me, pinning me to the waterlogged forest floor. I struggled underneath scales and sharp claws, practically screaming out my emotions. And I watched as the boy began climbing down the hole, green eyes being the only thing left in my mind when he was gone.

"GET ****OFF**** OF ME!" I screeched as I began punching the reptile that was glaring just as forcefully. Each time my fist connected with it, ice shattered and the remains would litter across my face. I was starting to lose it, and by it I mean every last scrap of mentality that I possessed. "Toothlessâ€|Hiccupâ€|" My throat was burning with fire and tears that were threatening the corners of my eyes. "Please, Toothlessâ€|He's going to dieâ€|" The dragon listened to me intently, showing some kind of sign that he really did understand, the way his eyes sparkled and his large head tilted to the side only slightly. I thought of the boy struggling through the darkness and coming face to face with his worst nightmares. "****GO****!" I shouted, "GO! Save himâ€|please, Toothless, _please_. He can't die. Hiccup can't dieâ€|"

A few shattered moments passed and finally the beast removed itself from me. Only instants ago was he pinning me down, now he was wiggling his way into the pit.

I silently pleaded for the dragon to not be too late.

My hands clutched at the earth and I stumbled while standing up. With my fist tightly grasped around my weapon of ice, I instantly flew after the boy, into the dark depths of hell.

Blue eyes blinked in the effort to readjust to the major lighting comparison. Pitch black wasn't even the correct term. It was more like immortal obscurity.

The ditch had turned into more of a tunnel, I could tell that much. My cracked voice called out for him, the only person who mattered to

me in the whole world. "Hiccup!" As I moved forward I could hear something, the sound of a struggle and shuffling that was eating away at my pained heart. It felt like my feet weren't moving fast enough. Like something was holding me back, trying to tempt me to go the other way. I was fighting it with all I had.

"Hiccup!" I tried again but the waves of fear and grimness were holding me almost completely still. I collapsed and my shoulder hit the wall with immense force. I was being drained and fear was soaking every ounce of purity I held. "Hiccup!" I began to use the wall as a guide, trailing my way across it with nails digging into the dirt that stuck underneath them.

It seemed like ages until I finally saw something other than perpetual darkness. With my voice raspy and drawn out, I spoke his name yet again. The next few things I saw were etched into my skull for years.

Toothless was battling the tall, slender figure whom I knew to be the enemy. Purple fire spouted across the room in tangents, sparking wildly like something straight from the underworld. I recognized it to be the dragon's own fire, from when he had saved me that time before.

But it stopped shortly after I had appeared in front of them. Because when I did, that was the end of it.

The end of Toothless.

A cry of death was echoing in my ears and I collapsed, my knees hitting the hard ground and my fingers scratching at my skull.

I saw him, eyes opened wide with blood dripping down his scales. There was a large, black jagged rod sticking out of his side, his body tossed into a corner up against a dirtied wall.

No words could explain the dread that covered my face.

"TOOTHLESS!" My own voice echoed and so did another at the same point in time.

My eyes shot to that voice, locking onto the boy who couldn't have helped his friend even if he tried. His tiny hands were shaking the bars in which he was held behind, racking them in anticipation of freeing himself. Tears drenched his flush cheeks, the hope was ripped from his system and throw onto the floor with no regardsâ€"no concerns to where it would end up. Pitch had trampled all over it in the time it had taken me to reach him.

At that sight, I had a new sense of rage that I didn't even know I possessed. I brushed off every facet of sadness and stood up.

Pitch noticed then, turning from the dying dragon towards me. "Oh! Jackâ€"what a shame. You've seemed to come in at such a terrible scene. It's too bad about the dragonâ€"But he was getting veryâ€"annoying, you see. I had no other choice."

"You bastardâ€" My feet took me towards him, eyes narrowed and burning. I was going to kill him. I didn't know how, but he was going to die.

The nightmare smiled at me and put a hand to his ear. "Did you say something, Frost?"

"I'm going to fucking **KILL YOU**!" I used my staff to send a powerful blow towards him. It shook my insides, I could feel my bones vibrating and the aftermath seemed to crack a dent into my soul with the force I had used. Things were no longer silent as I hunted after his retreating form.

Laughter was pervading my ears and causing the thought of my hands around the man's neck to appear in my mind, extremely vivid and forceful like it practically was screaming at me to do its bidding. And it wasn't like I planned on holding back.

"Jack!" I heard him yell, "Why don't you help your poor Hiccup!"

As my nails dug into the wood of my staff, I became mindful of the fact that the helpless boy was just back the way I came. Without thinking, I receded and ran in the opposite direction, contemplating only one thing: getting him out of here, safely and alive. Even if I had to spill my own blood for him, I'd do anything.

When I reached him, I saw that the spaces underneath his eyes were purple and covered in salt water. His shaky hand outstretched and then our fingers connected. He was ice cold.

"I'll get you out of here, Hic. I promise I willâ€¦justâ€¦" The eye contact was devastating me; I had to turn away from him. I'd never seen a look like thatâ€”so pained, so hopelessly lost and terrified. The boy couldn't even form words, though his mouth was frantically trying to say something. I tried to calm him as I heard more laughter in the background. "Hiccupâ€¦shhh, it's alrightâ€¦" I grasped onto the bars tightly and pulled, searching for a lock or a key or anything. All I could think of doing was freezing over the whole thing so that maybe it broke under the cold.

"Stand back, Hicâ€¦" I told him but he hardly moved. I wasn't going to waste any more time.

Before I could knock my staff against the cage, I felt something wrap around my wrists which in turn pulled them backwards, towards the ground, causing my staff to jerk and fall from my fingers.

Terror struck me instantly like a shot of venom poisoning my veins. It was as if I had beenâ€¦cuffed. Sure enough, shackles formed around my skin resembling two black slugs, attaching themselves to my flesh and binding me.

I did the only thing I could think of: I tried to take them off.

That worked as well as anything else I seemed to attempt.

I could feel Pitch breathing down my neck as he spoke to me in a deeply seductive tone. "They're my own work. Completely ice proof, made with you in mind of course." He grasped my arm around bony fingers; I let him, the only reason being that I could hardly move. My eyes stayed focused on Hiccup, though I was biting my lip terribly hard. "Everything is going as plannedâ€¦" he whispered.

My throat made a small noise that I hardly heard. I was enshrouded by fear and confined. Toothless had been killed, murdered in cold blood right in front of his best friend. Right in front of the boy whom I loved—the one captured and locked in a dangling, rusted cage. He was inches away from me but I couldn't even touch him. The manacles denied me of that little pleasure.

I felt like maybe this was all some kind of bad dream. Perhaps Pitch had finally gotten to me and devastated my self-conscious, plummeting me into a very realistic way of showing just how much he hated me. Though the more I looked at the boy, blood oozing from a scratch on his cheek and the whites of his eyes so lifeless and disconnected from the world around him—

Well, the more I came to realized that this couldn't be anything but real life.

It was all happening—no matter how much it scared me to think about. Scared me to the point of denial.

My vision blurred as soon as his fist connected with the top of my head. I heard Hiccup shout my name, but it wasn't loud enough. It sounded more like a fuzzy ringing in my ear. Pitch knelt down beside me and lifted me up by the spikes of my hair. Short, exasperated sounds resounded from my throat and I winced.

"You're not very talkative today, Frost—Does none of this excite you?"

"I'm—going to kill you—" I managed to say. There was something growing inside of me. The urge to fight like I had been before was basically clawing its way out of my throat. My staff was just by his feet, I could almost..._touch_ it.

I saw him sneer, like the snake that he was and his head shook back and forth, as if I was just so much lower than him. "You're going to kill me? How amusing."

"I will—" I craned my neck so that the pulling intensified but I was managing my way out of his grasp by a few inches. "I'll _destroy_ you—"

The smile left his features then and without another glance, he let me go. I watched as he stood up and began pacing in front of the cage that held Hiccup. My hand shot out and my eyes became wide when he kicked the only weapon I had out of any kind of conceivable grasp.

"It's really too bad you feel that way, Frost. I was going to let you off easy tonight. But since you _had_ to push me—" While reaching into his pocket I saw something else...Something that caught my eye and had me babbling out words that I didn't recall forming in my head.

"What—what is that? What's in your pocket—?"

"_Now_ he speaks—" Pitch's unctuous hand went back into the confines of his pocket and pulled out a jar—full of teeth. Hiccup's head lifted up at this and he seemed to suddenly take the initiative

to listen. "The boy wasn't crazy, Jack. He did hear his sweet mother's voice. Though it wasn't really her, of course, no. She's quite dead."

The brunet behind the bars had his arms wrapped around his chest and the petrified sounds escaping that mouth were completely excruciating to me. I snarled at the nightmare with my teeth grinding. "How would you know that?"

"Whoâ€|Whose teeth are those, Jackâ€|?"

My eyes shot towards himâ€|hearing his voice was like a sign from heaven, but it gave me optimism that I didn't ask for and that I knew, if it attempted to stick around, would only cause my downfall. I tried to speak as calmly as I could manage without chewing off my own skin.

"T-they'reâ€|yoursâ€|"

Shock didn't fill his expression; it was more like he began to further sink into the deep depths of tragedy and despair, as if he couldn't possibly doâ€|or manage anything else. He didn't speak any more either.

But Pitch did. It always seemed like he could spit something out of his disgusting mouth. "You didn't tell him, Jack? That his teeth were missing? Surely you saw the empty containerâ€|" He began to circle me and I could feel Hiccup's wounded stare scorching into my flesh. "You see, the memories imprisoned inside these teeth were shouting out to him. You knew that his teeth were goneâ€|but yet you still retained it from him." I didn't look at him but he was standing right in front of me, his golden eyes seemed to gleam in a streak of fire that was aimed towards me.

"I wasn'tâ€|I justâ€|"

Hiccup spoke again, but his voice was so low I could hardly make out the words. "_Jack_â€|why diâ€|ouâ€|"

"Because Jack thinks he can do everything on his own!" Pitch's voice reverberated as he sang out his words, holding arms out to the ceiling in theatrics. "He thinks that no one is as strong as he isâ€|and that he's just so grown upâ€|" He turned and glared at me, hands now at his sides and one of them reaching back into his pocket. "Just so much better than everyone elseâ€|Right, Jackâ€|?"

I don'tâ€|think thatâ€|Iâ€|

"Noâ€|" My lips parted softly as Hiccup's teeth disappeared and the dark, depressing hand brought out something else. It was a tiny glass bottle that revealed nothing to me besides for that whatever it consisted of was a deep color of red. I felt the mechanized need to ask him what it was, my mind wasn't really thinking of much else, and perhaps I just couldn't grasp the seriously dire need of the situation I was in. No matter what I told myself, my thoughts were in an utter state of disbelief and solitude, confining me and causing me to repeat the same words over again like water that was left to run, draining into anonymity.

_I'm just so scaredâ€|I'm scaredâ€|I don't know what to

doâ€|_

Pitch's answer to me wasn't what I had sought. No, he did nothing but approached the boy and then violently, without any thought it seemed, reached through the bars and dragged out his arm.

My body leapt forward on its own accord and I started screaming obscenities at the man who was putting his filthy hands on what was mine.

"Don't ****TOUCH ****him, you fucking bastard! Don't fucking touâ€"

"_Quiet_, Frost!" he yelled back just as firmly while sliding his thumb over the soft flesh of the boy. I could see terror in Hiccup's eyes as he tried drawing himself away from the man, his lips speaking unheard words. It seemed that I was way too far away, too out of his reach. The shackles were attached to a wall not far behind me and became taut when I heaved hard, trying to get closer, struggling to be freed from the binds. I fought them with extreme force; I thought maybe my wrists would crack and break under the pressure. One thing I knew for sure was that they were burning hot even though ice was covering my fingers and forming them into statues as they hung, suspended in the air behind me.

I scrutinized Pitch as he brought the arm further out of the cage and drew the brunet's sleeve up, revealing skin. My eyes were watering at this point and I couldn't help but spout horrible words of hatred towards the cloaked man.

He seemed to be getting tired of me because the next thing I knew, I was lying on the ground, curled into myself and coughing up saliva. He had sent some kind of massive blow to my abdomen which in turn had me in the sorry state I was. I certainly couldn't yell anymore, so his goal was probably fulfilled.

But I could still see them.

Pitch jerked Hiccup forward so that his face was close to the others. I swear I was going to vomit.

"Such a cute boyâ€|A disgrace that this had to happen to youâ€|Jack just really has a bad habit ofâ€|" I saw his snake like eyes shift towards me and I cringed, "making a mess of thingsâ€|"

I instantly told him to shut up, basically the only thing I could do at that point. And of course he just laughed at me.

"Pleaseâ€|" My head tilted when I heard Hiccup's voice. "Please don't hurt Jackâ€|"

Something mind-numbingly painful was piercing my heart as he said those words.

_Heâ€|he still __**cares**__._

Even after he found out that I was keeping secrets from him, the boy still wanted my safety, and he feared for me. Stupid, idiotic, reckless me. Jack fucking Frost, the immortal show off prankster that did nothing all his three hundred years besides produce dreadful

blizzards and make angry adults slide and slip on the ice. And it was like nothing mattered to him. As if he didn't care about any of that, only "me". After losing his best friend to the man, it made a lot of sense that he'd be scared of losing me as well.

I felt the same way "towards him. Even if Hiccup was shy and sometimes impulsive, it didn't make a difference. Hiccup was and always would be my best friend and perhaps "maybe that was okay. My love for him wasn't something that could just disappear as soon as he made a mistake. We each wanted nothing more than for the other to be happy and free from harm. It was such a wonderful feeling.

And what a terrible time to think of something so important.

When Pitch spoke he leaned into the boy, nose almost touching his. I was completely still. "I'll do all that I want to Jack, and there will be nothing you or anyone can do about it."

Tears welled in my eyes and my head wouldn't stop shaking from side to side, as if I still couldn't understand anything, at least, I didn't want to believe it.

I blinked and then Pitch stuck something into the boy's arm, something sharp like a needle that formed from his finger. Hiccup cried out in pain.

My feet brought me up from the ground and I forgot about the chains for a moment. As I tried once again to go to my friend, they stopped me abruptly and brought me to my knees. All I could do was scream, "Stop! PLEASE! You're hurting him!"

Pitch cackled, looked at me with a malevolent grin and then pushed the sharp point further into the boy's soft skin. He was bleeding and crying and all I could do was sit there, fruitlessly trying to reach him with blood still crusted over my eyelid and tears streaming down in lines on my dirtied cheeks.

When Pitch drew back and observed the damage, he then uncapped the glass bottle and began pouring it over the deep cut. Red clashed with blood and in moments the liquid absorbed and crept into the opening on the boy.

Confusion took over and I expressed quickly, "What is that? What are you doing?"

"You're so loud, Frost "Why don't you just sit back "and watch?" Pitch sneered and then dropped Hiccup's arm, allowing the boy to recoil and shield himself in the farthest corner of the cage.

That damn laughter once again echoed through the dark corridors of the underground den. I saw him pick up my staff; flipping it around in his hands he then resumed his evil grimace on me. Only seconds passed before the man disappeared into the abyss. But not before placing a chilling hand on my neck, fingers sliding underneath the cloth of my hood, saying, "I hope this "pleases you, Jack. I will come back later."

And then it was just Hiccup and I once again. Though of course, this feeling was far from any that we'd experienced. I would have given anything in the world to be in that forest again, back before he had

climbed down here, only to watch his dragon die and get locked away in a cage like some animal.

I had no idea what to say to him.

So I didn't utter a word. I only just hung my head, arms still balanced and dangling behind me. I kept trying to tug on them, though they never budged and the more I did the more worthless I felt. But I couldn't just stop attempting to get out of there. I would never, for as long as Pitch held us here; I'd under no circumstances stop fighting.

Hiccup made a noise, something like a worn-out grunt and I lifted my head once again. "Hiccup, please tell me you're okay! Please just..."

"Jack!" he whispered almost inaudibly. I saw him crawl his way across the cage and meet the front of it only to grip one hand around a bar and reach the other out towards me. His warm flesh was searing on mine, I would have collapsed if the shackles permitted me to. Our eyes connected and a new wave of panic hit me. Pitch had done something to him, something vile and disgusting. He would aim for me to writhe, just like he said he'd wanted all along.

My head collapsed into his palm and I nuzzled in his tiny embrace. "Hiccup!" I was still crying, but I hardly detected it. The fear and disgust swirling around inside of me concealed anything shown on the surface.

His dry throat spoke to me once again, "_Jaack_..."

But it wasn't the way he always said my name. It was so different, not normal at all. I'd never perceived it like this before but I had wanted to hear it come from his lips for a very long time. For as long as I could remember I had longed to receive my name spoken that way.

Something clicked in my mind.

Pitch hadn't poisoned him or tainted his bloodstream with any deadly venom. He had given him some kind of stimulant "something like a medication. I didn't understand how that was possible though. How had he acquired it? Did he make it himself? Was there not enough for him to do, so instead he filled his time with making shit like this, maybe one day hoping that he'd catch me and, and..."

"Jack! Jack! can you!"

I tried moving closer once again and when the chains rustled behind me I furiously growled and glared at the floor. Ice formed around my lips, I spat it to the ground. With my face as close to his as possible, that being a little less than two feet away, I said, "What do you need, Hic? Are you in pain? Tell me what's wrong, okay?" I wanted desperately to say that I was going to help and that everything would be alright and that this was all just a bad dream!

"I just!" I saw him wince a little and a tear fell from his watery eyes, "I want you!"

My suspicions were proven right at that instant. Hiccup wasn't one to tell me when or even if he wanted me. He was way too shy, too shrouded in pride to even speak those words in my presence.

So the only other option was that he was intoxicatedâ€”with what, I had no idea. But Pitch wasn't like a normal person. He could create nightmares and conjure up deathly ways of negativity that would slowly rot you from the inside out. There was no doubt in my mind that he had figured out some way to make a vile concoction like this one just to push me past my breaking point. Just to fuck with me. That's all he was after anyways, right? He was just out to fuck around.

There was nothing in the world that I hated more than Pitch Black at that very moment. If I could have been let off the chains, I would have searched the whole lair for his grey face and without a doubt, I wouldâ€”I would killâ€”

"Jack, pleaseâ€”I need youâ€”itâ€”hurtsâ€”"

My attention was brought back to the boy. I noticed his face was flushed and his lips were parted slightly, allowing air to escape fervently. And if this had been any other setting, it would have been such a turn on for me. He kept talking, even though I hadn't formed a single word. "Pleaseâ€”can you just touch me, Jack, pleaseâ€”? I need itâ€”" Tiny hands went to the center of his pants and were placed across his lap. It pained me to watch, I almost had to look away. Pitch had gotten what he wanted, that was for sure. That slick, slimy, repulsive excuse for a living being had attained the pleasure of watching me at my weakest point. And on top of that, he had laid out something so totally unreachable and irresistible right in front of my reddened eyes.

Yet I still couldn't grasp it at all.

There's no way any of this is going to end wellâ€”

Yesâ€”I knew that. But was I about to accept it?

Well, it's not really happeningâ€”

Probably not. Because well, there was no way to accept it. I was caught in a state of immobility. I was trapped in Pitch's clutches. And so was Hiccup.

Weâ€”we wereâ€”

Both as good as deadâ€”

x-x

Hours passed by. Tears were shed. Hiccup asked about Toothless. It seemed as if he hadn't even seen what happened, either that or his mind was hindering the fact that he was dead. Though, it just made things seem that more surreal andâ€”almost like a hallucination. In my head, I was back at the Pole, sipping on hot coco and laughing with the boy I loved. I was joking with Bunny and smiling at Sandy. North was grinning at me, the same one that had me feeling a little warm yet still kind of uneasy. Then he'd just wink and I'd smile

back, shaking my head as I did. Tooth would be flying beside us, sharing cookies with her tiny friends and telling us stories about the kids and the many ways their teeth had fallen out. Some of the stories were funny, some were a little gruesome, but all in all it was a good time. Inside, I was smiling. Within the inner recesses of myself, I was actually happy. It was a false pretense that resounded and pulsated; soaking me in the light of what was untrue. I just wanted to leaveâ€|I just wanted to beâ€|

Anywhere but hereâ€|

There was a ringing in my ears when Hiccup spoke up again for the hundredth time. I wasn't talking much though; I was too swallowed up in my imagination. "My arm hurtsâ€|"

"Pitch cut it," I told him curtly, "Then poured weird stuff on itâ€|"

I was sitting on the ground, I'd scuffed holes into the knees of my pants and so they were most likely bleeding. The approach I had taken to break free from the chains probably wasn't the smartest. Though after spending ages trying to break them with ice or freeze my hands enough to slip out of them, I really wasn't thinking clearly enough to make the right decisions.

My traveling eyes lingered on the ground and then trailed up to the boy, evanescent but they held still for a few moments.

"Whereâ€|are weâ€|?"

Maybe some of his senses were coming back. I wouldn't be surprised if the one who'd made him so screwed up appeared shortly either.

"Pitch lives hereâ€|The Boogeyman, Hicâ€|" I said with disdain in my voice.

I noticed him swallow, but my eyes were too busy glowering at the specks of dirt to see anything else. "Where's Toothlessâ€|?"

I hated when he asked that. Because I hadn't even given him an actual answer to it yet. I usually just brushed it off and told him to breathe calmlyâ€|that he needed to relax and focus. But what did those words really meanâ€|? I should have listened to myself, since I was basically doing the opposite. Even though I told him such strong words of encouragement, I still took none of them into contemplation. It was all so hopelessâ€|

Once again I just shook my head, expecting that would sedate him for a while.

But it didn't. Of course it didn't.

"Jackâ€|._Where_ is Toothlessâ€|?"

Bloodied knuckles wrapped around my knees and I closed my eyes tightly, breathing quickened and my heart beat started to race. "Heâ€|he'sâ€|"

"Never mindâ€|" he whispered slowly, "I don't want to know anymoreâ€|"

The air was silent and I wanted to die. For once in my never ending life I actually sought for its termination.

I heard footsteps approach me from behind and I braced for some kind of harsh impact. A strict hand fisted itself into my hair and jerked me backwards, my neck exposed and arched in order to accommodate to the force. I winced harshly, one eye closed and my mouth wide open with painful noises creaking out of it.

Pitch spoke to me, the utmost glee saturating his tone. "Are we having fun yet, Frost?"

"Fuckâ€¦**you**â€¦" I snarled. If his hand would have been anywhere near my mouth I would have bit it off.

He just laughed and lowered his lips to my ear until they touched my flesh. "I'll take that as a yes, then." His hand pushed my skull forward and I buckled until my hands hit the floor and scraped against the rocks. Pitch then approached Hiccup and positioned a finger under his chin, scratching it with a dirty nail. "Seems the effects have worn off already. Perhaps I didn't make the serum strong enough."

"Let him go, Pitchâ€¦" I heaved upwards and glared forcefully in his direction. "You want me, don't you? Just let him go andâ€¦"

"If I let the boy go, then what will I have as leverage?"

My eyes narrowed then widened in seconds, the hard truth hitting me like icy wind. It wasn't just me that he wanted to toy with. He was going to use Hiccup as bait, as something to keep me there and possibly force me to do as he pleased.

I watched as my hands began to shake uncontrollably and tears fell beside my knees.

The only thing left to do at that point was beg. Beg for mercy. Beg for freedom. Beg for anything.

"Please, please don't do this. Pleaseâ€¦he hasn't done anything wrongâ€¦Heâ€¦"

"You're right, Jack," Pitch told me while balancing himself against the cage. The boy was pale and shivering in the bend of it. "He's done nothing wrong. Nothing at all."

"Then let him go!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "PLEASE! Let him goâ€¦pleaseâ€¦"

"I can't do that."

"WHY?! WHY NOT?!" I knelt at his feet, the nearest that the chains would allow me to.

He raised one eyebrow at me and kicked my shoulder so that I was on my hands and knees. "Becauseâ€¦" he sneered, "the boy must be the atonement for your sins, Frost."

My chest heaved up and down in alarm. "Whatâ€¦?"

"You're the one who fucked everything up, Jack. This is your entire fault. If only you would have just stayed out of the mortal's life, then he wouldn't be here. He would not be in any kind of danger. He would probably be at home, with his dragon and his friends and that girl he loved. He would have had a pleasant future, without _you_." Time was frozen as he continued to speak, the words floating inside of my head like gnats, feeding on my brain. "This is your doing. Your fault. It's all because of you that his dragon is dead. For in the endâ€¦it's your downfallâ€¦right, Jack?"

"You're _wrong_!"

Both sets of eyes landed on the small boy who had shouted. The cage creaked and swayed as he clutched the bars in those hands and scowled at the Boogeyman. "Jack is my _friend_! This isn't his fault! Heâ€¦he'sâ€¦I loveâ€¦"

"I should have shut you up when I had the chanceâ€¦" Pitch growled and in seconds he had waved a hand, dark sand draping around the brunet. Before Hiccup passed out I locked eyes with him and his mouth moved without sound, shattered broken words trapped within his lungs. I feared that I would never get the chance to hear them.

Though I understood what had been mouthed. It couldn't have possibly been anything but

"_I love you_."

x-x

I stumbled backwards and almost tripped over my own bare feet when Pitch locked the door of the bedroom after himself. My eyes searched the room for any kind of escape, though I still had the shackles on, he wasn't holding onto them. This could be my only moment to really free myself. I couldn't waste it.

"Quit looking, you won't find a way out. And I have this," he said while seizing my staff from a small alcove in the wall.

I hurdled towards him but before I could reach it, he cracked it in half over his knee, sending me into an agonizing state of penetrating torment. Tensed hands reached at the pit of my stomach which felt as if it had been ripped open and my guts were spilling out inside of me. I coughed up blood into my palm and looked up at him with hazy eyes.

"Take off your shirt," he commanded while he tossed the broken remains of my rod to the floor. I shook my head, lurching in reverse. He approached me slowly, like a predator advancing on its prey. "I saidâ€¦take off your shirtâ€¦Or would you rather I go out there and cut off each one of the boy's fingers? I could bring them back in here for you to see, too. How would thatâ€¦"

My head couldn't take this anymore. I grabbed at it in pain. "Stop it! _STOP_ _IT_!"

"DO AS I SAY!" He was gripping my arm so tightly I couldn't feel it anymore.

I emptied my mind and obeyed.

The chains disappeared for a moment and my jacket dropped to the floor. Pitch's authoritative gaze was urging me to continue. I wanted to die. I wanted to retch and die and burry myself under a mountain of snow for the rest of eternity. That's all I deserved. I'dâ€¦gotten Hiccup messed up in all of this. I had caused Toothless to die.

All you do is make a mess of things, Jackâ€¦

"Yeahâ€¦" I voiced with a small, contemptuous laugh. My eyes were drawn to a mirror, which revealed me, shirtless, bloodied and bruised. I squinted at it, maybe hoping that it would change my appearance somehow. All I could do was hope anymore. I thought of Bunny for a short fleeting moment in timeâ€¦"the Guardian of hopeâ€¦"How I wished he was there to help me.

Pitch signaled a hand and the restraints reappeared, this time they were bound to the wall just above the bed which I was only a few feet away from. When his long fingers draped over the skin on my shoulder I stood completely still and continued my staring contest with myself in my reflection.

"You will call me master from now on, Frost. Is that clear?" He played with a piece of my hair.

There were no more tears to cry. I had hardened and solidified within in the past few hours. I finally accepted the fact that I was trapped and there was nothing I could do to free myself anymore. And if I wanted to keep Hiccup alive, I had to bow down to this man.

If that was the cost of compensating for my sins, then I would submit.

When I looked in the glass, my mouth didn't move. The likeness showed what I fabricated. But words drifted from my lips, unwillingly and entirely without any sentiment.

"Yes, master."

x-x

I think a few days passed by, though they seemed like hours, even minutes. Short seconds that loitered on and dragged their feet through the large expanse of time. The hours hardly seemed to really pass down there; it was more like they justâ€¦existed. Kind of like I did.

Pitch hadn't really given me the time of day. Sometimes he would touch me, but I tried to block out those moments. I tried so hard.

Though he didn't go any further than that. Every time he strove to, I would stare emotionlessly at the mirror and he'd hit me or give me another bruise somewhere on my body. I was tired and hungry and totally useless.

I worried about Hiccup. I wondered about the Guardians. I had told Pitch they would come for us. That they would save us eventually. He managed to shut me up by threatening physical harm on my significant

other.

Sometimes I could hear the boy just outside of the room, shouting words to me. Asking me questions that I couldn't possibly answer. He told me that he was eating, but not very well. Pitch gave him enough food to keep him alive. I feared that when I finally saw him again that he'd be emaciated and surrounded in his own urine.

I was still so scaredâ€|but no longer for my own wellbeing. I was terrified that Hiccup would die and it would be all my fault. I could just picture 'Toothless' rotting remains in that corner and the boy's joining them, the smell of death wafting through the air, suffocating me.

I started to cry for the hundredth time.

That's when Pitch entered the room. He looked fatigued and worn out, as if he'd just come home from a tiring job that had put terrible strain on his back.

Well I wasn't about to fucking massage it.

"Welcome back," I spat out. He made me say those words whenever he returned. The man glared at me, as per usual. I asked him if he had fed Hiccup but he didn't answer me. "I need to see himâ€|" I spoke quietly, bowing my head and tugging on my chains which icicles dangled from, they'd been there for a while.

"Nice try, Frost. But no." He sat on the bed, close to me and I scooted away from him.

"He'sâ€|he's aliveâ€|right? Tell me he's alive. Pleaseâ€|" I began to tremble and juicy tears were forming in my rough, reddened eye sockets.

The nightmare shot his gaze in my direction and collapsed on the bed. "He is alive."

I let out a sigh of relief and swallowed hard.

Thank godâ€|

"Jackâ€|I'd like for you to relieve me of my stress today," Pitch spoke to me and curved his wicked lips into a small grin.

Repulsion settled into my gut. It was telling me to get out, run away. But I couldn't. That was impossible. I had to do as he commanded.

"Y-yesâ€|masterâ€|" I grimaced and ordered my body to move, it fought back with perseverance. I reached out my shaking hand towards him and drew a finger along the exposed part of his chest.

He shivered and smiled. "Come on, Jackâ€|A little more than that, shall we?"

My fingers inched southward, but stopped before I connected to the swelling in his dark pants.

I hadn't managed to touch him before and everything in my soul was

telling me to stop. I couldn'tâ€¦I just couldn't. Hiccup was the one I loved! I loved him and I wasn't going to touch another man. I wasn't going to place a finger on anyone else. He couldâ€¦he'd have to kill me first.

I withdrew my hand and when I did, he became infuriated and immediately crept on top of me, jamming me into the bed. I gasped as he pressed his hips into mine, tears dripping down the side of my face to land in my hair.

"Stopâ€¦pleaseâ€¦" I looked towards the door, "_Hiccup_â€¦"

He slapped me and I quieted.

"Don't say that name! I've told you before never to say that name in this room, Frost!"

I turned from him and apologized with silent lips.

He leaned into me and licked my ear. "You are mine now, Jack. That boy will soon disappear from this world and then it will be just you and Iâ€¦"forever."

Everything was over. My life was finished. At least, what I had remembered of it. Hiccup, Toothless, North and the Guardiansâ€¦It seemed from that point on that I'd be incessantly cursed to dwell in this place, being tortured time and time again. Used and abused for all perpetuity.

My mouth spoke words without any kind of consent from my common sense. It was like they were working on their own agreement, detached from my body.

"I will never be yoursâ€¦even when Hiccup is gone from this world. I'll always hate you."

In his rage he stripped me of my pants and scratched my chest, leaving bloodied pathways in their wake. I screamed and writhed.

Hiccup's voice was yelling to me.

"Jack!"

"Hiccup!" I shouted back to him as Pitch snarled above me.

And in that moment I knew that it was better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all.

I could accept everything.

And I was dead to the world.

If only I could take Pitch with me.

My eyes connected with his and an epiphany struck me like lightning. It seemed so simple, suddenly. How had I not thought of it before? Both Pitch and I were immortal beings. Perhaps I had the power toâ€¦obstruct him from the human world.

Can you even do thatâ€|?

Pitch's hand slid up my thigh.

I don't know for sureâ€|

He began inching his way into my underwear.

I have to tryâ€|I have to do something. I'mâ€|I can'tâ€|

"_JACK_!"

The man's eyes widened and he leaned up, away from me. Hiccup's voice was shouting loudly in our ears.

"That boy has been _enough_ of an annoyance! I think it's about time to get rid of himâ€|"

"_NO_!"

"The Guardians! They're here!"

Whatâ€|?

The door burst open and my prayers were answered.

Is this a dreamâ€|? Itâ€|is thisâ€|?

A boomerang was launched into the air and it struck Pitch in the side, causing him to scream. Our eyes connected for a second in time and I smiled.

"I told you they would come."

He growled and tried to escape but North was in the doorway, eyes gleaming with accomplishment. "You are not going anywhere, Pitch Black."

The Tooth fairy appeared as well and Sandy wasn't far behind. I couldn't believe my eyes.

How did they find usâ€|?

That was basically the only question in my mind, everything else was obstructed by their faces.

North used a large hand to pin Pitch to a wall, as easily as that, he was captured. I was nervous that he'd escape somehow. He was squirming like a rat caught in a mouse trap.

Bunny was at my side and I was crying my eyes out.

"Mateâ€|Jack, how do I get these off of you..?"

"_Bunny_â€|" I whispered through my tears. When I turned to the door I saw Hiccup, standing there, clothes dirtied and eyes outwardly hopeful. "Get Hiccup out of here, please you have toâ€|"

"You cannot defeat me! I am Pitch Black, do you hear me?! I will

always be here, just like all of you! I'll never disappear and I will have Jack Frost for my own!"

Everyone looked to me and I hurriedly put my pants back on. I turned to Bunny as North started yelling at the Boogeyman. "The chains are ice resistant. I can't break them. But they might come out of the wall if pulled hard enoughâ€¦I just don't have the strenâ€¦"

"I'll get you out of here, mate, promise," he told me with a small smile.

I'd never been happier to see the rabbitâ€¦"I could have kissed him.

He went behind me to try and yank the chains out and I looked to Hiccup. I tried to smile but it came out as more of a huffed, twitch of my lips. I could tell he wanted to run to me, but Tooth was holding him back as Sandy and North tried to keep Pitch under control. He was still shouting and I saw him punch North a few times. It was disgracing to watch, like a child throwing a tantrum.

"North," Bunny spoke slowly and he regarded him, "the chains won't budge."

The man in red pounded Pitch into the wall once again and demanded, "How do we release him? Tell us!"

"He is bound to me! Only I can free him. You're wasting your pathetic time, _Guardians_," he said with scorn.

My eyes were searching the bed sheets; perhaps they would show me the answer. That was when Hiccup broke free from the distressed looking fairy and appeared next to me. He laughed something like a choked giggle and then threw his arms around my neck. Sobs bubbled up from his lips and I wrapped my chained hands up his back.

It'sâ€¦Hiccupâ€¦he's alright. He's alive andâ€¦and the Guardians are here andâ€¦

Everything was going to be alright.

And I accepted it instantaneously.

13. For the Life of Me

****A/N:** Wow...just ugh. This chapter. GUYS. I'm not kidding, this was hard to write. A bitch, an absolute BITCH. ARGH. I hope you enjoy.

****WARNING:** Sex. A tad bit graphic, but not disgusting. I try to make my lemony-smut cute and fluffy while still getting the point across, if you know what I mean. ALSO. BIG ALSO. Hiccup is...top. But he's older - 18 in fact. But if that upsets you, then please don't hate! I'll probably make Jack be top in later chapters, but this is what my fingers decided to write! So deal with it. Or don't read. Your choice. (Also Jack says the word "shit" almost like, twenty times. Ignore him, he's being a baby.)******

****Thanks for staying with me guys, it's been like...freaking weeks now. Love ya all. ****

****(Oh and one last thing. Ignore errors, pleeease. There will most likely be a few. I'm much too tired to re-read this thing right now.)**

>

****And one ONE last thing! This story isn't over yet! This won't be the last chapter, there will be more. So this ISN'T the ending! :] I'm just not sure when the next chapter will be up.
>**

*** * ***

><p>Chapter 13: For the Life of Me<p>

It was finally that time. The moment I would stop running and hiding away from the fear and abhorrent feelings that had settled deep inside of me for all those three hundred years. I was scared, of course I was scared. Who wouldn't be? Who welcomes death upon themselves, aside from the internally depressed and insane? I wasn't one of those. I was completely sane and I wasâ€|happy to live. To be on the earth and to breathe in the air around me every day of my existence. I surely wasn't planning on dying so soonâ€|parting the world with so little accomplished.

Though, when I locked eyes with the boy named Hiccup, our stares festering and growing to the outright state of being true, wellâ€|that's how I knew. This was it. The end of me and the end of the nightmares that plagued us both.

I was going to end it.

"Hold him back; Northâ€|I know what we have to do nowâ€|" I spoke with airy compliancy that I couldn't even understand in my own ears. The words felt empty and spacey, lost to the one who had spoken them. I tried to pretend that perhaps this was just a dream once again. It was always easier to think that way.

The older man turned from the nightmare whom he had been glaring at, then looked very perplexedly back at me. "Whatâ€|what do you mean, Jack?"

Moving Hiccup away from my body so that I had no room to reconsider, I said with sternness, "Just hold Pitch back!"

The boy to my left turned and stared at me with cold eyes. He spoke slowly as if not to upset the balance. "Jackâ€|? What are you thinking?"

I could hardly look at himâ€|"I was too frightened. I didn't want this to be our last goodbye. But I knew deep down that it had to be. So instead of giving in to that fear, I swallowed my pride and looked back into those green depths. "Everything's going to be okay, Hic. You go home after this. The Guardians will take care of you. Try and forget what's happened. Maybe you can even forget aboutâ€|" My mouth couldn't form the word I had planned on saying. Anxiety gripped at my heart like a heavy pulsing fist.

Hiccup turned mortified and began clutching at my shoulders, trying to force himself on me, as if that would change my mind. "S-_stop_! You're being stupid again, aren't you? Well I won't let you! We can figure this out, just stop and think about it!"

"I HAVE thought about it, Hic!" I yelled at him, which caused the boy to recoil slightly, looking pained. "I've thought about it. And this is right. This is rightâ€¦I know it isâ€¦" Even though the sentences flowed from my mouth like wild fire, they still held some uncertainty, trapped deep within my soul.

The room was silent besides for Pitch's heavy grunting and cursing. I was certain that he'd be freed any minute and end up wreaking havoc on us all. So I had to hurry things along. Even though we were in front of everyone who could ever see me, I grabbed Hiccup's shoulders and brought his lips onto mine. He seemed shocked beyond all reason when I did and it looked as if he was having a hard time kissing me back. I moved my lips forcefully onto his; I wanted our last kiss to be something to remember.

"_LET ME GO! YOU __**INGRATES**__! I WILL DESTROY EVERY ONE OF YOU_!"

Pitch's voice was distance yet so very thunderous in my ears.

When I pulled back and looked at the boy in my arms I tried on a small smile, just for him. For Hiccup and Hiccup alone. "I love youâ€¦I love you _so_ muchâ€¦" I forced back the crying that was welling behind sore tear ducts.

The brunet shook his head back and forth. "I'm not losing youâ€¦I'm not losing you tooâ€¦"

"_LET GO OF ME_!"

I winced. "And I'm not losing _you_ eitherâ€¦You'll be fine. I love youâ€¦" I told him again with assurance this time. "You have to let me do this. I promised I'd save youâ€¦"

"You're an _idiot_!" he shouted, Pitch's voice mixing with his. "You're such a fucking idiot!"

His words cut like daggers into the soft flesh of my ears, but I tried my best to ignore them. He was upset and scared, just like I was.

"I'm so sorry, Hiccupâ€¦I'm so sorry about Toothless. And-and about putting you in this situation. Iâ€¦maybe I should have never spoken to you that day in the woods, Iâ€¦"

Hiccup slapped me across the face and sent pain to erupt in my burning face. I looked back at him with watery eyes. His were stone cold, but the rivulets of tears were starting to form and trace lines down his face. "Damn you, Jack Frostâ€¦_Damn_ youâ€¦"

All I could seem to muster was a sigh as I held his body close to mine, Pitch's screams echoing in both our ears. The Guardians stood all around us, watching with trailing eyes, observing Pitch, waiting for what was about to become.

I felt like maybe they were starting to understand everythingâ€”my plan. And perhaps they felt it was right as well.

"I've lived long enough, Hicâ€”it's your turn now. I-I _want_ to do thisâ€”"

"You're so stupidâ€”I can't live without youâ€”" he sobbed into my arms, grasping at my back with nails digging into my skin.

I flinched slightly but laughed a little into the dark air. "You _can_â€”You've lived without me before. What's the difference nowâ€”?"

"_I love you_â€”"

A noise resounded in my throat that I hardly meant to make. Something like a small sound of realization and my teeth grinded against one another in a dejected act of vacillation. I was sure I'd never hear him say those words. Actually, I was so certain of that fact that I'd removed any inkling of it from my mind and practically made it a lie in my own head.

Hiccup didn'tâ€”he didn't really love me, he couldn't possiblyâ€”

"I love youâ€”please don't leave meâ€”" The boy was crying in my arms, weeping, begging me to stay.

And I wanted to so badlyâ€”

But for his sake and protection, I couldn'tâ€”I wasn't going to.

With a heavy, weighted heart, I pushed the boy away from my body and kissed his forehead. "I have to do this, Hicâ€”"

"Do _what_?!" he screamed, brushing me off quickly with a terribly harsh tone. I could hear the anger in his words, but he was mostly just petrified. "What are youâ€”what are you going to do, Jack?"

I took a solid breath then let it out slowly, the air curling into frost around my nose, some of it sticking into Hiccup's hair. "I'm bound to Pitchâ€”so I'm ending us both. Right nowâ€”"

Turning away from the disordered boy, I looked to North. "Get everyone out of this room. I'll take care of himâ€”"

Pitch roared at me, like a tiger about to pounce behind barred walls.

The man in red was just as confused as the boy had been. "But Jackâ€”you do not have your staff, or anyâ€”"

"Just _do it_! I know what I'm doingâ€”" I told him sternly, even though the verses forming around my lips seemed worlds away. As if they wanted me to speak them, but my entire being was telling me different. It was a frightening feeling, to say the least.

"_Jack_!" Hiccup yelled my name again. The Guardians were starting to

move, Bunny passed me and I saw his eyes, which were opaque and full of lost emotion. I knew he felt remorse.

I sensed him as he placed a paw on my shoulder from behind. "You're brave, mateâ€¦I guess I've misjudged you."

My stare stayed on the floor and a dejected but real smile crept over my face as he stepped aside. I turned and nodded towards Tooth who was crying as well. Sandy looked pained, his words still stuck inside those lungs though I could tell he wanted to tell me something.

I also sensed the nightmare's glare as the Sandman came and hugged my legs from his short stature below. Something inside of me melted in that small embrace.

"All of these heartwarming goodbyesâ€¦you must be breaking down inside, _Frost_â€¦" Pitch told me softly with a malevolent sneer so I was the only one to hear.

A tear dripped down my cheek and I continued my false upkeep of happiness.

From behind me, Hiccup grabbed onto my torso in a vice grip, making sure that he wouldn't be pried free of me even with a crowbar. "NO! I won't let this happen! I _won't_ let you go!"

"Come on, ankle-biterâ€¦Jack's made up his mind," Bunny said as he tried to force the boy from me.

"Stop! _Stop_ this!"

"I love you, Hiccupâ€¦I always willâ€¦" I spoke gently and quietly while rubbing my thumb along his hand. "I'm doing this because I love you."

"You idiot! You big stupid _idiot_!"

"Someone please take himâ€¦" It hurt so much to say those words. It wounded my insides like a knife had cut my heart directly in two. My knees buckled under the presumably horrific potency. I had so many doubts swimming through my mind and Hiccup was only making things worse.

At that moment, I knew Bunny was picking him up, his large furry arms constraining themselves around the boy's body and taking him away from me by force.

I cried into myself as his voice echoed throughout the confines of my mind. I hated that this had to be how our parting went. Even when Pitch hadn't threatened us, I would have never pictured this to be the way we would leave each other.

My head turned on its own accord and I locked eyes with the brunet. Salt water soaked his face as he was carried through the doorway. Any kind of come back or hurtful words seemed to escape him now. His eyes were telling me everything that his mouth couldn't.

And I made sure to look back at him the exact same way.

Then he was gone.

With pain in my actions, I leered towards the one who had ruined my life and spoke to the other, eyeing him from my peripheral vision. "Just leave, North. I can handle it from here," I said with hardly any emotion.

Pitch couldn't stop grinning.

His voice was sympathetic but yetâ€|strong and determined. "You areâ€|a Guardian now, Jack Frost. Perhaps the Man in the Moon will make things right againâ€|" North told me as he too placed a hand on my shoulder, finally, very gradually and cautiously, letting go of the nightmare king.

I nodded, breaking any kind of contact with either of them. "Thank youâ€|"

When the door had shut, Pitch began to straighten himself out, cracking his neck from side to side. "That giant oaf had quite a hard time holding me back," he spoke airily, while pacing in front of my stilled form.

"Cut the bullshit, Pitch. I'm not about to have a fucking conversation with you," I growled lowly at him.

The man lowered down to my level and looked into my eyes, his golden ones sparkling with demise. "Well then, shall we get down to business?"

In an instant, he reached out and wrapped his dirty fingers around my neck. I gasped and he picked me up from the ground, my cold feet leaving the floor. Laughter filled the air, harsh and evil. "What were you really planning, Frost? Because right now, it seems you have no idea whatsoever. Happy to have your little Hiccup freed, are we?" He slammed me against the nearest wall, breathing into my face; his spit flew onto my cheeks, mixing with the liquid that was already present. "Because now you're stuck with me! For all eternity."

One of his hands snuck into my pants and gripped me roughly. My eyes shot open and they burned with hatred for a split second in time. In my right hand formed the sharpest blade of ice I'd ever held, it cut into my skin by just gripping it against my palm. With one quick bend of my arm, I jammed the object right into my enemies' throat, sinking it deep into his flesh. Pitch's pupils dilated and his fingers slackened around my collar until I was freed. I fell to the floor as he coughed and sputtered with the ice jammed into his neck. My hands were shaking with shameful disgust along with my mind, which informed me that what I was doing was wrong in so many ways.

But as Pitch screamed and thrashed on the floor I created another sharp piece of ice, identical to the previous one.

His enlarged eyes went to my hand, then to my face. He looked even more petrified than I did.

"We will both die here, Pitch Blackâ€|the nightmare king will cease to reign for the rest of eternityâ€|"

His lips parted and he tried to scream but the ice in his flesh was preventing anything from coming forth.

I had to hurry, for soon the ice would melt and Pitch would heal. And I was having doubts again. So many hesitationsâ€¦What if this didn't work? What if it only hurt and thenâ€¦Pitch would hurt me even more?

I had to try. That was the only way I could escape and keep Hiccup safe. Even if I didn't succeedâ€¦It was something I had to do.

My eyes went to the blade between my fingers. It was bloodied, from Pitch's and my own. I gripped it tighter and the gore leaked all around it, pooling onto the ground beneath me. My hands still trembling like earthquakes, I brought the point towards my heart and touched it to my chest.

_Just __**do**__ itâ€¦Just do it, Jackâ€¦_

Breathing was rapid and tears were spewing out of my eyes. I thought that maybe I was too much of a coward butâ€¦then my hand moved and it sank the blade deep into my chest.

My eyes widened into saucers and I took a deep, labored breath. The pain was horrible, beyond anything I'd ever felt before. Though I couldn't stop then, so I kept pushing it further inside, passing the bones and organs that pulsed within me. The scratching and popping noises coming from below were absolutely disgusting and body fluid was bubbling up my throat. I spit and coughed as it dripped down my chin.

Soon, my arm dangled at my side and I leaned limp against the wall, blood trickling down my rib cage. Pitch was crawling towards me, pathetic looking andâ€¦dying. Just like I was.

I slowly faded away, even though I was sure I'd never experienced it before, I somehow knew the feeling all too well. As if I'dâ€¦died already, in a past life of some sort. Yet, I figured it was something welcoming. I longed for the pain in my chest to disappear. Anything to make the hurt go away.

My eyes were blurry but I looked to the nightmare once again.

"I'mâ€¦not afraid toâ€¦" _cough, cough,_ "dieâ€¦"

Pitch screeched and twitched in front of me, his head landing on my leg. Everywhere I looked I saw blood. Instead of everything being gray and black like usualâ€¦it was so _red_.

I imagined the setting sun. I remembered when I sat on that hilltop with the boy I loved, watching as it set in front of us. As if it was rehearsed, just for the two of us.

The memory made me smile and my eyes closed. I felt the weight on my leg but paid it no mind. All I could think of was Hiccup.

I was his Guardian now. And I would always be his protector.

Black and red collide, the sickness passed.

My head is dizzy now.

_It's the endâ€¦ _

â€¦_Time passesâ€¦_

"Whatâ€¦?"

"You're doing it all wrong, boy. This is supposed to be straight. It's too crooked. You'll have to start over."

Looking at his messed up handiwork and then back to the large Viking above him, he sighed and pushed the object to the side of the desk. "Sorryâ€¦" he muttered, placing his chin on his out held hand.

The man named Gobber looked interested for a moment, glancing at the boy with a perplexed gaze, for him anyway. "Something the matter, Hiccup?"

Eyes distant, said boy glanced upwards and then retreated from the stare of the man. "It's beenâ€¦three years todayâ€¦"

With his good hand, Gobber reached up and scratched the back of his neck, the look in his eyes sobering. "You meanâ€¦ahhâ€¦I'm sorry, lad. Why don't you take a break then, hmm? Maybe Astrid will have a talk with ya?"

"Astrid is the last person I want to talk to right nowâ€¦" The boy stood up and started walking away from the workshop. He didn't say another word to the man, but he knew that deep down, he probably should have. Yet there was nothing in his mind to fathom. All he could think of was the pain that tugged on his heart night and day for the past hundreds of days.

Hiccup had grown since then, and not just in size. A couple of inches were added onto his height and he had filled out in some places, though of course he was still the scrawniest Viking to ever live. He'd even started to grow hair on his chin but the look of it offset him, so every time it did appear, he would shave it off with a knife. Today he could feel the prickles lining his face, but he had no motivation to get rid of them.

Sighing, he raised his head from the snow packed pathways to the forest in front of him. He blinked about a dozen times and felt the hurt throbbing in his chest. Ever since he returned those three years ago, Hiccup had visited the forest almost daily in hopes of something happening. Maybe he'd come backâ€¦

Hiccup had to have some kind of hope, because without that, there was basically nothing to live for. He had lost his dragon, his only true friend, and thenâ€¦he lost Jack.

It really upset him to think of his name. Even saying it in his mind was painful to him. When Astrid would speak of the winter spirit, Hiccup always ended up yelling and screaming at her. She learned quickly to never talk of the white haired boy from that point on.

Since Hiccup had returned home to Berk, dragon-less and eyes littered with tears on that terrible day oh so long ago, almost everyone had kept some kind of safe distance from him. Even his father was less

talkative, if that was possible to begin with. Things had gotten even worse than they had been before the Green Death was killed.

"Hiccup!"

That was Astrid, of course. She hadn't lost touch, one of the only people that were still kind to him. Sure he appreciated it, but he would never love her the way he lovedâ€|Jackâ€|

"Hey," he replied, voice sounding even more depressed and aloof than usual.

The blonde was questioning. "What's the matter? I thought you were at Gobber's today."

"Iâ€|I'm going for a walkâ€|I need to clear my head for a bit, that's all," he replied, never making eye contact. He'd lost that kind of skill awhile back. It seemed like forever since he'd really looked into someone's eyes. Perhaps the last time had been when heâ€|

"I'll come with you. We can talk, okay?" She sounded way too happy. Hiccup had to give her credit; of course it must have been pretty difficult to keep some kind of connection with the gloomy teen. Though she still tried really hard and he could see that.

It was just too bad he didn't reciprocate any of the feelings she so terribly wanted him to notice.

"Not todayâ€|I just need to be aloneâ€|"

"Youâ€|fine. Be alone, Hiccup. But one of these days you'll be begging for my company. I know you lost Toothless andâ€|and thatâ€|"

He cut her off abruptly, saving himself from hearing the name. "Stop, alright? I get it. I'm a terrible friend and I can't do anything right anymore. I get it, Astrid, just leave me aloneâ€|"

She began to cry a little, he could hear it in her voice. "I won't stop caring about you, Hiccup Haddockâ€|"

"â€|Okayâ€|" He started walking away from her even if he felt like total and complete shit, he still wasn't about to stick around and make the feelings deteriorate. Being unaccompanied was the only thing that made him slightly happy anymore. He could hardly stand seeing the other teens with their dragons, so he avoided them. Dragon training had died down immensely after Toothless was gone. Astrid tried to keep it going, but Hiccup had been the instructor. She didn't know as much about the reptiles as he did anyway so it was futile in the end. Still, they kept the animals around and Hiccup would become extremely jealous and saddened by just seeing one of them.

"I miss you, budâ€|" he spoke out loud while his one booted foot crunched in the snow. It hardly snowed those past three years. They had gotten maybe a foot or two each short-lived winter. There were dry patches of grass he could see and that made him angry.

Berk wasn't Berk anymore without the hail and snow storms.

And Hiccup wasn't Hiccup without his dragon Toothless and the boy named Jack Frost.

He ended up sitting by a pond. It was completely iced over. Hiccup had considerations of perhaps stepping out onto it, maybe just to test if it was really as unbreakable as it looked. But the fear of falling through stopped him short of those actions.

His thoughts drifted for what seemed like hours. He thought of when he left that appallingly dark room, his eyes being forcibly pulled away from the one he loved. What had happened after the Guardians took him away? Was Jack still alive somewhere out there? Hiccup wanted to think that, so tremendously he pleaded with his mind to believe that fantasy.

_Jack will come back for you. He's still alive out there somewhere, waiting for the right time to come and see you. And he'll bring Toothless with him and then everything will be okay. Everything will be right again. _

"Stupid!" he voiced slowly, tossing a rock onto the pond. It was dumb to think that way. He was an adult now; he had turned eighteen almost a month prior. He couldn't afford those fleeting thoughts of happiness. The only thing they were good for was giving him false hope and lifting his spirit high up on a pedestal, then crushing it to dust sooner or later.

"So fucking stupid!" He was crying again, but he tried to hold it back, feeling like such a weakling. Boys cried "men didn't. He was a man, even if he caught himself denying that fact daily. He was grown up now, right?

_Stop crying! stop crying! _

He held his face in his palms, slapping it a couple of times. Instead of returning his thoughts to the fallen, he looked to the sky and soaked in its beauty. How he missed flying.

It seemed whatever he looked at, whatever he thought of, everything just ended up going right back to the bad things that had happened.

"It's been three years, Hiccup! pull yourself together!" the brunet mumbled to himself. Even after fifty years, though, he figured it would still be the same. Maybe he was doomed to live that kind of life. Or perhaps he was just being stubborn and fighting the reasons to accept things. He fought with Astrid. He fought with his father. He fought with friends just because he was too weak to really grasp the situation thoroughly. It was too scary to even think about!

Of course he knew they were both gone, but the little memories and feelings of hope were what kept him so distant from people, his friends and father.

And he would give them all up for just a chance at getting back what he had lost.

With a stick in his palm, he began drawing into a patch of dirt beside his metal prosthetic. He drew Toothless and the winter sprite.

Above it, he traced a small heart in-between the two and a tear landed onto the gravel.

He muttered out a curse word. "Dammit!" and then threw the stick out onto the pond. It cracked and skidded to a halt then broke a bit of the ice. Hiccup was thankful that he hadn't tried walking out onto it beforehand.

Eyes on the stick, he watched it drift and float in the water that leaked onto the top of the ice. And then beside the stick he saw a pair of bare feet. It was starting to snow.

His mind was in shambles as eyes trailed upwards and he witnessed a person lean down and pick up the fallen twig. The being walked forward, ice staying completely unbroken underneath those cold feet. And when Hiccup finally met his stare for the first time in three years, he couldn't help but stand up, awkwardly stumbling on his fake foot and then he smiled, large and true.

"Hey there, Hiccup!"

...

Said boy fell to the ground, catching himself with one hand, he sped forward and I hardly had enough time to get off the ice before he collided himself into my freezing body. The warmth he emitted was overwhelmingly thick and sweet I almost collapsed.

And without any kind of notice, I then did as his weight became too much to hold up. We fell to the earth and the boy put his entire body mass on top of mine, pinning me to the snowy ground. We both started laughing, Hiccup was blubbering out words that I couldn't possibly comprehend and I ran fingers through his hair. It didn't even matter that he was crushing my lungs; all that mattered was that we were together again.

"_Jack_ Jack it's really you it's really you, it can't be you, it c-can't. This can't be real this isn't r-really real you're really here? You're seriously here oh my gods oh my..."

"Hic...hey, it's okay. It's okay. I'm here now I'm here!" I patted his head again and wrapped my other arm tightly around his waist. I kept whispering words into his ear and he was slowly melting all over me, tears falling into my hair, freezing in an instant.

He laughed haughtily and then pulled away for a quick moment, smiling down at me, his eyes almost totally closed from the force of such a grin. "I can't believe this is really happening." Sniffing up his tears he pulled me back upwards until I was basically sitting in his lap, being devoured by kisses to my cheeks and nuzzlings of his nose into the nape of my neck.

The attention was almost too much to handle. I loved it so much.

When I turned towards him and our eyes locked I didn't even have two seconds before he leapt forward and happily meshed his lips with mine. It'd been so long since I'd felt this kind of heat. All that time in darkness. Right up until the moon showed up and told me it

was time once again for Jack Frost to returnâ€¦I'd been so alone. Every waking moment was spent thinking of this boy. The boy and his dragon. The chocolate haired, adorable, reptile obsessed, short and awkward teen.

Who was now a little less of each of those things.

Hiccup dominated quickly, his teeth tugging at my lower lip, pulling and tongue flicking outward to run itself along my flesh. I shivered, not because I was cold, but because he was so hot.

Once again I was lowered into the slush from beneath him. It was almost like the other male couldn't control himself around me, like how I had acted with him before. His body was larger, seeing as how I had spent a long time in perpetual darkness; I guess that was to be expected. Though he was as built as I was now, his strength matching my own. My hair rested in the snow and he pushed further into me, our bodies forming together like two puzzle pieces that had been misplaced for much too long.

When the kiss was broken, I turned to the side of his head, my lips beside his ear. "Shitâ€¦you really missed me, huh?"

"I can't even begin to explainâ€¦" he practically moaned out the words. I felt his hips shift on top of mine and I gasped a little, the fire burning inside my chest was heaving and ready to escape. It'd been an eternity since I'd felt this way and Hiccup was sure as hell pushing it along.

"H-Hicâ€¦you're gunna need to stop, alright? You haven't even said hello yetâ€¦" I laughed a little, my eyes roaming the trees and sky above me.

I saw him bite the corner of his mouth and the blush across his face deepened. "Sorryâ€¦I'm sorry I justâ€¦" He didn't finish, instead he lowered his lips and put them terribly close to mine. His somewhat larger hands were roaming; one landed on my hip and the other was holding my head up from the floor. I felt his thumb as it began to play with the seams of my pants.

"Helloâ€¦Jack," Hiccup spoke in such a husky tone that it caused my breathing to hasten. The only other time the brunet had been this sensual was when we were in the guest room at the Pole. I wanted this to go on for forever. Maybe I was stupid for trying to stop himâ€¦yetâ€¦

"You've grownâ€¦" I muttered as I mentally observed Hiccup's fingers in my mind. They were still fiddling with my clothes, pulling and tugging just a little.

"It's been three yearsâ€¦I turned eighteen last monthâ€¦" the brunet said with a low voice, so much deeper than I had formerly remembered.

The realization hit so severely, my thoughts crashing into a brick wall that was everything I ever evoked. "Y-you'reâ€¦_older_ than me nowâ€¦?"

Hiccup laughed a little, his pointer finger resting beneath my belt strap. "I thought you were over three hundred years old, Jack?"

I became flustered for some damn reason. "N-not my body! I'm justâ€¦shit, this is fucking weirdâ€¦"

The older male just sighed and smiled then hugged me once again. "I haven'tâ€¦laughed in three yearsâ€¦_that's_ what's weird."

His words brought me to a halt. Had I really been gone for that long? Sure it _did_ feel like I had spent years trapped with nothing to stare at but dust particles, butâ€¦three whole years? And Hiccup had been alone all that time, just like I had. He hadn't even laughed. I guess I was surprised that he still could.

"It really feels likeâ€¦like this isn't happening. I thought all this time that you would come back, but I still had plenty of doubts. I had hoped thatâ€¦you'd bring Toothlessâ€¦as wellâ€¦"

I lowered my head slightly and frowned, thinking of the dragon and how it had been so meaninglessly murdered right in front of his eyes.

"I'm so sorry Hic, Iâ€¦"

He began shaking his head back and forth sharply, ending my sentence short. "Iâ€¦it's okay. You're here. You're here now and that's more than I could have ever asked for. The godsâ€¦maybe they don't hate me so much after all."

"It wasn't the gods, Hicâ€¦the Man in the Moon brought me backâ€¦" I told him while craning my neck a little. Hiccup was still straddling me and I still had a bit of a hard on. It was so strange; I'd always thought that this would be the other way around. I allowed the boy get the advantage; I wouldn't let him next time.

"Man in the Moonâ€¦" spoke Hiccup thoughtfully, his fingers were starting to go further into my trousers. I was just thinking of the right time to stop him, or maybeâ€¦if I wanted to at all. "Whoever he isâ€¦I'd like to thank him."

"He's an asshole for making us both wait this longâ€¦" I mumbled and Hiccup kissed my cheek.

The boy licked my flesh there and I rolled my eyes a little. "I don't careâ€¦none of it matters. Everything will be okay nowâ€¦"

His optimism was something to admire. Even though his dragon remained dead and I was still immortal and invisible to everyone, he was still so purely happy, if only to see me once again.

I would make moments like these last forever if I could.

"Jackâ€¦"

I looked towards him and blinked a couple of times. "Yeah?"

The chestnut haired boy took a deep breath, eyes a little distance and weary. I had no idea what he was about to say. "I'mâ€¦I think I'm ready to have sex with you now."

Darting eyes in my head searched the surrounding area for answers that would never come. What changed his mind? Spending all that time without me, maybe? Thinkingâ€¦of me, for three years in a growing teenage body?

Oh shitâ€¦what if heâ€¦what if he thought of me andâ€¦

I probably would haveâ€¦if I could have. I was trapped, without movement and without time or space. There was nothing I could do for all that time but exist without really existing. But Hiccup had been living and breathing and walking the Earth. He had spent countless nights thinking about me and wondering where I was or if I was alive. Hiccup missed me enough to tackle me to the floor when he first laid eyes on me and kiss the living hell out of me too.

And nowâ€¦now he was above me, telling me he was ready to give everything he had to the one who had lusted after him ever since they had met.

It was overwhelmingly confusing yetâ€¦I could still form some words past my utterly quiet lips. "Y-youâ€¦you wantâ€¦r-right now?"

A very embarrassed smile lit up his features and he tried not to connect his eyes to mine. "Well, I meanâ€¦I'd rather not, _do it_â€¦right here, thoughâ€¦" He laughed to finish the jumbled up sentence then looked at me with bright green eyes. "But I don't really care, either way. Now isâ€¦now is fine. Now is good. Great, actually, Iâ€¦well, yeahâ€¦"

God, he is so fucking uncomfortable and it's so damn adorable andâ€¦

"Canâ€¦can we go to your house?" I asked with uncertainty in my voice.

Hiccup thought about my proposal for a moment, his discomfiture clouding almost every aspect of his face. "Yeahâ€¦I uh, I think my dad is gone for the day. W-we should be safe."

I let out a small huff of a laugh. "Safe, hu?"

"Yeah, safeâ€¦" he repeated, clumsily bringing both his appendages to himself once again. I wiggled free of the boy and stood up, holding out a hand to help the other as well.

Our eyes interlocked and I wanted to kiss him again so badly. And then he stood, tall in front of me andâ€¦

"Andâ€¦and taller than me!?" I yelled, mortified by the mere comprehension. Hiccup held a hand in front of his lips to hide his snigger but I saw right through him. "Goddamnitâ€¦I'll never fucking grow and you're just going to keep getting biggerâ€¦I can't believe I've lost three years' time. From now on you're just going to be older than me."

It was silent for a moment and thenâ€¦"I'm sorryâ€¦" He apologized as if it were his fault.

"There's no reason to be sorryâ€¦" I mumbled under my breath though he heard me just fine. With a bit of hesitance, Hiccup reached

forward and placed his hand into mine. Our fingers came together and I felt whole again.

It took only minutes until we were in front of that house once more. Honestly, it felt like I'd been there in another century, rather than a couple of years. Time passed so strangely for meâ€”always changing, never the same.

I followed the slightlyâ€”taller boy up the stairs, the house looked precisely the same way I had last seen it. That comforted me somewhat. It hadn't been _that_ long. I'd lived for three hundred years and I was starting to think that three was an eternity?

Well, it _was_ an eternity to spend away from the one I loved, thoughâ€”

Hiccup closed the door behind us and started picking at his finger nails nervously. "Uhâ€”so, yeah, he's not homeâ€”"

"I can see thatâ€”" I laughed a little and started approaching the other male. His breathing was erratic and hoarse; I noticed every detail about him, my eyes taking in all I could. He was starting to cultivate a little bit of stubble on the end of his chinâ€”and that was sexy. "Soâ€”you want to have sex, then, Hiccup?" I saw him swallow visibly and he nodded. "What about all those times before? You'd hardly allow me to touch you back thenâ€”" I didn't have much reason for the question; I was just yanking his chain a little.

The boy bit his tongue and tilted his head to the side a bit, eyes avoiding my approaching form. "Iâ€”I regret not ever doing it with you before. I really doâ€”"

I lowered my eyebrows on my forehead a little and stopped walking. "Youâ€”do?"

He nodded again; fervently this time and I could see his eyes going up and down my length. "I wantedâ€”another chance. And it justâ€”seems like this is it. Like the gods are finally answering my prayersâ€”" It was then Hiccup who was approaching me and I was the one to swallow the spit attached to my mouth. His chest collided with mine and he backed me into the wall.

Stupidâ€”you're letting him take control againâ€”

"Iâ€”finally just realize howâ€”seriously fucking hot you areâ€”" Hiccup spoke throatily and he latched his fingers onto the collar of my jacket, pulling it down to expose the flesh of my neck to his greedy tongue. He licked me eagerly, when he reached my ear he bit down onto it lightly, enough to make me moan behind closed lips.

"Isn'tâ€”isn't this supposed to be the other way aroundâ€”?" I pouted as he lifted up my jacket and pulled it over my head, causing my hair to fall into my eyes when it was thrown to the floor.

Green eyes leered at me and his freckles were so potent. "Maybeâ€”I don't know. This seems right to me." Such heated fingers trailed up my shirt and found their way to one of my nipples. He pinched down on it, swirling his fingers around the soft, pink skin and I mewled in unknown pleasure.

Damn itâ€|damn itâ€|This feels too good butâ€|but Iâ€|

I shut my eyes tightly and then grabbed onto his shoulders, turning and forcing him into the wall that I had just been pinned to. Without giving him any chance to retaliate, I pushed my lips onto his and began to overtake the inside of his mouth with my wet muscle. I swam in the absolute amazing abyss that was kissing him and within moments I had my hands trailing over his body like he had before with mine. Thoughâ€|he wouldn't have anything to do with it.

"S-stopâ€|Jack, Iâ€|" I kissed him again and again and I wouldn't let him speak. I could hear him growling and it only stopped when he started pushing me towards the bed. My head hit the sheets and bounced slightly on the feathered comforter. My chest falling with heavy breathing, I opened my mouth to speak but was cut off by his voice.

"I've already decidedâ€|that I'm going to be the one to do this." He said it with such certainty, as if he'd planned it out in his head before. Just like I had all those years ago.

I instantly shook my skull to disagree. "You thinkâ€|you think _you're_ going toâ€|You want to fuckâ€|_me_â€|?" There was a trace of a unbelievable smile that danced across my lips and lingered there for a few dreadful moments.

Instead of answering me, he grabbed my wrists in slightly sweaty palms and leaned down so that our noses were touching. "Say it againâ€|"

Blinking rapidly, I sputtered out words. "Wha-what? Sayâ€|_what_?"

"You said fuck meâ€|say it again," he whispered and I was wracked in chills that shook my entire being. It made me feelâ€|really good. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. He wasn't a little kid anymore. Andâ€|and I'd get my chance. I guess I would just have to let him have his way this time. He deserved it.

But accepting that fact and actually carrying out what was going to be done, were two entirely different stories.

"Fuck youâ€|" I told him with a sneer, blowing frost onto his hair.

I heard him laugh, joyfully and without any remorse. He was laughing. He was happy and that was all that I cared about. As long as Hiccup was smiling, I'd be okay.

The boy, who was now almost a man, leaned into me and continued kissing my lips. He was strong and didn't let go for minutes. We exchanged saliva, roughly fighting for dominance, my own libido wanting to flip him terribly, but I was held down by those strong hands on mine. Hiccup tasted sweet, like sugar and milk. I couldn't have enough of him. My fingers twitched in their hold, begging to be freed. I wanted to touch him. I just wanted to touch every single fucking inch of him and never leave his embrace for the rest of forever. One of his hands finally liberated a single of mine and instantly went to his pants, undoing the buttons with trembling

fingers.

His palm was on my chest, pushing my shirt over my head, I leaned so that it could be removed completely. When it was, I couldn't really understand the heat boiling in my face as he began to suck on my nipple. The way that tongue darted in and out of his mouth and ran all over my fleshâ€”it was too wonderful. His teeth started to bite down and I saw him gaze at me for a second, my face was probably contorted into one of discomfort and total blushing. I turned away because those eyes were too steely and attractive to bear looking at for more than an instant.

"Whenâ€¦did you get so good at this? Been playing around with Astrid latelyâ€¦?" I wasn't really sure if that was a safe way to put that statement, but I had to ask it somehow.

Hiccup frowned and traced his hand along my hips until he stopped in the middle. "I haven't touched Astrid."

"Butâ€¦has she touchedâ€¦" I held the word in as his large hand grasped my erection. It throbbed and I let a noise escape, it stayed in the air for too long after I'd made it. Dammit, I sounded like such a girl.

Screw this, Iâ€”

"She's triedâ€¦she even kissed me. Butâ€¦" He laughed and continued to move his hand on me, my pants were much too tight, I wished he'd remove them and stop talking about that damn girl. I didn't want to know. I didn't care to hear.

_I don't care anymore, just touch me more. __**Touch**__ meâ€¦_

"She didn't push me. I was too miserable anywayâ€¦"

Those hands were finally unbuttoning me and I held back a smile. I leaned forward to continue my advances on him. It wasn't like I was just going to lean back and let him do everythingâ€¦even if I wasâ€¦going to let himâ€¦

My mind couldn't even wrap itself around the fact that, with the way things were going, Hiccup was going to be inside of me.

I muttered out a curse word when Hiccup pulled my pants down and past my knees, "Shitâ€¦"

"What's wrong?" the boy asked, his fingers slipping into my underwear.

I tried to breathe like a normal person for a moment but that wasn't working very well. "Youâ€¦I don't knowâ€¦I just always thought that I was going to be the one toâ€¦"

He giggled and I felt the pad of one of his fingers brush across my penis. I instantly became a statue. I had almost forgotten when it felt like for him to touch me there and for some reason it all appeared so new, even though we'd done things before. We hadâ€¦I had to practically plead with the kid to doing anything with me. Nowâ€”now he was the one almost begging me...

It was as if the Man in the Moon was mocking me. That damn fucking bastard.

"I always thought that too, actuallyâ€¦"

"Then why do we have to do it this way?!" I was starting to get mad, but only because the approach I had pictured was being distorted so extremely.

Hiccup stopped, tersely pulling his hand away. The look on his face was distant and muddled. "Doesâ€¦it really upset you that much?"

It wasn't that it upset me, it just _off_set me. It was strange. All of a sudden he was taller than me and a month older andâ€¦and I was the little one. I wasn't used to it, and all that time I was ready to be the one to control the small boy. But he was no longer small. He was my size now and this was what he wanted. But I was scared and embarrassed. Being in this state of affairs, somehow I almost knew how Hiccup had felt all those times before. My advances on him must have seemed very abrupt and humiliating. Which in turn would have made every tiny thing that the boy had done totally and entirely justified in more ways than one.

Wowâ€¦I feel like a total idiot.

I let out a sigh through my nostrils and grabbed onto his hand. With a sulk in my guise, I placed his fingers back onto my shorts. "Justâ€¦stop thinking about it and so will Iâ€¦"

A blush seeped over his cheeks that I remembered effortlessly. It reminded me of the days I had used to make fun of him or kiss him without warning so that he would flush bright pink right before my eyes. He was so cuteâ€¦still gorgeous as ever and I suddenly couldn't have enough of him.

My shaking hands wrapped themselves into his dark chocolate hair and I pulled his lips close to mine. A smile lit up my face before I crushed our flesh together and began kissing him once again. It was as if we were meant to kiss one another. Our lips meshed so perfectly against the other's. Nothing in the world was more flawless than when I was with him.

"Iâ€¦" heavy panting interrupted my speech, "Shitâ€¦"

"What?" he asked me slowly while my head hit one of the pillows, our bodies moving so that hips could be firmly pressed together. I hissed sharply when I felt his hardness against mine. They brushed roughly and simultaneously and I felt myself raise my own to meet the heat that just wouldn't stay long enough on an adequate amount of my skin. My teeth scraped together in the precincts of my mouth as Hiccup bit my collar bone.

"Iâ€¦I'm sick of all these damn clothesâ€¦" I growled and tugged at his pants, the buttons were too complicated for my feeble fingers to undo and that just upset me further.

The brunet laughed and brought his own fingers towards his pants, quickly ridding himself of the clothing. Soon he was wearing nothing but a small green under garment and I could see his chest once again. Though this time there were so many different curves and confines to

it. Freckles littered his skin and I wanted to touch every single one of them. My fingers traced along lines and touched his belly button, his stomach flat and firm.

He really has grown up

It took me that long to realize that Hiccup was as old as my body was. He was my equal and shouldn't be treated like a kid anymore. And if Hiccup really wanted to, he could penetrate

"You're you're gunna be in-inside of me, aren't you?"

"That's the plan" Hiccup firmly grasped a side of my ass in one of his hands, massaging it coarsely.

With one eye closed and noises begging to surface from my throat, I said, "Don't think that I'm always going to be this nice. I'll have my way with you next time"

"Yeah?" his voice was sexual and prying, "How so?"

I barked out a small laugh, my eyes scanning his towering form. "You've become quite the pervert, haven't you?"

"Three years thinking of your body has taken its toll on me, Jack Frost Besides, I'm a growing male. And hell if I was going to have sex with Astrid."

I tried on a grin. "She's nnggg, pretty enough. I would have"

"You're full of shit. You always said you hated her," Hiccup told me thickly.

"You swear a lot more now too. Seems like almost everything about you has changed."

He snickered yet again. "Not everything"

I laid my head back onto the soft, warm pillow and let the other's warmth envelop me. "You're still a little shit, you mean?"

In a spilt second, what was left of my clothing was torn from my body and Hiccup's hand had gravitated towards my groin. He began rubbing and smothering me in heat that I hardly knew anything of. It was so hot I was starting to drool out the side of my mouth as I hung my head limp against the cushion.

"Fuck" I grinded out the word like chalk and dust through my teeth. My lips parted and closed, then continued those motions. A monster roared within my gut and began trying to crawl its way out, gurgling up from my belly into my hips and centering around my erection. Eyesight was blurring and nothing seemed real, almost like when I had been alone for all that time not even hours ago. It was so different and practically impossibly erotic that I had a hard time comprehending anything. As I turned my head from side to side, I noticed that Hiccup wasn't stopping. He was going to make me come, the idiot. My chest tightened and so did everything else. "S-stop"

He slowed and leaned forward, hovering over me. "I have to admitâ€¦this _is_ kind of weirdâ€¦"

"No fucking shit, you dolt," I rumbled, kneading the back of my hand along my cheek to rid myself of the slobber that had accumulated there. "You sure you've got the guts to do this? We can always switch, you know." The anticipation in my voice was obvious, but he didn't back down.

"I'm not scared," he pronounced austerely.

"Well do you even know what to doâ€¦?" I raised an eyebrow, trying to recollect myself after having been brought up and completely cut off like that. It was hard to stop the twitching and I had to keep looking away from him, his naked chest and that look were way too arousing. I saw the brunet shake his head in front of me, his eyes trailing the room, distant. With a sigh, I ran some fingers through my hair and tugged at a few pieces that dangled to the side. "So what, you just planned on fucking me senseless without any knowledge of how it's done?"

"Well how would _you_ know?" he asked me while having arms crossed on his chest. His pupils were looking me up and down, scrutinizing me very existence.

I inherently pulled my legs together as to hide my prominent erection and then spoke slowly to the boy. "I'm invisible to everyone. I've seen it before."

"That's disgustingâ€¦" He eyed me, a smirk resting somewhere in that stare.

My eyes rolled dramatically and I reached to his bedside table. "We're going to need some kind of lubricant or this isn't happening, no way."

He turned startled and leaned forward as if to stop me from looking in the drawer. "W-wait...there's nothing in there, Jack, Iâ€¦"

My throat felt dry as I pulled out a stack of papers, each one with a drawing of myself on it. Some were sketches, others were full bodied portraits, drawn perfectly, each one of my hairs traced onto the brown pad.

I kept looking at them, flipping one over to reveal a more artistic one than the last. "What are theseâ€¦?"

"Drawingsâ€¦I doodle a lot, they're stupid. Justâ€¦" He reached for them and I jerked away, continuing my overturning. He appeared quite angered.

"No they're notâ€¦they're really good. Why are they all of me?" I finally looked at him and the blush was more noticeable than ever.

A weary hand went into his hair and he itched at a patch of it, looking extremely perplexed. "Iâ€¦justâ€¦because you're all I ever thought aboutâ€¦Three years and I didn't once forget the way your smirk showed just the top rim of your teeth orâ€¦or how your hair sparkled in the sunlight like the way the snow did just after it fell

to the ground. It's, dumbâ€¦ Sounds stupidâ€¦ saying it now."

I shook my head slowly, setting the pictures down back onto the table then scooted towards the boy who wasn't looking anywhere near me. I used a finger to lift up his chin then smiled at him sweetly. "I think they're greatâ€¦"

Tears welled in his eyes and he bit his lower lip. "T-thank youâ€¦"

"You're welcomeâ€¦" We embraced and he fell onto me once again. Being totally naked, it was still moderately difficult to concentrate on much else but that moment was so pure and heart wrenching, I didn't want to ruin it.

His lips hovered near my ear as he said, "I have some aloe on my dresserâ€¦ That could workâ€¦"

Hiccup was still very serious about this, it seemed. So I had to be as well, not that I didn't want to be. I was just nervous, is all. Reallyâ€¦ nervous.

"O-okayâ€¦ just, uhâ€¦ go fetch it then?"

The boy stumbled slightly as he walked towards the wooden piece of furniture in the corner of the room that I had noticed plenty of times before. A small bottle of white, milky liquid sat on top and he took it swiftly. The way Hiccup headed back for me was amusing, as if he had just noticed and was trying to hide the fact that he was only in his underwear.

He tossed the object towards me and it landed in my fingers, though I almost dropped it. "Will that work?"

"Have you used it before?" I turned it over in my hands.

He spoke quickly. "Yes."

Such confidence for such a shy boyâ€¦

"Well, then it should be fineâ€¦" I handed it back to him and he still looked confused. My fingers enfolded around his hand in an irritated stupor. "I swear to god, if you're just going to be difficult like this, I'll end up taking over," I grumbled as I uncapped the lid of the bottle and emptied some of the contents into his palm. I tried my hardest to look away from his eyes, because my own face was heated and scorching like a hot summer's day. A bit of sweat was starting to form in my hands, even though there were no clothes on my skin. With a chaste finger I pointed towards his metal foot. "I'd also be careful of that if I were youâ€¦"

The brunet glanced to where I had indicated and then returned to stare at the bed sheets. "Oh, it's healed a lot over the yearsâ€¦ I can even take it off nowâ€¦" He reached down and removed the prosthetic so that there was just a small bump where his foot used to be. I looked away quickly and he lowered his gaze. "Does that disgust youâ€¦?"

Shaking my head, I made sure to look at him this time. "Noâ€¦ no of course not."

He seemed reassured enough, because he soon hung over me again like a fire lamp, warming me with just his body heat. I shivered when his digits, covered in the slick liquid, traced my over lower regions. My body began flinching uncontrollably and I used my fingers to dig into his shoulder blades in an attempt to hold myself together. The nail of one of his fingers traced a line across the sensitive sack then trailed its way towards my opening that was only a few inches lower. At that point in time I could hardly breathe anymore and lying still on my back was a major struggle in on its own.

"Youâ€¦you know what you're doingâ€¦r-right, Hic?" I managed to ask, the words ended up being caught in my throat little by little, supporting me even though my body was collapsing under invisible weight.

The way he looked at me was too suggestive and too striking; I hardly had to keep eye contact with him for a couple of seconds before I was turning away once again for fear of exploding from pure mortification.

"Iâ€¦think soâ€¦you're going to beâ€¦t-_tight_â€¦?"

I swallowed and closed my eyes, pretending for a moment that this wasn't such an uncomfortable situation. Even though I felt the utmost sexual drive, everything was still so odd and unexpected that I couldn't grasp it all.

"Y-yesâ€¦and the only way this is going to work is ifâ€¦I'm properly, uhâ€¦stretchedâ€¦" I put a hand over my face and buried myself underneath it. Saying those words was a little too much for me to handle. I felt like such a child. "You see? I wouldn't have had to say any of this if you would have just let meâ€¦"

"I think it's cuteâ€¦" Hiccup removed my hand and smiled down at me.

I glared back at him with maximum potency. That word was undeniably something I never wanted to hear him refer to me as. I was not cute, I was manly and strong and dominative. "Call me cute again and I'll leave this room with my virginity still intact."

Hiccup's eyes widened and he looked slightly tense and cautious, regret was present. "S-sorryâ€¦But you reallyâ€¦"

I put my hand over his mouth. "Just shut up, alright?"

He nodded fanatically and my eyes went to his hand, which was shivering as if I was colder than he could handle. I could feel it against me, the trembling. My eyes lidded over and I glanced at him sturdily, there was a veiled sentiment growing within him, triggering these quivers. The beating of blood through his veins was existent when I clutched onto his skin tightly. His heart was going faster than I'd ever remembered.

My lips moved but the words had a hard time surfacing. "Areâ€¦are you even ready for this?"

Blinking a few wandering drops of liquid out of his eyes that had accumulated, he shook his head but then bobbed it; the shuddering was

there as well. "I've beenâ€¦I've been ready for three yearsâ€¦"

"You don't look prepared at allâ€¦" I wasn't meaning to put him down or convey to him that he was unfit for any of this; I was just concerned for his wellbeing and state of mind. I had showed up out of the blue after years of practically being dead to him. How was that affecting his mind? Was he really thinking everything through like he planned? Or was this just spontaneous and rash, his feelings and emotions getting in the way of his rational thought?

I could sense his fingers against my lower half, pulling away and then touching again. The flush in my cheeks had intensified, I probably couldn't handle much more, even if I wanted this all figured out before anything was taken into consideration.

His throat made a growling noise, something I used to think was impossible for such an adorable, small child to produce. But againâ€¦he wasn't who he used to be. He was still Hiccup, of course, but his body had changed almost beyond my recognition. Everything about it was different now, and that, honestly, scared me as well the more I thought about it. I had been lost to the world for three measly years and in that time, he had grown and matured and things had changed in his life. I wanted to know everything he had done, what had happened and who he had become. And it seemed like it was all being so rushed, not that I was complaining, butâ€¦

"I'mâ€¦sorry, I'mâ€¦" A bit of the old Hiccup was shining through, whether he had planned that or not. I could see it, like flashing lights pointing towards his face. It was comforting, warming to take in. "I'm scaredâ€¦I don't want to mess anything up, that's allâ€¦"

I laughed a little disdainfully and replied, "I feel the same way."

The brunet seemed taken aback in the next few seconds and he put a hand on my cheek to run a thumb along the bone underneath my eye, wiping away invisible tears that I thought maybe were really there without my knowledge. "You could never make a mess of any thingâ€¦"

All this time I had told myself it was my fault. Everything that had happened, Toothless' death, the nightmares, Hiccup's abduction, the time he spent in that cage, alone and scared and starving. I disappeared from his life and that was because of me. Pitch had been after me, not Hiccup. He only took every chance to hurt me and Hiccup had gotten in the way of that.

Butâ€¦the boy didn't think that way. He never once had those thoughts, brief or second guessing. And I could tell by just staring into those deep, emerald eyesâ€¦eyes that I had longed to see for so long. Tears welled and I blinked them away quickly, then he really did smear them away.

With my lips pursed together tightly, I began shaking my head. I blinked my eyes and looked at the ceiling then back at him, attempting to hold in my feelings. "I've missed you so much, Hiccupâ€¦"

"I've missed you moreâ€¦" he answered, gazing abysmally into my

glassy orbs with his equally watery ones.

The spit in my mouth was clinging to my tongue and when I moved the muscle, it made a small noise which rendered me look away from him in embarrassment. I used one of my hands and began to rub his back, feeling the curves and delineations that the skin formed tightly around. My fingers gripped and then I transiently glanced back at him. He was smiling so broadly and naively that I had to snicker a little.

With the grin still in place, a small laugh derived from his throat as well and he leaned forward a little, touching our foreheads together. I began pulling on his back, urging his body to meet mine. Suddenly, I very much disliked the empty space between us. So with a bit of a simper, I lifted my hips and rubbed my somewhat soft member against the thin cloth that protected his own.

A hotly breath fled his lips and in an instant he bucked his own hips back at mine, crushing me into the bed and causing my esophagus to yelp. The other male's was making noises I'd only once ever heard before. It was so hot and he was burning me. I felt that maybe I'd end up with scorch marks after all this was over. I ran my hands along his neck, jerking at it, dragging on him, begging for more heat and additional friction. He gave it to me willingly, triggering my sex drive to shoot sky high and my body to vibrate with something close to euphoria.

"Putâ€|put your fingerâ€|" I couldn't finish, he was biting my neck and sucking on it so hard I almost couldn't breathe let alone speak. "_Hiccup_â€|" I moaned out his name, the only thing I could basically muster. I hated that feeling, but I loved how he was justâ€|enveloping my whole self, as if I was the only thing in the world he wanted.

Without any kind of warning, the boy's other hand, which had been inactive for quite a while, came to life and started nudging, searching for the access to my body. When he found it, one of his fingers began poking me and my breaths were coming out my nose, short and labored. My mouth opened slightly and I felt my teeth chatter when he actually slipped the gooey digit about half an inch inside of me. The fire was burning me and I wasn't able to breath. Hiccup noticed and I think he was about to pull away but I shook my head. "Don'tâ€|"

He spoke so quickly I had a hard time understanding. "Don't what? Am I hurting you?"

Scoffing I retorted, "Idiotâ€|if this hurt me then we'd never be able to have sexâ€|" I grimaced and looked away from him, wanting dreadfully to hide my face under the pillow. I was so embarrassedâ€|

He's actuallyâ€|

"Soâ€|should I keep going?"

"You talk too muchâ€|" I slurred.

He was silent as the finger twitched and descended only a bit further into my entrance. I sunk my front teeth into my tongue to keep the

girly sounding noises from escaping.

Our breathing was the only thing I could hear, that and the sticky noises emanating southward. It felt so strange, to have something there, something unwelcomed and soâ€¦hard. It scraped at the tender surface which in turn told my brain that it didn't belong there at all. I was starting to have so many second thoughts about what we were doingâ€¦what he was doing. I was supposed to be the one fingering himâ€¦I used to think about it all the time. Though, this wasn't unusual, probably. Glancing at the situation quickly, it would be normal for him to take the most control. Not that he was much taller than I was, maybe a couple of inches, but there was just something about him that, now, screamed possessiveness. The roles were reversed. I remembered when I had called Hiccup mine and how he'd reacted so negatively. And now, the look in his eyes said I was his. But he was also mine as well. Hiccup would always be mine. Just because he was on top of me at that very moment didn't mean I couldn't be in the same position.

I had to keep my pride in tact through this situation if it was the last thing I did.

"Are you okayâ€¦? Sorry, you don't want me to talkâ€¦" Hiccup spoke and I glanced towards him, my eyes sparkling.

"I'm fineâ€¦thinking about a lot, that's," his finger swirled a little, touching against my soft tissue and I had to interrupt myself with an inhalation that was separated into three different huffs, "fineâ€¦y-you can talk."

While nodding, he continued his motions and I didn't stop the stupidly strenuous gasps. I even let a few sounds resound into the air and linger there, though I tried to ignore them as best I could. They were humiliating me and I wished them away.

The finger was now, I guessed, about halfway inside of me. He was going slow which I commended him for yet detested as well. It was absolutely exasperating to deal with this so gradually. I almost just wanted it done and over with so I could look forward to screwing him the next time we were alone.

Not thatâ€¦I didn't like thisâ€¦as much as I hated to admit it. Because I did. I loved this.

I'm such a hypocriteâ€¦

I lowered one of my legs because it was cramping and Hiccup shifted as well to lean on his elbow. He used his other hand to rub my eyebrow, passing through my hair and stopping at the corner of my eye. "You're so beautifulâ€¦" he whispered.

"Youâ€¦called me that once beforeâ€¦" I tried to laugh but was interrupted by the whimpers that swayed in my mouth.

The brown haired male nodded and smiled further. "I rememberâ€¦though it seems like forever agoâ€¦I still can't believe you're really here with me."

"Iâ€¦I still can't believe you're eighteen years oldâ€¦"

He laughed at me and kissed my lips lightly. I tasted honey and when he tried to pull away I didn't let him. I kept those lips on mine and lavished in his temperateness. My enthusiasm must have pushed him to go a little faster because his hand jabbed forward and stuck into me like a dagger thrusting into pale flesh. My eyes shot open and I snarled when he sucked on my lip.

"_Ahhh_â€|a little warning next time, _idiot_â€|"

"You're so mean to me nowâ€|" He strained to sound offended but the smile lingered.

"I think it's justified," I stated.

The side of his lip raised then he went back to kissing me again. The way he stuck his tongue inside my mouth was obstinately stubborn and rash, something that was expected of him yet still surprising at the same time. I touched my tongue to his and licked it up and down, entangling our saliva so that I couldn't tell what was mine anymore. A small moan came and rumbled from his mouth and I smiled marginally.

It was about time I started touching him as well. By just roaming my hand along his stomach and creeping towards his middle, I could tell he was excited and anticipating my activities. I let my fingers drape across the bulge and I had to focus on both caressing him and kissing his lips. Which was problematic, only because of the realization that was buzzing around in my brain.

By solely touching him, even though the cloth was in the way, I could tell the mass of what he had become. It was bigger than I remembered. A decent size bigger. Somewhat hefty and thick in my hand, which seemed too small to even grasp it. If I thought about it, he was just about, if not a bit bigger, than I was. Butâ€|that was understandable, right? He had only been fifteen after all and, and kids grew every dayâ€|

I think that Hiccup pulled back only because I had become a bit too unresponsive. I watched as he licked his lips, lapping up any of the access liquid that had gathered, and then he spoke unhurriedly to me, "Feels goodâ€|"

"You've grown here tooâ€|" I mouthed, something telling me that maybe I should have kept my deliberations to myself. So without giving him a chance to answer, I changed the subject promptly, "Iâ€|I'm sad I had to miss three years with youâ€|"

"It's not a big deal," he told me as he began to move his finger in and out of me, electing very soft yet dense whines. I disliked the feeling of it retreating from me, it was painful and distressing, though I was starting to get used to when it remained immobile. "I'm still the same inside."

I was quiet and so was he and then I went completely red in the face, feeling as if I were going to literally melt and condense into a pool on Hiccup's bed beneath him.

He'sâ€|he's going to seriously put this whole thing inside of meâ€|?

I literally couldn't even imagine the pain I was going to be put through.

"_Oh my god_â€|" I whispered and hoped he didn't hear me, but knowing my luckâ€|

"What? You need to talk to me moreâ€|You're starting to scare me, I don't wantâ€""

"This is just weirdâ€|this is so fucking weirdâ€|" Considerations and notions started running through my mind and I was actually thinking about Hiccup being inside of me.

_So weirdâ€|so weird. It's going to hurt. So bad. _

He looked outright perplexed. "You keep saying thatâ€|Do you want to stop?"

Stopping meant not having sex. Stopping meant Hiccup would be unsatisfied, and so would I. Stopping meantâ€|we'd go another day without really giving ourselves to each other.

I knew he wouldn't be mad at me, of course he wouldn't. Hiccup wasn't that kind of person. He loved me and I knew that feeling wasn't transitory at all. Just the fact that he had waited all this time for me conveyed his true sentiments. But did I even want to wait any longerâ€|? I was basically ready to make love with this boy only a few days after I had met him. Though, this wasn't how I had planned or pictured it, the concept was the same nonetheless.

I wasn't about to run from this, just because I was afraid. I had shoved an icy knife through my heart to save this boy; I knew that I would literally do anything for him.

"My minds already made up," I said softly, swallowing my conceit, "I want youâ€"right now. I'm not going to wait." My fingers clenched around his clothed manhood and he panted then stared back at me with lidded eyes.

"Okayâ€|as long, as long you're sureâ€|" One of his eyes was closed as he spoke, that look sending my brain to whirl in a stupor.

Nodding my head and smiling, I leaned my neck back once again and swirled my finger against what I figured to be the head of his penis. "You should take these off, they're getting dirty."

I think he looked down and probably saw the pre-come that had discolored his clothes. The bed creaked as he stood up and took them off, my mouth still hissing because of the quick way he had exited from me so sharply. When he returned, I handed him the glass bottle again, my eyes telling him that we were going to need moreâ€"a lot more.

As he lathered up, my eyes wide and staring at his length, I spoke without apprehending it. "I'm not going to be able to sit for _weeks_â€|"

"Uhh," he fumbled a little and scooted towards me, "Why d-do you say that?"

A sigh exited my lips and I ran my hand slowly across my face. "You really have no idea what you're doing!"

He raised one eyebrow at me and turned a bit skeptical. He didn't climb on top of me this time, maybe for fear of embarrassment. Though I couldn't say that seeing him naked was doing anything but turning me on. "Says _you_"

I poked my tongue into the side of my mouth and then began biting at it. "If your whole cock is going to be inside of me, I'm gunna end up being sore as hell afterwards."

His Adam's apple bobbed and he put a finger to the center of his forehead. "You make it sound like this isn't going to be enjoyable for you at all"

I decided to admit what I was thinking all this time. "I'd just so much rather be the one to fuck you, alright?"

"But you _said_ you were okay with this!" Shock colored his tenor.

"I am! Just...just do it. I'm getting tired of being patient" And I really was. Angry, confused, scared, whatever I was feeling those emotions were already drenched in lust and I wanted him to make me come so terribly bad. "I'm done ruining the mood" You can continue" My eyes closed and I resumed my stare that was trained on the back of my eyelids.

"Y-you're...you're sure?"

"Yes"

He shifted beside me and before I knew it, he had placed the finger back into my opening. I complained and gripped at the blankets beneath me to hold my stability intact. Words wanted to spill from my lips but the only thing that came were disjointed squeaks.

"I'm...gunna add another, okay?"

"Thanks for the update" I murmured, bitterness still soaking my tone.

He seemed unfazed, but mostly because I wasn't looking at him anymore. The hole was too small for the second finger, I evaluated that fast. Abruptly I wanted to run away again, my hands were pushing up against the bed, wanting to free myself from the object that had penetrated me so unkindly.

"Shit...shit, shit," I kept muttering curse words, as if only to soothe myself, convey to my brain that this was all really happening.

_Keep it together" It's not even that bad"

"Ow! _SHIT_" I yelped in pain when he separated his fingers apart, causing my skin to feel like it was being ripped in two.

Hiccup's voice was cautionary and intoxicating. "S-should I stop? Are you okay?"

I growled lowly. "You should stop listening to meâ€|that's what you should doâ€|"

"Waitâ€|_what_?"

Reaching for his arm, I clasped onto the appendage and jerked it forward, causing his fingers to travel deeper inside of me. My eyelids burst into red and black fireworks. "_Shit_â€|" I mouthed once again, still not making eye contact with the boy who had those two fingers so deeply wedged into my body. I could even sense his nails, slightly scraping and nudging.

"Stop cussing, you're scaring me again," he stated confidently.

I replied to him with some sort of apathetic tone. "It helps, though. I kind of have to."

"_Jack_â€|"

"_Hiccup_," I repeated his name in a mocking manner and then looked at him once again. I smiled even though my lower half was bursting into flames. He looked so damn concerned, I had to calm him. "I'm fine. Really."

His head dipped and then the fingers continued on their quest to torment me, yet their core objective was to seduce and pleasure.

Everything was so confusing, I was only trying to keep my head on straight enough so that I wouldn't leap up and fly out the window.

"Howâ€|does this feel?" he inquired while attempting to add yet another extremity to the mix. It was so slimy and wet and disgusting, but for some reason I didn't want the two that were already inside to retreat.

"Feels like two fingers are inside of me," I replied dully.

He tried to laugh but just murmured a little under his breath, I could feel his stiff prick rubbing against my shin. It made me blush furiously for the hundredth time. "You're such a smartassâ€|"

"That makes two of us."

So while he had recommenced straddling my body once again, he kept fingering me and to my disbelief, I was really starting toâ€|_get used_ to it. I wouldn't say enjoy, only because of my serious egotism issue. Also the fact that it still hurt, no matter how many times he pulled in and out, was too, injuring my self-worth. Butâ€|I didn't want this to stop. I wasn't going to let it.

"I thinkâ€|think I'm good now," I spoke for the first time in almost ten minutes. Hiccup had taken to rubbing my cheek and speaking soft, kind words in my ear while he performed his ministrations.

His voice was a welcome hum to my ears when he spoke but his words

had me sending my eyes towards the ceiling in degradation.
"Youâ€¦want me to put it in now?"

"God, you are _so_ awkwardâ€¦" I groaned and pushed his face away from mine. I heard him laugh gently and then he leaned in and kissed the space between my eyes.

"Would you nip my nose againâ€¦? Like you did that one time?"

The question caused me to reel backwards a bit, but I decided to give in to his instructions. "Uhâ€¦okayâ€¦" I opened my mouth slightly, my tongue darting out and licking the tip of his salty sweet nose. When my teeth connected to his flesh, he took that moment to nudge into the formerly stretched hole. My whole body tensed like a taught string and I bit down, not even noticing that his cartilage was there to take the blow.

He blanched. "Fuck."

"Shit, sorryâ€¦" I grimaced and heaved as his damaged casing dripped blood onto my cheekbone. "Oh my god, I fucking broke skin, shâ€¦_shit_â€¦_ahhh_â€¦" He was pushing into me further, despite his leaking membrane. It was so hot. Andâ€¦it felt goodâ€¦"well not _good_, but not terrible. Like I wanted it. Like I _needed_ it. I desired his length; I craved for him to fill me completely. The fingers weren't enough now, I precipitously couldn't wait for the boy to fuck me.

My finger nails were embedding half crescent moons into his sides, trembling for all they were worth. I held on tight and stayed stationary for limited seconds, breathing through the small hole that my mouth was making. "You're fine, you'reâ€¦fineâ€¦" I chanted into the atmosphere. My words felt detached, as if they weren't really mine to begin with.

It seemed like Hiccup didn't need any assurance this time. I figured by now he was downright overdriven with craving and the absolute need to be pleased that he had almost completely forgotten about whether I was in pain or not.

My hands shifted to his arms and I pushed on them, urging him to relax only because of the simple fact that I was being divided in two. I wasn't supposed to expand this far. Not this way. Not this much.

_Shit thisâ€¦__**aches**__â€¦_

He pushed harder and I did the same in the opposite direction.
"Slowâ€¦downâ€¦" I breathed out with no reserves.

The brunet halted but I could tell he was doing it against his better judgment. "W-why? Are you okay?"

"You need to stop asking me thatâ€¦" I ordered him. His heavy, harsh breathing was causing my arms and legs to go numb. Or maybe it was something else. "If you go too fast, I'm going to hurt more. Soâ€¦j-just slow down a little, alright?"

He answered way too quickly, as if he hadn't heeded a word I said.
"Yeah. Okay, sure."

My eyes drifted the room. "You're not listeningâ€|"

"Yes, I am."

His hips shifted headfirst, the effort fast and severe, digging his way almost completely downward. I groaned loudly and shoved a hand against his chest. "_Nnngg_â€|_Slow_! Alright?! _Shit_!" The forcefulness of his pounding was becoming excruciating. It hurt to even shift any part of my figure, I was downright impaired. The heat was categorically searing at that point in time and tears were beginning to outline my eyelids.

Green circles glanced away from me; that face was showing his emotions seamlessly, setting them out for my mind to take in and understand. He looked absolutely enthralled yet so self-conscious and full of the unadulterated feeling of passion and pressure that derived from his abdomen.

The way he spoke was strenuous and uneven. "Iâ€|I _can't_. I'm sorry, Iâ€|" He quavered uncontrollably, his eyes closing tightly then opening into slits. "Thisâ€|this feels incredibleâ€|I'm sorryâ€|"I'm so sorryâ€|"

I didn't know what to say. Didn't know if I could say anything for that matter. Hiccup was almost fully within me and every centimeter I could feel against my raw insides. Every twitch he made, I sensed and it was intensified to the tenth power, one after the other.

He finally stopped only when I dug my nails so deep into his arms that they too started to bleed. "You're not thinkingâ€|w-with your head, Hicâ€|" I scolded him, trying to speak but it sounded like garbled nonsense in my ears. "You're hurtâ€|hurting meâ€|"

"I'm sorry," he restated again, "Iâ€|don't want to hurt you, Jackâ€|"

"I know. I know you don't justâ€|" I inhaled through my mouth then out my nose, attempting to empty my mind. "Just keep thinking that."

"'Kayâ€|" His featured turned concentrated and again he pushed just a bit further, this time not as harsh, though I saw the stress on his face. Mine was probably worse though. "Let me knowâ€|when you're ready."

I nodded a tad and glanced at the space above his head.

Minutes passed once again, mostly filled with small noises coming from the both of us. Our breathing was totally erratic, subtle, but inconsistent. As soon as I had gotten accustomed to the girth that filled me, I then looked back at him, connecting our gazes.

He took no time in acting on that slight, assenting moment.

Stars exploded in my vision and I knew that he'd done it. I almost didn't take in the next couple of breaths, but I forced my chest to move, constricting and painful as it was.

Hiccup was grating his teeth together; I could hear the notion from

my spot on the bed. And tiny words seeped from his mouth in seconds, "Iâ€¦can I keep going?"

All he needed was a nod and that's when I truly understood the absolute mixed feeling that this experience was turning out to be.

I decided that I loved this. I seriously utterly enjoyed it. The way he slipped out of me, stopped at the last second, then returned his place, deep within the limitations of my cavity.

Then there was the fact that I hated this. I absolutely abhorred it. The feeling against my skin was like a knife, cutting me into ribbons and having no sentiment for that fact. I wanted him out. This hurt too much for the pleasure to overshadow.

But the more I resisted, pushing on the sides of his face and his pectorals, begging him with silent pleas to stopâ€¦the more I came to agreements with everything.

He was inside of meâ€¦

Hiccup is inside of me and it feelsâ€¦good.

"Hicâ€¦" I said that name for the first time in what seemed like forever.

A bead of sweat was dripping down his brow when he opened his eyes to look at me. "How'reâ€¦you holding up?"

"Fine," I responded with a half-smile.

He looked to me then at my neglected phallus and that's when things started to get so much better. The fact that I was being penetrated was finally overrun with something else: the total pleasure of his hand on my hardening shaft. I could get used to this now. I could enjoy this.

I love this.

"Fuckâ€¦_Hiccup_â€¦" I moaned and wined, the noises were too difficult to keep now. And I had little shame for letting them leak out.

I was reminded once again of the time we had spent in that guest room before. His hand had hardly moved on me then. But this was so clearly different. So much so that he had me reaching the point of climax too quickly. I tried stopping his hand, the movements were excessively fast.

"Hicâ€¦Hiccup, Iâ€¦"

He pounded into me, so roughly that I felt it go through my spine. My breaths seemed eternally caught in my throat that it took the utmost concentration to keep on going. The way he sped up his thrusts, yet slowed his hand was a blessing and a curse.

"Dammit, Hicâ€¦you fuckingâ€¦"

"_I love you_, Jackâ€¦" His lips were tightly woven together after he had spoken, those eyes just as closed. When he opened them I was

looking right back. That's when he shifted his hands and tied them underneath my back. He brought my whole body forward and latched onto me, holding me securely to his chest like an object he was petrified of losing. The jerking continued and I bounced into the air every time, his hand went straight back to my member, rubbing and squeezing it passionately.

Those lips were soft and right beside my ear and I thought that I was seriously going to explode. My heart was racing as if it were going a hundred miles per hour and my stomach clenched and twisted; I was going to come in less than seconds if he didn't slow.

"_I love_â€|_you_â€|_I always will_â€|" he whispered again. The faster he went the harder it was to think and focus my eyesight. So I decided to just grit the lids together instead.

One more stab andâ€|

It was over.

I felt something so horribly, yet so very sweetly warm gush inside of me and I buckled then fell into his chest, letting my uncut body drop and compress into a melted gumdrop. I curled into him in the next few moments, absorbing everything that had just occurred and smiling to myself in a slightly airy vacancy.

I think I spoke the next words, though I couldn't hear them very well. "I love you too, Hiccupâ€|_I always will_â€|"

14. Abeyance

**A/N: I take so long to write now a days. Especially sex scenes. Wow, I really can't write them for shit, lol. But actually, I like how this chapter turned out. It's got a lot going on, not as long as the last, but still pretty lengthy. Also pretty plot twisty. I really hope that you all enjoy it and please let me know what you think in the review box. Every single one is appreciated. **

* * *

><p>Chapter 14: Abeyance<p>

Being stuck in a dream is like fulfilling your innermost ideals and wishes, yet remaining completely oblivious to the fact that it's all a sham. In the end, nothing comes out the way it happened. You'd slowly realize that, and then slip into some kind of small depression until you got over it. Making sure that the saying, "it was only a dream" comes into light. Though sometimes, the dream lingers and festers in your mind for the whole day, as if mocking you, being certain that you know just how fake it really was, or sometimes, how _real_.

And of course, I knew all of this. I dreamed just like everyone else did. The Sandman visited me some nights, leaving traces of gold dust on my pillow when I woke.

But this night, the night after everything had taken place, after I had met up with the boy who had thought me to be dead. It'd been three whole years, and he still loved me. It probably wasn't any kind

of realization eitherâ€”I wasn't blind to that. The inner longing that I had spoken aboutâ€”well either the Sandman decided to make fun of me in my own head, or it was just something I had seriously wanted.

Obviously, the second one made more sense. Maybe Sandy didn't have much to do with it at all.

I remembered it so clearly, like it had really actually happened.

Hiccup was lying on the bed before me, completely naked and exposed to my hungry eyes. He was young againâ€”the small boy that he used to be. So fair skinned and freckled and erotic. And I was fucking him senseless.

The way he breathed, heavily causing steam to swelter in the air, had me desperate for more contact. The way being inside of him burned my skin made a cold sweat break over my brow. My eyes clenched together, but I would open them again, if only to see his face.

"Keep your eyes open," I begged him, "I want to see them."

He tried to obey my request, but the corners of his lids were twitching terribly. The brunet seemed to be in pain, of course he was. I knew it. I was hurting him.

With fast, jerky motions, I moved my hand towards his erection and clasped onto it tightly, a forbidding look casting over my features. "Say my nameâ€”" I whispered into his ear, heavy seduction drenching my words. As I pounded into his tiny body once more, he cringed, his features distorting and a cry of agony bubbling up from his throat.

"Jackâ€”Iâ€”" I was pumping hard on him, my hand slipping up and over his foreskin, then back down again in a rapid motion. He was covered in our spit and a decent amount of his pre-come. My eyes narrowed and I lusted for more. More of him. More of this. I'd never have enough.

And even though I thought it to be impossible, in an instant, everything crashed. Hiccup blanched, his whole face turning white and his eyes were as round and wide as the moon. Then his lips moved, with no sound. Yet I heard another voice inside my mind. A deep, discerning, insensible voice that had me grinding my teeth in resentment.

"_Give up. This will get you nowhere. You are better off alone. You were always meant to be alone_."

"NO!" I yelled, just as Hiccup closed his eyes and mine filled to the brim with tears. "Noâ€”no, no, no!" I began to shake his body back and forth, but he was cold and lifeless. With my whole core I feared for the worst. Inside my head, confrontations screamed at me, tearing me down and breaking my heart.

You did this to himâ€”you did this to him! You couldn't hold it back! You've killed him! You were never meant for this. This isn't what you were meant to do!

With my eyes closed securely, I slowly pulled out of the boy; cautious and careful, then seized his body and held him close to my chest. "Why did you bring me back?" Why didn't you just leave me dead?" I had no idea what I was saying in the dream, though there was something that had forced me to speak. I didn't even realize who I was talking to at the time.

The voice just chuckled sardonically and I could sense the indifference in his outlook. "_You are Jack Frost. There is a need for you in this world. That is all_."

His response had revolted me. While still clinging to the one dear to me, I stood up and glared up at the sky. It was night and it was cold. Suddenly there was nothing but darkness.

I shouted words at the top of my lungs; to whoever it was that had challenged me. "I've had enough! I don't want to BE Jack Frost any longer! I want to live, and I want to be with Hiccup, forever!" Tears streamed down my face in tendrils of liquid that felt too hot against my chilled, icy flesh. Snow fell to the ground in clumps, and started to cover my friend's legs too hastily.

Another laugh and Hiccup was almost fully buried. The voice decided to say one last thing to me before I woke up—and the words had echoed my thoughts since.

"_There is no forever, when you are human_."

and

I woke with a start after that, skin hot and heated, feeling as if I were about to burst from overcompensation. My irritated eyes went straight to the sheets that covered my body and I instantly threw them away from me, as far as I thought possible. It was so sweltering in that room, the fire was growling deeply in its pit, spitting flames that seemed to burn my retinas. Sometimes, I guess I appeared to forget that I was Jack Frost.

Shaking hands trembled on the temples of my skull, and I tried to massage myself out of misery. Though of course, that wasn't working at all what with my half stiff hard on causing a tent in my pants and the obscure, seducing dream haunting my thoughts.

The being that I had been speaking to was utterly obvious now that I was awake. I'd heard that voice only once before in my life, yet I never truly forgot it. It was the moon—and my dreams were only insulting, triggering me to stumble in my own self-pity because I knew that he would never truly speak to me again.

My fingers tugged at the hair on my head and I quickly stood up from the bed. This caused my lower back to shout at me in pain and question why in the hell I would even think of standing up after the beating it had taken the night before. I winced, my eyes starting to water and a few muffled noises of anguish fled my lips in my attempt to find something to lean against. Moments after, my perspicacity went straight to the boy who was rustling himself awake, doubtless because of my clamor. Though, looking at him once again, really focusing—I realized that he wasn't who he used to be. Hiccup wasn't much a boy any more.

His green orbs stared at me in sleepy confusion. "You're up, hey!" A yawn interrupted his speech and I looped around the bed towards the window.

My lips tried forming words but nothing really came out. My hand rested against my spine, failing at its attempt to soothe the area. "Uhmmm." A sharp breath jetted through my nose when I felt another twinge of pain and I wished that I didn't have to look at him, for some reason. Probably since all I could think about was how fast he had grown and how I'd never get those three years back. That time was lost to me and I hated that so fucking much.

I saw him rub his tired eyes from my peripheral vision and he started making his way towards me. I decided to cut to the chase, knowing that I wasn't in any kind of mood to be around him at that moment.

"It's too hot in here. I'm going out."

Hiccup looked taken aback and I glared at the floor with a pointed stare. His voice was raspy and so much older sounding, it made my heart clench and halt its incessant beating. "Are you okay, Jack?"

Don't say my name; I don't want to hear it

Though my whole being craved to tell him what was wrong and explain the dream, a small voice was telling me not to worry him. And that part won over the other, oddly enough. "Yeah. Just fine." But I wasn't fine. Not at all. I was in so much discomfort I could barely move, and intense, blaring thoughts were shredding apart my fucking brain.

"W-wait, before you go, I—" He cut himself off in order to move and head towards his dresser. I watched as those hands brought out a bag with something wrapped up inside of it. He tripped over the floorboard in attempts to reach me once again. I inwardly smiled at that. "This is, ah—here—" He handed the object to me and I removed the white cloth, perplexed.

When the tooth box landed in my hands I instantly paled and sought to throw it back at him. Why was I feeling this way? I should have been happy to receive this treasure once again. Why wasn't I excited to have the chance to relive my memories and past for the first time in hundreds of years?

My chest was on fire and I detested the thought of opening this box.

Hiccup obviously saw my distress, and he lifted his hand to touch me but I recoiled too quickly for him to make any contact.

"What is with you today? I thought you'd be happy to have your memories now!"

Great, I was worrying him. Good fucking job.

"Nothing, I just—" I turned the metal over in my hand and gripped the siding tightly, hating how it shined in the light from the window. "It worries me, I guess. You can just keep it."

"They aren't my memories to keep, Jack," he retorted, shoving the case away when I was clearly willing him to take the wretched thing from me.

I growled a little under my breath and then tossed the container onto the bed. His eyes went wide when I looked into them for a split second in time. My voice scarcely had an ounce of emotion in it as I stated, "You've done fine keeping them this long." He seemed star struck, without answer or words to fill his throat with. I turned my back on him and put one leg out the window, the pain in my back growing less and less noticeable by the second. Something else replaced it, deep in my heart, causing my chest to throb and sting. "Don't bother following me. I want to be alone right now."

A short breath of silence and then, "Jack!" His hand shot out and latched itself onto my shoulder. I froze in his touch. "Please justâ€|_talk_ to me. If something's bothering you, you can talk to me about itâ€|I want to help."

I sighed in unadulterated frustration which seeped through my lips and nose. In my irrelevance, I shrugged off his hand. Though I couldn't see the look on his face, I figured he was probably really hurt. I was being so utterly rash.

"You can't help me, Hiccup. No one can."

x-x

Hiccup didn't trail after me like I had much expected him to do. Perhaps he'd matured past the level of being incessant. And I guess I hadn't.

I rubbed my arm until it felt raw. Almost every single part of me started to feel that way. In my rush, I had left the room without putting my shirt on. Snowflakes were falling and melting into my skin, washing over me and allowing my breathing to resume its regular passage.

Tracing my eyes over the buildings, I noticed how little snow had accumulated in this village since I'd been gone. I bet none of them missed me either. I wander aimlessly, shirtless, hurting, and starting to preserve. Shortly, I had ended up in the main part of town somehow.

And after only seconds, for some strange reason, it felt like I was being watched by anyone and everyone who passed by. Their eyes lingered on me a little too long, as if they were seeing something that wasn't even real and had to second glance to be sure they weren't going insane. I immediately felt like a frightened animalâ€"this wasn't supposed to be happening. People couldn't see me. No one could. Only Hiccup. And that's how it always was. So I started running towards the woods, somewhere I was familiar with, void of humans. As soon as my foot hit the first snow bank, my face also collided with something as well. And it hurt like a bitch; the rapid pace I was going hadn't helped whatsoever. As if I wasn't in enough pain to begin with. I stepped backwards, most likely bruised with a bloody nose and I gasped when I heard someone's voice.

"Watch where you're going, jackass!"

I tried to catch my bearings but failed so miserably that instead, my back collided with the wall of a house, and I knocked my head so hard into it that all I ended up seeing was the color yellow.

"_Fuck_â€|" I hissed through my teeth and gripped the side of my head, rocking it back and forth as the person who I guessed I hadâ€|ran into, approached me.

"Who do you think you are anyway? You justâ€!"

The female's voice halted when I brought my hand away from my face. I blinked once, twice more, and refocused my vision so that I could at least manage to look the person in the eye.

And from then on, I swear my life was nothing short of hysterical.

The girl, who was much taller than I last remembered, also a lot more endowed, stood straight with a look of unadulterated ire and revulsion mortared on her face. Mine was basically the opposite: confused, panic stricken, and downright astounded.

Okay, so there were two explanations for this. One: I was totally fucking losing my mind. Or two: people could actually see me now.

I honestly hoped, in this situation, that it wasn't the latter.

"Youâ€|Who are youâ€|?" she asked slowly, anger pulsing through her words but I could tell she was just as stunned as I was.

I took a few shaky, uncontrolled breaths while attempting to find my words that were basically hiding inside of me. "Whoâ€|do you think I am, _Astrid_â€|?"

Her throat made a noise of bewilderment and she scrunched up her nose, I saw a red mark was blistering on her forehead. "You think you can just freak me out by saying my name?"

I used the side of the building to straighten myself up, and then placed a padded finger to the underside of my nose. Sure enough, it was leaking blood and I cursed the girl inside my mind. I guess I would always hate her for some reason or another.

The old me, the one she most likely thought about quite a lot and cursed my name in her sleep, decided to be snide with her and reply, "Yeah, I guess so. And it's working, isn't it?"

She laughed harshly, though before that she had looked very unnerved. She had quite the talent for masking her emotions. "Tell me your name or I'll make you bleed from somewhere else." In saying the words, she took an axe, unhinged it from her belt, and then aimed it fairly close to my stomach.

With my chin raised and a hand up in surrender I spoke my name to her, "J-Jack Frost."

Once again, the mask was on and the look of surprise only floated across her face for a few moments. After the initial tremor left her,

she was covered in fury. The blonde started edging the sharp metal closer towards me, then spat words into my face as she kept pressing forward with no regards to my safety.

"You dirty son of a half-troll, rat-eating, _munge_-bucket!"

"Back off! You're gunnaâ€"!"

"Do you have ANY idea what you've done to him?! What you've done to _me_?! You're NOT welcome here!"

"Calm the fuck down and listen to mâ€" "

"Get out! _Leave_! Before youâ€"|" she trailed off, and her eyes scanned over my bare chest which her sharp axe was pressing up against. I felt the very tip of the blade sink in and cut my pectoral. Her lips moved up and down as I tried to force the axe away by gripping the wooden center. "Youâ€"you wereâ€" _Were_ youâ€"?"

I eyed her willfully and was thankful when I managed to push the weapon back a little. "Was I what?"

Her cheeks flushed instantly, blood surfacing, matching the color of the inflamed mark. "Why aren't you wearing a shirt? What didâ€"what _happened_?" I saw tears were forming in the brims of her eyes, but she was holding them back and trying hard not to fall over from what I saw.

Perhaps I should have clothed myself before bounding out of his room like that. But it wasn't like I was planning on _talking_ to anyone orâ€"or even anyone _seeing_ me.

_What a fucking messâ€" _

Shaking my head, I looked away and stated, "It's none of your _damn_ business." I then gritted my teeth at her.

She went berserk. "It _is_ my damn business, you asshole! You tell me or I'llâ€"!"

"What? You gunna kill me? I'm immortal, so good luck." I knocked my fist on the side of her axes so that it fell and weighted in her hold. As I took a few steps away from her, my feet crunching in the snow, I fingered the tiny hole in my chest that was bubbling with blood. It pissed me off and so did she. "Why don't you go ask Hiccup? I bet he could enlighten you about what happened last niâ€" "

Astrid threw the axe and it whizzed past my ear, cutting off a lock of my hair. I watched with wide eyes as it drifted to the snowy ground. The weapon thudded onto a nearby tree, and I felt like maybe my heart didn't know how to work anymore. Heavy footsteps approached me, and soon I was pinned to the building once again, my head feeling the bruise now more than ever. The girl, who was about the same height as me, gripped my neck and pounded my back into the siding, the sleet fell and landed all around us.

"I missed that on purpose! Now _tell_ me!"

"Letâ€"goâ€"|" I succeeded in snarling at her.

She held firm, grip tight around my throat. "Not until you _tell me_."

_ This girl is digging her own fucking grave. _

Instead of punching her in the gut and leaving her to rot in the snow like I wanted, I decided that bodily harm wasn't anything compared to the words I was about to convey to her. If I wanted revenge for whatever it was that Astrid ever did to me, then now was the time. And she was making it so easy, too.

The air was quiet and she was as well, aside from her heavy, baited breaths that came so fast I thought she might asphyxiate. With a bit of pride in my voice and a sneer firmly placed, I told her simply, "We fucked. And it was amazing."

Disbelief overtook her, as if she hadn't really heard a word I said. Where was her mask now? "You're lying€|you're _lying_! Hiccup would never€!"

"You don't believe me! _Fine_! Then go fucking ask him!" I furiously pointed in the direction I figured Hiccup's house to be in, urging her away from me. I was so totally sick of looking at this woman.

"I fucking will!" she practically screamed back just as heatedly.

"_Good_!"

"_Fine_!"

"_**Great**_!"

She let go of me in a fit of rage, and then stomped towards the tree which her axe was lodged into. With a grunt and a boot on the wood, she ripped it out and I scrutinized as she stalked her way towards Hiccup.

I had just wanted some time to think things over a little, was that too much to ask? Instead I'd received even _more_ issues to worry about, I was even _more_ upset and angry with myself, oh and Astrid was headed to Hiccup's with an axe and knowledge of our sex life. Plus, to top that all off, my revenge on the girl felt like nothing more than self-gain and immature, flippant behavior.

That day couldn't have gotten any worse.

Or so I thought.

x-x

Enough was enough, and I was tired and feeling worse off than I ever had in my three hundred years. The ideas and thoughts coursed through my mind like wild fire to a parched forest. It was absolutely burning me. I hated everything, even being on Berk.

My feet kicked the patch of snow in front of me which I then noticed to be more of gravel and dirt than anything.

"_Fucking€_"! I growled loudly as I watched the tips of my toes

start to bleed. "Maybe you should actually get some motherfucking shoes, Jack Frostâ€|"

"I could make you a pairâ€|"

I whipped myself around and blinked rapidly at the teenaged male leaning against the tree. He smiled at me and I frowned. In the next second, he tossed my jacket towards me and it landed on my face, covering him from my view. I scowled beneath it but quickly slipped into its cold embrace.

"How long were you standing there? Don't sneak up on me like thatâ€|"
I instantly took back what was said, only because I had kind of promised myself I would apologize to him for the idiotic way I had been acting earlier. "I-I meanâ€|"

_Stupid, just stop talking. There's no sense in fixing it now.

—

Hiccup only laughed at me, which I glared at him for. His smile soon faded though as he approached me. The brunet stopped about a foot away, and cleared his throat. I knew something was coming that I probably didn't want to hear.

"Astridâ€|came to my house. She was screaming at meâ€|"

"I don't know why she can see me nowâ€|" I rumbled lowly and itched my forehead. Whatever I said sure didn't sedate him well enough, so I figured I'd add a little to it. "She had an axe to my chest. I kind of had to tell herâ€|"

His eyes went large and he took in a breath of air that sounded more like a harbored gasp than anything. "Sheâ€|did she hurtâ€|"

"Just a scratch. It's not a big deal. Her expressions scare me more than anything." I tried laughing a little but he didn't join in.

His features were so stoic and focused. It was a big adjustment from the small boy who used to stumble over his sentences and cry for silly reasons. And I wasn't sure how I was ever going to get used to this. "I don't understandâ€|She doesn't know why eitherâ€|" she told me. Thoughâ€|I think she's probably just hiding the fact that she really does believe in you now."

"Oh goodieâ€|" I expressed with disdain, "Can't wait till we can do each other's hair and talk about boys."

"I'd pay to see that." He laughed, finally.

I loved his laugh, albeit rich and vast, it was still Hiccup. He was stillâ€|Hiccup. No matter how many days passed by.

"Shut it. I was joking," I told him, though a smile was tugging at the edges of my lips.

It was strange, being his height. I could look into those eyes and really see the depth of them. They were greener than any forest I'd ever seen. Without noticing it, I started to count his freckles.

A strange smirk encompassed his lips when he spoke to me. "What're

you looking at?"

I stopped counting and let out a puff of air, my eyes retreating from him and focusing on the dirt I so despised. "Nothingâ€|"

"Jackâ€|" I turned back to him with anticipation. "Astrid says she's scared of you."

My eyes narrowed. "Whatâ€|? Why?"

His long fingers scratched at his hairline under the bangs and he looked away from me as well. "She says you'reâ€|just going to end up hurting meâ€|"

That little fuckingâ€|

I stopped my rapid thoughts and tried to calm down. Astrid wasn't an idiot, as much as I wanted her to be. She was smart and she really didâ€|care for Hiccup. She had watched over him all those years while I was gone. I owed her that much. The female Vikingâ€|she was terrified of Hiccup's pain.

And so was I.

I turned from him and took a seat on the cold ground. I'd somehow ended up on the hill where he and I used to sit all that time ago. The sun was lowering, and I was pretty sure it was planning on taking my heart with it. I advised it to, willed it actually. I wondered just how good a thing it had been to come back here, to this place and to see this boy once again. Hiccup sat beside me and leaned his head onto my shoulder, latching his fingers between mine, he held them so tight.

I knew that I was more in love with him now than I'd ever been.

Maybe it was my turn to cry for silly reasons.

"I don't care what Astrid says, Jackâ€|I want you to know thatâ€|"

You're so stupid, Hiccupâ€|

"I want to be with you. For as long as possible, I want to be like thisâ€|"

You idiotâ€|

A stray, sordid tear dripped its way down my cheek and I turned my head away so I could rub my face onto the cloth there, hoping that he wouldn't see.

"And yetâ€|" The wind blew slightly, snow was falling into the sea beneath usâ€|the representation of my tears. "Losing you again is the scariest thing in the world to meâ€|" His voice remained the same as he spoke further, though I was sure if I tried my hand at talking, I would be a mess. "So maybe I do care. Maybe I care about everything Astrid said to me. Even though I really just wanted to pretend like I couldn't even hear her..." I felt his fingers relax and then his thumb began making movements on mine. "It's funnyâ€|back then, the

thought hardly crossed my mind. And now it's all I can think about. I've grown up and you're the same. I'm olderâ€|and you're the same. And Iâ€|don't want to grow any oldâ€|"

"She's right, you knowâ€|" I whispered between falling tears and dwindling snow. I was a wreck and I knew it. Why did I even try? The syllables flowed without much harmony, like the awful ache in my chest was bettering my sensible side. "She's right andâ€|and I'm going to hurt you. This-this is going to hurt you again and I don't think I could handle that. Hiccupâ€|this can'tâ€|" I couldn't say it. I wasn't going to. I'd just gotten him back, dammit! And now I had to say goodbye? This quick? Without anything resolved? Noâ€|I didn't wait that! I didn't fucking _want_ that! I wouldn't allow itâ€|

I knew his eyes were on me; they pulled me in and tugged at mine like a string. "Stopâ€|" he begged, afraid of other harmful words. I wasn't even talking anymore, yet he couldn't break the repetition of his own fear. "Stopâ€|stop itâ€|"

A sigh trailed from my lips and I grasped onto his head. I pulled him close to my chest, meshing his hair against the frosted cloth. My tears dripped and fell between the strands. "I'm so sorry, Hiccupâ€|I'm sorry, I'm sorryâ€|I'm sorryâ€|" I was choking on my words, sobbing into him. My back curled and I clutched onto his body for dear life. He did the same.

All that time spent in the darkness, and I still couldn't imagine one single second without him.

I wasn't ready to let go.

The moon was rising and I felt a heavy weight crush me. Maybe it was what I had been looking for the whole day. The dream, the girl seeing me, my immortalityâ€|everything pointed to him.

I tried to steady my breathing with as much resolve as possible. With my face lowered, I ran it across my jacket's sleeve and then stood up, bringing Hiccup with me. I held him near to my torso, my arms clutching at his sides and thenâ€|I addressed _him_.

"You've never spoken to me beforeâ€|the only time was when you told me my name." I knew Hiccup was looking at me, tears undoubtedly mixing with sheer misunderstanding. "But youâ€|you _put_ me here, the _least_ you can do isâ€|is help me." I looked at Hiccup and I think he understood what I was striving to do. The moon glared down at me. It was full and bright now that the sun had vanished. If I could have pictured a face for it, it would have been a scornful and displeased one. As much as I hated the Man in the Moon, I needed this. I required Hiccup in my life and not just for a few years. It had to be for an eternity. My head shook irately, ridding myself of all doubt and I shouted piercingly into the night sky, "Make him immortal! I want to be with him forever! I know you can do it; you brought me back from the dead! You can do anythingâ€|I _know_ you can, so justâ€|!"

The teen beside me gripped my shoulder and I looked at him with unshed tears once again. His eyes told me everything his mouth couldn't. They were so full of emotion and kindness. I wanted to take back everything bad that had ever happened to his boy and make it good again. He deserved the best, he deserved his dragon back, and he

deservedâ€¦to be loved.

I ran my thumb along his cheek and wiped a tear away. My forehead connected with his and I tried my hardest to smile. "If you were immortal, I wouldâ€¦I would make you happy for the rest of forever, Hiccup Haddockâ€¦"

A tiny breath came from his lips and he was trying just as hard as I was to put on a false sense of happiness for me. "I know you would, Jackâ€¦"

x-x

I dreaded the sight of her. And I knew that I couldn't do anything about it either. I wouldn't stoop so low anymore. Against my better will, I knew she didn't deserve anything I had to say.

I noticed her eyes light up when they met with Hiccup's, but my presence dampened those approaches quickly. With her hand on the weapon holstered to his waist, the girl stood from the steps of Hiccup's front porch and made her way to us.

"What are you still doing here? I told you to leave!" She remained livid, of course. And even though I detested her for that, I just had to realize that it was justified. Her reasons were unbiased and true. Which in turn, only made me feel like more of a burden.

My teeth sunk into my bottom lip and I was going to speak, but Hiccup beat me to it.

"Astridâ€¦go home. You look terribleâ€¦"

His words were accurate. The female seemed totally out of it, like she hardly possessed the will to throw the axe at my head anymore. She snarled deafly and that glare just wouldn't stray. "No. I'm not leaving you. Not until he does!"

My whole body winced at the way she addressed me. Weren't things problematic enough? It seemed like her sole purpose was to make everything harder on me. Though, maybe I was just searching for someone to blame, and she was the easiest target for that venue.

I watched as Hiccup held onto her arm which was somehow strictly pointed at me, and he tried lowering it. "Please, Astridâ€¦I'll see you tomorrow. It's late andâ€¦"

"I won't let you two be alone! Iâ€¦I won't let you!"

Hiccup fought to keep her in his hold, she wasn't making it easy. "Just stop! You aren't my mother! You can't tell me what I can and can't do, Astrid, justâ€¦"

"NO!" she shouted so loudly that a few lights came on in the houses around us. My eyes drifted and landed on someone with a candle who stood almost too close. I feared they would hear us, and alsoâ€¦that maybe they could see me as well. If Astrid was able toâ€¦then who knew just how many other Vikings might as well?

The girl was a mess and the brunet knew that. He looked to me for help and I nodded towards him.

"Let's go inside. We can talkâ€|alright?" I tried on a look of compassion; she brushed it off as something to scowl at. Yet I knew she couldn't turn down my offer.

Soon, the three of us were poised in Hiccup's room. The fire was breathing heavily down my back. I silently begged for it to stay away from me.

The blonde placed herself closely to the side of the love of my life, and I tried my hardest to stay a decent distance away from the two. Besidesâ€|I was the one in question here. Astrid wouldn't have been so angry; Hiccup wouldn't be holding back tears, if it wasn't for me.

"What do you have to say for yourself, winter spirit?" her eyes were like stones and I hated looking into them. My lips pursed. I didn't want to talk, despite my former invitation. She reminded me of some kind of animal, one that wasn't looking for a fight but would lunge if given the right opportunity.

Sweat trickled down my neck as I opened my mouth, desperate for cold air but was given no such relief. "I justâ€|I want to say I'm sorryâ€|"

Both stares were hard and pressed onto me. I fidgeted beneath them. This would have been so much easier to deal with if we were in an igloo. But I wasn't about to have the whole town questioning the noise or Hiccup turning into an ice block. Because with the way things were going, Berk was likely to have at least a few feet of snow that night.

For some reason, after the inevitable silence and heated gazes, Astrid almost looked like she was about to question my motives. Either that or ask what the hell happened to the real Jack Frost. Not that she would want him back.

"Why? Clarify."

I coughed a little too loudly and pulled at the neck of my jacket. It was so hard talking to her; the anxious feeling reminded me so much of when I would speak to North or the other Guardians. Like, if I said the wrong thing they would criticize me or try to correct my thoughts or actions. I pushed through the hardship, for Hiccup's sake.

When my eyes connected with his, I felt his warmth, and that's what I tried to focus on. Not the flames in the pit or the dreadfully piercing stare of the girl. Just him. And it helped.

"I'm sorry forâ€|for ruining things. For fucking everything up, and for justâ€|making Hiccup's life change so drastically. I know that I messed up, I should have neverâ€""

"Jack, stopâ€|that's enough you don't have toâ€""

I only cut him off because I felt what I was thinking ought to be voiced. Not just for him, but for Astrid as well. "No, Hicâ€|I do." I sighed heavily and paced over to the window, which I opened and stuck my head out of. The two could probably still hear me alright, I

hoped. "All of thisâ€¦I'm sorry. I fell in love, and that's no excuse for corrupting everything."

"You didn't _corrupt_ anything!"

I turned and frowned in his direction, my feelings getting the best of me. "Then what about Toothless? Huh? You know that if it wasn't for me he would still be here. And if we'd never met, thenâ€¦then you wouldn't be in this situation either! You wouldn't have to hurt like this."

"As if you can put all the blame on yourselfâ€¦I went along with you! I fell in love with you too, you know! It was me who put Toothless in danger. All because of my stupid actions! I shouldn't have done what I did, it's not all yourâ€¦"

"_Yes it is!_" I shouted the words and they echoed through the tiny room. I then attempted to bury my head in my hands; I wished to rid myself of this world once again. "It _is_ my faultâ€¦you're innocent, Hiccupâ€¦innocentâ€¦"

It was so quiet I could hear my own heartbeat. The wind was doing nothing to subdue my internal rage and frustration. I thought that maybe it should have been louder. As a gust flew through the trees and howled angrily, I could still hear Hiccup's sobs.

Astrid thought that perhaps this was the right time to step in, I guess. "As much as I want to blame you for everything you did to him, and trust me, I really do. I hate you so much, Jack Frost, and yetâ€¦" I saw her look at the boy who was seated on the bed, arms obscuring his face from both our views. She took a lenient breath then let it out slowly, her eyes reaching mine, which oddly enough, didn't turn me away. "Hiccup loves youâ€¦I hate that he does. I hate that this happened. I even hate the fact that I can see you nowâ€¦"

Trust me, the feelings mutualâ€¦

"I just want this all to endâ€¦I want the old Hiccup back. I want him to be happy again, and I saw that in his eyes for the first time in ages todayâ€¦I _hate_ that you can make him so happy in a few measly hours when I tried for years and didn't get the tiniest bit of a response. It would have been better if you never came here, Jack. Better for all of us, especially Hiccup."

I half expected for the auburn haired boy to reply to her with an apology, something that he would have done a long time ago. But instead, he just stood and made the deepest connection with her eyes. The severity of his expression wasn't anything to trifle with; even I was shocked at how much he had changed. As he spoke, I could sense something else in his voice. Something had altered and eradicated it to make it feel so unlike anything I'd ever heard from those lips. "I'd rather _die_ than live without him."

Astrid and I finally had something in common. The looks on our faces matched almost perfectly and I just about lunged for the boy.

"Hic, howâ€¦how could you evenâ€¦?"

"How could you say something like that?!" she finished for me,

cutting into my sentence like her axe had done to that tree. "Are you insane?! You've been living without him for three years and now _this_?! Youâ€|you justâ€|!"

"Shut up, Astrid! Just shut the hell up, alright?!"

"Hiccupâ€|" she said the name with such solitude; I would have never thought her voice could go that low.

The Viking's eyes shot from the two of us, leaving traces of anguish and pain everywhere the landed. "You think I was _living_? You just said that you didn't get any kind of response from me for all those years! And it was because _he_ was gone!" Hiccup threw his hand in my direction and I edged further into the corner. "Toothless and Jackâ€|gone. That wasn't living, noâ€|Every day I wished that I could join them. Every second I wanted to be free of this damned island so I could search for him! But hell if I was going to take another dragonâ€|because, because I was terrified of letting another die! Jack is here now, and I'm finally _happy._ So would you justâ€|leave me alone for once in your life, Astrid, pleaseâ€|?"

Neither of us knew what to say. I had words in my mind, though it wasn't my time to speak. This was between him and the girl and I had no place in it. Even so, Astrid probably wanted to rip my throat out and use it for binding on a new axe. The look she gave me was enough to express that. Though there was something else there, too. Some other emotionâ€|that closely resembled defeat. Perhaps she knew it was her time to give up, something I thought impossible for the girl to ever understand.

Without another word, Astrid moved forward and associated herself much too close to the boy. In an instant, her lips found their way to his and the fire was the least of my worries. I had almost forgotten what jealously felt like. But of course, Astrid would always be there to remind me.

My fists pulsed and my instincts were screaming at me.

_Get that disgusting cunt __**off**__ of him! _

But I restrained myself. Hiccup was already one stepâ€|slightly ahead of me. I figured the initial shock was what held him back for those few extra seconds.

I watched as he pushed her away and she stopped her approach.

And to think I was actually going to _thank_ this girl after I apologized to her as well. So much for that idea.

"I won't give up on you, Hiccup. Somedayâ€|Jack will be too young for you. And I'll be the only one who can make you happy."

Those words were sickly, molten hot knives that penetrated my heart and sank deep beneath the surface. I couldn't help the stunned look that covered my face.

Astrid put on her emotional mask and faced me again. Just before leaving the room, I saw a flicker of knowing etched into her eyes. She knew she was right. She knew it all too well. And perhapsâ€|the girl felt some pity for me. A sliver of understanding. And then it

disappeared, and so did she.

The perplexity and aftermath of the words that were said lingered in the air; making it stagnant and hard to breathe again. I wanted nothing more than to forget about all this nonsense and hold him close to me, without any kind of worry or care.

"I'm sorry you had to see thatâ€¦I don't know what I'd do if someone decided to kiss you in front of meâ€¦" Hiccup sounded beaten, his head hung, eyes looking anywhere but at me.

I smiled, though it felt so phony on me. "It's fineâ€¦I'm not mad."

"You were. I could tellâ€¦so thank you, for notâ€¦"ya know, uhâ€¦killing her or anythingâ€¦"

"You've pegged me all wrong," I told him, smiling still and trying with difficulty to sound like a really didn't give a damn. "I'd only ofâ€¦maimed her a little."

I think I heard him laugh, but I wasn't sure. The wind had died down since Astrid left, and it was starting to feelâ€¦somewhat normal again. I longed for that.

Please just let things be good. All I want is to spend some time with himâ€¦

"I knowâ€¦that Astrid just kissed me butâ€¦I want you to, nowâ€¦"

My eyes closed and when I opened them I stood inches away from his body. With a poised thumb, I moved it towards his lips and parted them, rubbing my skin along his and using the rest of my fingers to arch his chin.

"That's not a problem at all," I voiced and then went in for a kiss.

It was strange how quickly things moved forward, in a very sensual direction. Well, not completely strange but alsoâ€¦interesting and entirely amazing in my opinion. I remembered how I used to wish desperately for things to happen this way, and the years had really made that happen. Thinking back, I probably couldn't have waited such a long time if not for the events that took place that had crushed the option altogether.

Speaking of crushingâ€¦

My body was against his, and his back was to the wall. He was eagerly trying to push me away while I kissed and licked at his lips, passionate and feverishly learning every inch of the inside of his mouth. I loved the way we fought for dominance, yet I hated it at the same time. I wanted him to just give up already and let me do everything that needed to be done. But, stillâ€¦the way he kept latching onto my shoulders and gripping tightly, frantic for the control that he'd had beforeâ€¦was such a turn on for me.

"You need to calm downâ€¦" I spoke into his ear, biting onto it, exciting him further.

"Shut upâ€¦I couldn't wait for Astrid to leave so we could do this againâ€¦" I heard a moan and a slight yelp resound from his throat when I finally connected my hand to the growing lump in his pants.

"You're so impatient. What about everything we talked about todayâ€¦?" I didn't want to ruin the mood. I wasn't searching for an escape or planning a confrontation. Honestly, I had no idea what I was after.

I noticed his eye lids close for a long moment and then reopen only to do the same once again. My movements were affecting him more than I intended. Or maybe not. I loved doing this to him. I loved seeing him this way. Hiccup was the sexiest human on the planet, and I would never have enough of him. Nothing could ever satisfy the need to have more.

"I'm tired of all thatâ€¦Justâ€¦" Hiccup moaned loudly and gripped my jacket, pulling at it once again as if that would remove the clothing. "Fuck meâ€¦I want you to fuck me, Jack."

My nails dug deep into his neck, a cry escaped from him. I couldn't really move much. There was a roaring in my gut, the all too familiar feeling of super charged hormones that I couldn't stand to keep in any longer. I'd been waiting so long to hear those words, and now that he hadâ€¦well I was almost too shocked to do anything about it.

"Jackâ€¦" Hiccup touched my face and looked into my eyes. I got lost in his green orbs and had to blink harshly to refocus. "You wanted toâ€¦didn't you?"

My fingers decided to move again and this time they inched into his pants, past the belt which was on much too tightly. I wiggled them until I felt the little bit of hair. "Fuck yesâ€¦but I thought you didn'tâ€¦?"

I saw him shake his head and then grin. "I got my chanceâ€¦"

"I'mâ€¦" My breathing was irregular and hazardous. "I'm not going to waste mineâ€¦" In an instant, I hefted his body up into my arms and lowered him onto the bed. My hands ripped at his clothes and his chest was exposed. His pants were the next thing to come off; it wasn't long before he was wearing nothing but underwear. My lips began sucking on different parts of his chest. I licked his nipples, playing and teasing him before circling around them and sucking. Those noises were absolute bliss to my ears; I wanted nothing more than to make him scream my name. Finally I was in control, and he was letting me be. It was amazing. He was amazing.

I want all of him.

One of my fingers pinched the last piece of clothing he had and I brought them down, lowering it to the floor. I couldn't see him yet, but I knew he was hard. My actions had caused mine to stiffen somewhat as well. But I wasn't done toying with him yet. All the wants and needs exploded inside of me as I kneeled in-between his legs and balanced my head there as well.

Hiccup sat up and gave me a questioning stare. He didn't have any time to speak before I opened my mouth widely and pushed my lips over the head of his cock. Out of my peripheral vision, I saw his head shoot backwards, hopefully in sheer ecstasy.

"_Shit_â€|" he grinded the word through his teeth, I let mine run along his skin. As my lips traveled further downward, I felt his hand shift into my hair. It buried itself there and then began to tug and pull. I didn't mind at all. It only fueled me further.

I let the spit drip and fall onto my wrists which were stroking him as well, adding extra heat and vertigo to the act. Once I took almost half of him in my mouth, I felt Hiccup's hand push me forward just a bit. I grinned at this. The boy had no patience at all when it came to anything sexual. So as if to teach him a lesson, I bit down gently, which caused him to yelp in pain.

"W-watch it!"

I smirked. My tongue was a weapon and I used it to my advantage. Licking the tip calmed him and sent him back into the stupor. Though I wasn't going to keep it up for long. With saliva trickling from my lips and one last shift of his hips, I pulled away from him. The look on his face was close to murder.

"Don't stopâ€|" he complained to me, his member twitched next to my cheek and I simply reached for it then climbed on top of him.

He seemed apprehensive and a little frightened. Thus, to fix that, I stuck my pointer and middle finger inside his mouth.

A few muffled noises and an, "Tha fawck?"

"Just lick them, okay?"

The uneasiness turned to bewilderment, though when he noticed the smile on my face I supposed he figured it was easier to just go along with everything I had planned. Hiccup licked my skin; his tongue was practically matching the movements I had just performed on him. My eyes were lidded as I stared, his tried to avoid mine as much as possible. I could tell the boy was embarrassed beyond all reason. Though I knew deep down, he was enjoying it. Just as I had the night beforeâ€|

I'd had enough though. I loved teasing him, but I wasn't going to sit there and let him blatantly do it to me. So I drew my hand away from him and continued on with my intentions.

Hiccup's apprehension came back and he instantly tensed like a taught wire when my fingers touched his entrance.

"W-waitâ€|I have to take myâ€|my prosthetic off, and-and don't you need that aloe?"

"I'm fine with this, alright? The spit should lubricate it enough for nowâ€|" But I leaned back then and eyed his leg. "Go ahead," I told him quickly.

With his eyes on the walls, he nodded and sat forward, pushing himself back against the pillows until he could reach his metal foot

well enough. I waited until he was done and then moved in closer, stripping myself of my jacket in the process. I was pretty sure he tried to withdrawal from me some more, but was regrettably met with the backboard and cushions.

"You look scared," I mused.

"Like you weren't," he countered.

An amused smile comprised my appearance and I laughed at him.

"TouchÃ©."

The look on his face was so overtaken by his insecurities. I hardly ever saw him like this anymore. "Thisâ€¦how does it feelâ€¦?"

_Great. That's basically the worst question to ask right now. _

I tried to tell him the truth. "Feels good, after a while."

"Yeah but! But what about the time before that? Whatâ€¦?"

"If you're just going to sit here and ask me questions, then we might as well put our clothes back on." He gave me silence along with an intense stare and I sighed. "Look, it's really not that badâ€¦" just embarrassing and awkward. The pain fades. You'll get used to it, I promise."

"Sounds marvelousâ€¦" His sarcasm was noted.

I shook my head at him then leaned forward, putting my nose against his. "Trust me. Alright?"

With a deep breath Hiccup nodded and said, "I do. I trust you, Jack."

My smile was bright and full. The other noticed and beamed right back.

Fingers still wet, I once again lowered them and slowly inched in the direction of my detestation. It was a little difficult with the way he was sitting, so I use my other hand to lift his leg a little. This caused his face to turn bright red and I saw the young Hiccup again. The realization pushed me, which also caused my fingers to move faster. Before either of us knew it, I had already inserted a full digit inside his tight hole.

A long breath trailed from his lips, his head was so close to mine that I could feel the warmth his mouth produced. His body trembled in my embrace as I asked him, "You okayâ€¦?"

The affirmation reverberated behind his sealed lips, and so I continued.

He was so warm and wet, the spit was dripping downward and so was his pre-come. I wanted to touch him again but my own needs were overwhelming me. I had to be inside him, and soon or else I would burst.

His body writhed against me, arms clutching at my sides and finger

nails digging deep into my skin. It seemed easier, the second time doing this with him. Though the experiences were still so new and fresh to me. I didn't want it to ever end.

Two fingers were inside and Hiccup's lips hadn't parted. Even though I could hear the muffled sounds, it wasn't enough.

"Why aren't youâ€"?"

"I think I heard my dad come homeâ€|not too long agoâ€|"

Oh. Well that would explain it.

"Doesn't he haveâ€|chief things to do?" I irritably inquired.

Hiccup shook his head, his hair brushing against my cheek. "Some days he comes home earlyâ€|"

"Will he come up hereâ€|?" I feared the answer.

"I don't k-knowâ€|maybe? He usually doesn't have any reason to, but if we're loud, thenâ€|"

_Dammit. __**Dammit**__â€|_

I didn't want to let this ruin the way things were goingâ€|but I also didn't want Hiccup to get in any kind of trouble. If his father walked in on us...and what if he could actually _see_ me? It'd be a nightmare.

"Doâ€|you want to stop, thenâ€|?" I had to ask him, even though every single ounce of my libido was telling me otherwise. It's the right thing to do, Jack. That's all.

I heard him sigh and he leaned back, once again to rest against the headboard. "We justâ€|we have to be quiet. That's all."

"Doing this for the first timeâ€|Being quiet is going to be tough, Hicâ€|"

He looked frustrated, putting an arm over his face and hiding it from view. "So justâ€|I don't know. Just don't let me."

"Don't let youâ€|what?"

"Don't let me scream!"

"Like that?" I laughed and without comprehending it, pushed my fingers deeper into him.

A sharp hiss arose from his lips and he glared full force at me. "I'm sorryâ€|" I mouthed.

"Just get on with it, alright?"

I nodded but from then on felt like his dad was seriously going to come waltzing through the doorway at any moment. And that made me nervous; I kept my ears on high alert, which in turn caused every little sound from the male beneath me to resonate even louder.

Though, I think we soon disregarded the fact that we could have been discovered. I just couldn't stop looking at him. The way he tried keeping those noises in was arousing, and so I put his hand on my erection then urged him to undo the buttons.

He did and I slid out of the binds. Hiccup and I were once again, naked on his bed and this time I was the one in charge. And I was just too overstimulated and aroused to think logically about any of it.

The boy just wasn't really giving me any opportunity to. He was way too distracting.

"Feels so weirdâ€¦" he complained, a hand covering his nose and mouth. My fingers were moving in and out, swiftly now and smoothly. With my eyes on his hidden face, I began stretching the hole. This caused him to accidentally move his arm and I got a look at his features, which were flushed and completely breathless.

My sex drive soared then I sped up my movements, I didn't want to squander any more time.

"Hand me that oil nowâ€¦"

"Whatâ€¦?" he asked, eyes mortified, "A-alreadyâ€¦?"

I was starting to lose my patience. "Yes, already." As I said the words, I started to try and position him in the best way possible. My gut was growling in anticipation. Nothing had really prepared me for this moment aside from utter lack of sexual release. What Hiccup had done to me previously wasn't entirely beneficial, in my part. I wanted and needed to be inside of him. The impulse was too much to ignore, especially with that look on his face. It called out to me and pleaded for my attention. And I wasn't going to pass it up.

My hard on was poking at the formerly stretched hole, and Hiccup put his hands to my chest. "Waitâ€¦wait, waitâ€¦"

Once again, my endurance was tested and I tried my hardest to not thrust into him as I wanted to. "What is it?" I asked with all the tolerance I had left.

The moment I looked back at him from closed eyes, it seemed as if Hiccup was focusing definitely on the ceiling, afraid to look at me, or just completely zoned out. He was frozen beneath me and a shiver wracked my body. The word different appeared in my head.

"_Give_â€¦" Hiccup spoke, in a tone that didn't match his own. I watched as those lips began to move, unlike him, unlike what he would do. The air felt thick with falsity and some kind of strange malice that had me reeling in reverse.

What the hell isâ€¦?

"Hiccupâ€¦are you okay?"

"_Give_â€¦_up_â€¦"

Something inside of me jerked forward and about an inch penetrated

the Viking. And he didn't moveâ€”not one bit.

When I tried blinking my eyes and re-opening them, attempting to rid myself of the vision, of this event, of the strange intoxicating paranoia, I sawâ€

He was younger. Hiccup was fifteen again. And every time my eyelids fluttered back down and up, he changed bodies. Like the nightmare was evading my mind. As if it had never really left me. I started to tremble and shake uncontrollably.

Was I never meant to do thisâ€? Am I not allowed? Would I really hurt himâ€or even kill him if I didâ€?

What the fuck?

His eyes were whitened, the pupils missing and shot from their regular place. I closed my own, trying to rid the picture from my view.

This can't be happeningâ€!

I was in complete shock and disbelief and when he finished saying the wordsâ€

"_There is no need for you here. I am human. And I am going to die_."

I was gone.

x-x

"Get out of my fucking head!" I screamed my maddened and hate filled words into the sky, where the moon reigned. It looked down at me with nothing more than a discriminating glare. I growled and the wind blew my hair in circles around my head. "You don't fucking own me! Stop toying with me, you fucking bastard! You think you can just speak to me through Hiccup? Like that's a fucking good idea?! You're sick! You're fucking sick and I hate you! I fucking hate your guts, youâ€fuckingâ€" I fell to the ground and my knees hit the rocks and dirt there. I felt nothing but sadness and fear. Pain and misery. I wallowed in those feelings. I cried my heart out and nothing stopped me. The moon felt no sympathy. He created me for his sole purposesâ€nothing else. He probably had no emotions at all. So the words I screamed and the rips and tears to my throat meant nothing in the end.

This cliff had two meanings to me, and I couldn't differentiate between either of them anymore. What did this all mean, anyway? That I was doomed to wander the earth for the rest of my life with no one to love or hold dear to me? That the Man in the Moon cared little to none about my wellbeing, only pursued his own selfish gain and sought to torment me every step of the way?

"I'm so tired of thisâ€" I gasped out the words between chattering teeth. I was cold again, and it was my fault. The snow fell in handfuls, drenching the town in my sorrow. "Please stop thisâ€make meâ€make me mortal, I don't even care!" And at that point in time, I really didn't. I would have done anything to just be free from the shackles and able to live a somewhat normal kind of life.

I thought of Hiccup and how shocked he would be to notice that I had left yet again. Would his father walk in? Would he see the boy, naked on the bed, alone? How would he even explain that to him?

I had too many questions in my head that it literally hurt.

My teary eyes trailed on the soil mixed with slush, and landed on the edge of the cliff. With my hands against the snow packed ground, I inched forward, dragging my knees and digging my feet into the earth.

Nothing was going to stop me. Not unless the moon had another tricky idea up his sleeves. I was teetering on the edge of sanity and lunacy. There was no one to tell me no. There was absolutely nothing in my way. Everything inside of me was ordering me to do it. So why shouldn't I?

You won't die.

"I know that!"

It will hurt. You'll hurt even more. Nothing will end.

"I know! I fucking _know_ that!"

Somehow, bloody palms held my head from falling off its hinge. The muscle inside of me called a heart was leaking and pulsing, capturing me in a state of solitude diversified with grief. It told me again that nothing was going to change. It challenged me to fight.

But I was tired of fighting. Tired of the hurt and pain and years left empty and alone.

You like being on your own, it said.

"Not anymore!"

What about fun times? What about snow days and blizzards?

"I'm through playing your game!" I spat out, feeling as if there were bile in my throat. "I'm not anyone's play thing! I'm Jack Frost! I am _me_! Not you didn't create me just to!"

But did he? He might have. You don't even know. You're too much of a coward to face your past.

"My past!" I whispered and from behind me I heard a voice that halted my movements altogether.

"Jack! don't!"

"Hiccup!" I whispered his name. It was welcomed to my ears but not to my mind. The space there was befuddled, yelling out accusations and fairy tales that I thought never existed. I kept hearing that voice. It was smooth and keen, I hated it. I hated the sound of it. The moon was shining in my eyes and consuming my whole being.

"I brought this! you need it, Jack. Now more than ever. You have to know!"

I landed my shifting, scared eyes on that golden box in his hands and lashed out at him. "No I don't! I don't fucking need that thing!"

It could help.

It could hurt.

It might destroy you.

"I'm _scared_â€|" I admitted it. Of course I was. The fear had encompassed me for three hundred years and kept me safe. Kept me cool in its embrace, made sure that nothing could harm me.

Until now.

As it stared into me just as the moon did.

Prove him wrong.

Soon, Hiccup was in front of me, kneeling down and pressing his warm hand into the icy, paled side of my face. "Do it for meâ€|Jack."

This boy was beautiful, whether he was fifteen, eighteen, orâ€|or a hundred. And I would do anything for him.

My head nodded on its own accord and I directed my hand to advance, to clasp that metal in my hands once again. Only this time I would figure things out. I would finally know just what happened to me. How did I become Jack Frost? Who was I before all of this?

"Who am Iâ€|?" I asked it, as my fingers nudged the middle, pressing down with a feather light touch. It opened and Hiccup's face was shrouded in light. I watched as he dissolved into a million pieces, diamonds floating in the air all around me. They dances and twirled, like the northern lights. And behind them grew pictures. Moving pictures of a place covered in green.

And then, Hiccup was gone.

I thought maybe I should be frightened, but my gut instinct told me otherwise. This was supposed to happen. He wasn't alive three hundred years ago. Hiccup wasn't thereâ€|but I was.

My hair was brown now, golden when it shined in the light, the specks glistening in the sun. Beside me was a girl, she was small and hardly half my height. Her hair matched mine. My clothes had changed, everything was different but yetâ€|familiar too.

"Jack!" I looked to my left, the girl was tugging on my sleeve, and her smile was radiant like recently fallen snow. She was my sister. "Will you teach me to ice skate today? You're so good at it!"

My head nodded and I smiled back at her. Everything was natural, the flowing of a creek, nonstop. I didn't have to think about it at all. "Of course. But Iâ€|" Something caught my eye and I instantly turned towards it.

There he stood, the woods and trees around him faded into the background, like noise in a busy crowd. His silhouette was fixed and steady, unlike the leaves around him. I fidgeted as my heart skipped a beat.

"I just have to take care of something really quick, okay?" My voice cracked a little, it sounded so strange to my ears.

My sister was observant as always, and turned to look at what I had been staring at.

Though I tried to quickly shoo her away, she held her ground and made eye contact with the boy. "Who's that?" she asked curiously.

I only shook my head. "Just go home for now, alright? I'll be there soon, I promise."

"Do I know him? Does he live around here?"

"Would you just do as you're told?"

She puffed her cheeks at me and then turned around, finally listening. "Okay—but hurry up, brother! I won't wait forever!" She waved a hand in the air and then skipped back home. My eye stayed on her for as long as they could until I was almost certain she had made it back safely.

So then all that was left to do was approach him. It was a little challenging to compel my feet to move quickly enough, as if I really didn't want to see him, but still yearned for the interaction all the same. He was young, only a few years older than me. His hair painted jet black and it fell into his face, yet still looked tamed and well groomed. The skin that graced his body was paled and an off color, somehow dark but more or less like a dusty gray. Though what I liked the most about him were his eyes. They were deep with the color gold.

"You've grown—" he mentioned, hands in his pocketed vest. He wore such elegant clothing while mine looked like rags in comparison.

My eyes strayed and landed on his feet. "I haven't seen you here in over a year—"

"My family's been traveling a lot. How have you been?"

"Just fine—" I was having a hard time communicating with him. Whether it was my heavy beating heart or just my lack of conversational skills, I was feeling so downright awkward, standing there in front of him. Though I supposed it also could have been the fact that he was the first person I'd ever given myself to.

From time to time, I would still have flashbacks, erotic, but yet very alarming. I wasn't pushed into it. He had let me decide. But maybe regret still lingered, if only for the fact that he had left me shortly afterwards. I almost hated him for that. Almost.

"I missed you, Jackson—" I cringed a little when he said my full name. Only my mother called me that when I was in trouble. My whole body tensed as his hand came up and those long fingers started to play with a strand of my hair. "You're still so very

beautifulâ€|"

Breathing was steadied, but I felt like my bones would collapse in on me at any second and I'd end up a pile of slush right before his eyes. Against my better verdicts, I lifted my hand and grasped onto his, holding it close to my wind chilled cheek. "â€|Please don't leave againâ€|" I began to shake and tears threatened me with no equilibriums.

Not a minute passed before he had gripped my wrist and pulled me into his embrace. And that's when I did melt. The tears squeezed out and fell onto his coat. I loved the way his hand ran itself through my hair, stopping and continuing, never too much and hardly ever not enough.

This man, he meant something to me. Sure, I could have chosen someone else; there were plenty of girls in my village who thought I was beautiful as well. But it seemed like none of them really meant anything to me. I tried to get to know them. I made friends with them, hugged them, kissed them. But it never sank in. I never really wanted them like I wanted him. Perhaps I was wrong to even try. Maybe the only one for me was Kozmotis Pitchiner.

15. Finally Visible

****A/N:** I finished it. This is the last chapter. It's been a long time, I know. Way too long. I started this fic in November. Soâ€|it's been close to a year. I honestly can't believe it. It doesn't seem that long at all. I still don't understand why you guys read this in the first place, but I thank everyone who did. Seriously, from the bottom of my heart, you all mean so much to me. This story probably wouldn't have ever gotten this far without the support I've gotten over the months from all of you. Also, sorry but this chapter is short, shorter than others. I really hope I didn't forget to tie up any loose ends as well. (If I did and you notice, I'm so sorry. X_X)**

****!Warning!:** The end is very depressing. Seriously. Just read the very last bit with piano music, and you'll see what I mean.**

****I want to thank you all again for a wonderful time. Hijack is, and always will be, one of my favorite ships ever, even if it does make me cry like a small child.****

****Hope to see you all again sometime~
>**

* * *

><p>Chapter 15: Finally Visible<p>

Eyelashes kissed my cheeks. They were his. Soft, like butterfly wings. He felt nothing like usual, but everything like I had wanted. How I had longed for this man to be close to me again. His extended, strong arms wrapped around me. The dark embrace wasn't calming, but intriguing. With silent lips, I tried to speak to him, though I ended up sounding broken.

"My sister is expecting me home."

He had heard me, I knew, but only grabbed my chin between his fingers once again and lifted it towards his lips. He coated them in breath tinted with the smell of honey and pine needles.

When he spoke, I couldn't feel much of my upper half. "I don't want to let you go, though," he paused and pushed further towards me, his body glued to the front of mine. I fit like a puzzle piece that had just found my other half. "I'd very much rather take you back to my home." I felt his fingers inching up and under my poncho, past the fabric of my sleeve. The touch was electric. I tried not to shiver.

Nothing moved, the air was silent, filled with everything except what I was truly feeling.

Talking to him was difficult. Like trying to speak over the rain.

"But I promisedâ€¦"

"Promised what?"

I swallowed hard. "Thatâ€¦I would be home for my sister."

He paused, hands resting on my hips, and then licked his lips. His eyes were like golden steel.

So frustratingâ€¦

"Okay. Then I'm coming with you."

That shocked me. I wasn't really sure of the reason, but it did.

"Butâ€¦why?"

He laughed, causing me to quiver a little. "Because I want to?"

Sighing heavily, I looked to the ground. I wasn't sure how well that would go down. I was hardly ready to introduce Pitch to my family. Not right now. Not without a proper warning and time to prepare things.

So I decided to suggest another option, "You justâ€¦wait at your house. I'll come over in a bit."

He pulled my chin towards him once again, forcing me to look directly into his eyes. "If that is what you wish." Pitch kissed me without any second thought. It sent chills down my spine and nerves deep into my stomach. For some reason I couldn't tell if I liked kissing him or not. Like it was something so very roguish and crude, as if I shouldn't ever be doing this in a million years but still felt likeâ€¦it was something I never wanted to stop.

The man snuck his tongue out and pushed it passed my lips. Warm and invigorating. I trembled like a scared rabbit in his clutches. His hands inched towards my waistline; the only thing keeping them out was my belt. My fingers went straight to his, halting him, or at least trying to.

"Pleaseâ€|not now, okay?" God, was my voice rickety.

His breath was heavily scented with lust. "How I've missed youâ€|"

My eyes trailed to his boots, and lidded over with the chilly air.

This isn't going to be easyâ€|

x-x

"Jack! There you are. We're still going ice skating, right?"

I placed my staff in the corner and ruffled my hair a little with the palm of my hand. My sister was bubbly as ever. I wasn't sure how to act around her after what had just happened.

"Uhmâ€|that-that might need to be pushed to tomorrow."

And there was the pout. How I hated it. She knew exactly how to push my buttons. "But _Jack_!"

I tried to be stern with her, even though it was hard. "Don't 'but Jack' meâ€|I have some things I have to take care of before we do anything, alright?"

"What's more important than this?" Her eyes begged.

I shook my head and smiled. "Nothing is more important than you, sis. Butâ€|that was my old friend back there."

The room went quiet for more than a moment, I thought that maybe I'd said something weird or wrong to make her think he was more than just a friend. My heart beat was going so fast. But thenâ€|she seemed interested. "â€|Old friend?"

I nodded and nervously sat beside her on the floor. "Yes. And I justâ€|I just really have to talk to him right now, okay?"

She looked to the floor, away from me. "Butâ€|"

A small, elusive smile flashed across my face. My sister wasn't that easy to handle, but she was so full of life. I hated disappointing her. But if I didn't go and see Pitchâ€|

"I promise tomorrow we'll go. I swear it."

Her tiny face fell and I could feel the guilt rising in me.

_How could I choose Pitch over my sisterâ€|? Was I really doing that? Was this such a big deal? _

I had no idea if I was even electing the right thing. As I stared at my little sister's solemn face, I had some kind of sinking feeling enter my gut. Like nervousness and a deep sense of foreboding all in one. What could Pitch possibly do to me, thoughâ€|? I'd already given him my virginity and most of my sanity. I didn't have much left.

x-x

My trembling fingers were clenched at my side as I stood in front of his house once again. I remembered, over a year ago I was standing in the same spot, but only briefly. As soon as his parents had left that day, he swept me into his home and threw me down on the bed. For some anonymous reason, he didn't want to waste any time. Perhaps he knew he was leaving soon and didn't want to let the chance pass him by. That annoyed me, but only for an instant. Mostly it was just embarrassing and abnormal to me. The time we spent together in this house was messy and even somewhat clumsy. Pitch wasn't one to laugh at much, nor did he really stop to say a word. I'd tried so long to push those memories out of my mind that remembering them now was basically unbeknownst to me. Like digging up old bones, I thought maybe they were best left forgotten.

It took me almost two full minutes to conjure up the courage to actually knock on the door. My head throbbed with pulsating blood; I almost wished he wouldn't answer. Either that or just go away, back to where ever he had gone so that I could continue to live my life in peace without all of this worry and dread and

The door opened and I swallowed, my mouth was completely dry and void of any words as well. He looked down on me with lidded eyes, his elbow propped up against the side of the door. He had changed into a light gray shirt that showed his collar bones and low cut slacks. I instantly felt my face flush full of heat and more blood. My head was about to burst, I could just sense it.

The first thing that came to my mind was,

Are your parent's home?

He spoke haughtily, catching me a little off-guard, "You coming in, then?"

I nodded and lowered my head, trying my hardest not to look into his eyes anymore. His home was roomy, unlike mine which was only crowded and hardly fit to house two people let alone three. It was almost like Pitch had never left. A fire roared in the living room, casting the whole room in a dark shade of maroon and it smelled just like he did.

I felt jumpy and more anxious than I ever had before.

His arm wrapped around my shoulder and he led me over to the small sofa. I sat down like a statue in his grasp. My mind wandered. I wondered if he could tell how uneasy I was.

It was cozy warm, but too hot for my liking. I couldn't think of anything to say and that was making it even harder to be in the same room as him. The whole left side of his body was up against mine; suffocating me, as if I were in the flames and could hardly breathe anymore.

"You seem a little tense."

A little? Try a lot.

"I'm fine," I lied, pretending to seem stronger than I was, "Just

shocked that you're actually here, and I'm withâ€|youâ€|" My words were starting to sound unlike me; either that or I was just downright senseless. "Youâ€|you know what I mean, right?"

Fingers entangled their way into my hair, massaging the back of my skull. It felt nice but strange, still. As did everything when it came to Pitch.

"Hmm. I understand. Are you upset?"

"Noâ€|" The word fell out of my mouth as if I wasn't sure I meant to say it or not.

I think he was being cautious with me, so it took him awhile to speak again. "You're a horrible liar, Frost."

My eyes moved and met with his. I hated how helplessly weak I felt nearby him. Whenever I was around my sister or even my friends I knew that I could take care of myself and them if it came down to it. But with Pitchâ€|he just made me feel like a completely different person. As if I had no idea who I was in the first place. I didn't much like itâ€|but why complain?

Why complainâ€|?

"I bet you are wondering where I went all this time, yes?"

"If you're willing to share," I told him, eyes shifting towards the decorated walls.

He took in a deep breath then started talking, with no rush, "As I said before, my parent's and I were traveling. We set up trade in lots of ports to make ourselves better known." Ah yes, his family was in some kind of trade business. I think his father built boats or something like that. "I went along to help, but didn't want to say goodbye before I left, because I suppose I was too afraid. I can tell you're angry with me, for having sex with you and not even letting you know that I was leaving." I noticeably cringed when he said the word "sex". He noted that, I think, but only smiled. "I hurried home as fast as I could. I didn't want to spend another moment away from you."

What a shock it was to hear everything he had to say. He sounded truthful, maybe. I was sure he could be lying. Pitch was good at that, unlike me. But if it _was_ trueâ€|

He was leaning in to me, using his nose to nuzzle my neck. "I was wondering if we could begin where we left off all those months agoâ€|"

I knew this was coming. It was inevitable. As long as I was around him he would want to sleep with me. I knew it, so then why was I so surprised?

My lips seemed glued shut and my eyes didn't stray. I honestly had no idea what to tell him. Things would progress from there if I didn't say anythingâ€|he would keep going.

And he did. I was powerless to his strange and erotic way of courting. Without much thought, he pinned me to the couch and began

trailing small kisses against my neck. With one of his hands he pulled down the collar of my shirt and pushed further, deeper into my personal space. My eyes were lidded and blinking every second, fighting back the tears. Were they tears? Or just pent up emotion? I couldn't tell. I didn't have enough time to think it through.

His lips stopped at my chest. I saw him glance up at me. The blushing on my face was prominent. "Should I stop?"

I said nothing, again. I couldn't form any words. I hated that. Hated that he had that kind of power over me.

He brushed his lower half against mine in the next instant, I could feel that he didn't want to stop, or wait much longer at all. A small groan exited my lips, my head caught in dark storm clouds, trying to escape the vast expanse of blustery contemplations that circled like flies around my brain.

I desperately wished that I could at least understand what I wanted out of this situation instead of acting like a helpless child.

Pitch licked a circle on my skin and asked, "Will you accompany me to the bedroom?"

_Dammit. _

Wobbly legs led me to one of the backrooms and soon I was pinned to his sheets, thoughts still swimming, my mouth still dry and void of the English language.

Pitch grinned at me and began unbuttoning his shirt. I merely laid there like a lifeless doll. He watched me with those eyes. Eyes that could see right through me, even when I was clothed. The bed creaked when he resumed his former position, legs on either side of my hips. The way he looked at me, I could have been something very delicious to eat. Like apple pie, or fresh baked cinnamon rolls.

"Tell me something, Jackson."

Of course he was talkative nowâ€|

"What have you been doing until now?"

_What an equivocal question. _

I breathed out one puff of air and then another before attempting to make conversation again. "Whatâ€|what do you mean?" My throat cleared and I felt chills settle on both my arms.

Fingers graced the side of my face, my temple, where he ran them along an eyebrow and then began twirling a piece of my hair. "All this timeâ€|did you find someone else?"

Surprise settled deep within my presence.

Was heâ€|asking if I had slept with anyone elseâ€|?

"Whyâ€|?" I murmured, glancing at the door and not him. "Would you be jealous?"

In an instant, he had my chin in his hand and I was forced to look at him. My eyes went wide, the shock evolving into a deeper form. His features were set into something feral, the kind of look a wolf might give if you were to take away its food.

_I shouldn't have asked. _

"_Yes. I would_." I'd never heard his voice become so serious.

x-x

My mother had told me once that life was what I made it. I took that saying into deep thought throughout my existence. It was something that I held on close to, and remembered in the darkest of times. Though it wasn't helping me much at all anymore. I didn't blame my mother for that, of course not. But I did think of asking her for another adage. Maybe something a little more helpful.

A snow flake fell onto my cheek and melted, dragging itself across my face as if to tell me I should be crying. I didn't want to cry. I didn't feel like crying. But I was so very empty and lost. My backside throbbed with pain and each step I took was torturous. I'd only ever had sex twice now and it didn't really get any better the second time.

I kept remembering those words I'd told him when I saw him not even that long ago, standing in the forest, held close against his chest.

"Please don't leave againâ€¦|"

"Please don't leave againâ€¦|"

"Please don't leave againâ€¦|"

A shaky breath came from my chapped lips and I finally felt like maybe I wanted to cry. I held my arms close against me and wobbled onto my doorstep. I'd hoped that my sister and mother were asleep. I prayed that they were. I couldn't possibly bear to deal with anyone else right now.

Maybe not everâ€¦|

The candles were burnt out; only one flickered on the table. I blew it out before settling into my room for the night. But I didn't sleep, hardly at all. I stayed awake and pondered everything. His hands. His touch. His lips. Those eyes. The way he felt inside of me. The pain it brought, but also the pleasure. The sick, gut wrenching desire that I just wanted more and more of every second that I spent with him. The guilt that clouded me when it was over. The embarrassment. The utter humiliation. His embrace. His warmth. His smile. The soft kisses he left on my forehead. The content feeling of knowing someone is there for me. Someone cares. Someone actually wants me. The second thoughts. The realization that he doesn't really want me. He wants my body. The questions. The truth. The lies.

Everything.

_Was it worth it? _

I had my sister to worry about, and my mother who needed me. She was helpless, ever since we had lost my father all those years ago. I had to keep everything together. I had to help them live and grow and prosper.

But Pitch. He had money. He didn't have anything to worry about aside from losing me. He could choose from anyone and he chose meâ€|

_Why? _

I didn't know. Maybe I'd never know.

x-x

"Jack! You're as slow as molasses!"

Maybe if my butt wasn't in such pain this wouldn't be so harâ€"

I slipped and fell and cursed. Ice skating was fun. And trust me, I loved having fun. But not now. Not since Pitch came. It was like he sucked the fun right out of me. I didn't feel like myself anymore. I felt like such a failure.

"Soâ€|" My sister skated towards me, unstable and looking as if she was going to fall as well. "Do you even _know_ how to ice skate, big brother?"

I shooed her away with one hand and used my staff to help myself up. A jolt of pain shot through my lower back again. If my sister wasn't there I'd be cussing like a sailor straight out of hell.

"Justâ€|just give me a minute to get warmed up, alright?"

Her arms crossed on her chest and she rolled her eyes at me. I raised one eyebrow at her and she smiled. I guess I was lucky she wasn't at that age yet where she was constantly asking questions. I was safe, for now.

"Alright, just use one foot to push yourself first, and then glide with the other. See how that works for you." I showed her my technique and she followed the instructions pretty well. Soon enough, she was skating with ease and I was able to sit down and rest.

It was chilly out, but the snow felt good against my skin. I wished that I could stay like that forever; just smiling at my sister and feeling the cold air lightly brush against my face.

Another hour or so passed by, and I told her it was time to leave. As we were walking back to our little house, I saw my mother on the porch, waving to us. She was a good mom, though slightly contrived, I think she tried hard but I somehow felt like it was never enough. She had lost a lot of her stability as a mother figure after my father died. I loved her to death, so I would protect her, even if she was a little lost.

My sister happily waved back to her and I was about to, when my wrist was caught in midair. My eyes went straight to his, and then to my

arm.

_Did he really have to do this now? In front of my family?

—

"Jack?" my sister said my name gently, almost frightened.

I lowered my head, eyes focused on the snow. "Go home. I'll be there soon." I just hoped she could tell I was talking to her.

She did, and she followed my instructions.

My mother observed as Pitch dragged me away from her view, her face detached and blank.

He knocked me against the nearest wall out of my family's sight, and began feverishly kissing me. I hardly had time to breathe let alone voice my raging thoughts.

My hands crept up in-between us and I pushed hard on his torso in a dull attempt to get him off of me. "S-stop!"

He grabbed my wrists again; shoving them above my head he heatedly thrust his tongue into my mouth. I had difficulty breathing; spit was dripping down the side of my chin, mixing with the snow. I blinked out a tear.

Pitch, stop!

He pulled back for a moment, eyeing me thoughtfully, perhaps. "What is it?"

My head fell and I took in deep, heavy breaths. "I can't keep doing this"

"I love you."

My head felt fuzzy. "What?"

"I love you, Jackson Frost"

His hands let go, then held me close to his chest, as if I were going to float away and never come back. My breathing slowed and once again my mind was full of confusion and utter vacancy.

Pitch? he loves me?

x-x

I spent hours with Pitch. The strange feeling of discomfort was still there, but it had seemed to fade, a little bit at least. I was happy. Finally I didn't have to look at him and be afraid. He had opened up to me and told me something that was probably very difficult for him to express. I wasn't sure if he had expected me to say it back, but I didn't. Love wasn't something I was familiar with feeling. I loved my sister, and my mother, but that was it. None of my friends came close to that. And Pitch had been gone for so long I had tried to forget him all that time. Perhaps I could grow to love him but even then I wasn't sure.

So instead I just lay in his arms and drank expensive chocolate drinks out of a mug in front of his fireplace. It was calming. Pitch started talking to me more and more. He told me about his travels, where he went and who he met. He spoke of sandy beaches and rocky shores. Also he spoke of horses, black stallions that he cared for in stables while his father was doing business.

"I will take you for a ride on one someday, I promise. It's the most amazing thing you'll ever experience."

I listened, happy to have this new Pitch by my side. Almost all of my fears had been washed clean. Perhaps he just needed to tell me that he did in fact love me in order to be himself around me.

It was strange, a weird way of doing things, but I wasn't complaining. He finally didn't scare me as much and I could breathe like a normal human again.

A clock chimed and I asked him for the time, I knew it was pretty late.

"Must you go?"

"My sister needs me, so does my mother."

"You're quite responsible for your age."

"Like you're _so_ much older than me."

He laughed and I grinned.

"So can I see you again tomorrow?"

I thought for a moment, and then told him, "As long as you properly say hello to my family this time."

He agreed and I left his home again, this time feeling as light as a feather. I felt like nothing could ruin this for me. It was all turning out to be okay, after all. Pitch loved me. He really loved me, he wasn't joking. Everything he had done up until now was because he loved me, it was just his way of showing it. I was starting to trust Pitch more and more. I hoped that was something I wasn't going to regret.

x-x

I watched with nervous eyes as Pitch shook my mother's hand. How strange those hands were just recently touching my

"Jack! Can I meet your friend now?"

"Calm down, sis. Yes, you can meet him."

Pitch knelt down and smiled at the small girl, "Pleased to meet you."

My sister's eyes narrowed and I thought for a second she was going to spit in his face. But then her mood changed like always and she proclaimed, "I like you. Will you play dolls with me?"

Pitch's laugh was deep and toned; it calmed me down a little. "Yes. Of course I will."

I held my hand up quickly, as if to try and stop him, "You don't have to!"

She had already dragged him into the living room and sat on the floor. Pitch beamed at me and I shook my head, giving my mother a small smile in which she returned.

We played with my sister's dolls for almost an hour. Pitch actually wasn't being as stiff necked as I thought he'd be. He would laugh and make his voice go deeper or higher for each doll. I joined in as well, even if I knew I was too old for toys, just seeing my sister smile so much was good enough for me.

Pitch helped my mother and I cook dinner as a few of my sister's friends stopped by. When we had finished eating, I decided to take everyone out back where the shed was.

"My sister and I used to put on plays for the kids around here. I haven't done one in a while though!" I told Pitch as I handled two antlers from a deer my father had shot many years ago. I would use them as props.

"Nervous?"

"Not really," I said softly.

I saw him grin mischievously. "I hope your lying never improves."

With the antlers positioned up on top of my head, I walked out in front of the kids and began quoting a story book that my mother used to read to me when I was younger. I danced and laughed, the children sang along with me a few times. And every time I looked over and saw his black hair and golden eyes, I became less and less uneasy.

x-x

The next few days went by in a haze. Pitch was there with me almost all the time, making my sister laugh, helping in the kitchen or watching me dangle from a tree with just my legs.

"You can't have fun all the time, Jack," my mother scolded me a few times. I would roll my eyes and laugh at her. I never wanted the fun to end.

x-x

It was late out, and I was kissing him again. This time on my own accord. I climbed on top of him, running my hands over his slick frame. The fire crackled and popped at my side, fueling me with intensity and passion. As I licked his neck he spoke to me, "Are you happy, Jack?"

I leaned back, a little shaken by his words. "Yes!" of course."

His head bowed and stared at the flames, they reflected in his eyes,

bright and profound and shimmering. "I don't ever want that happiness to go away."

My eyes grew sad, seeing him this way. So I told him the truth, something that scared me, but also made me glad to voice. "I don't think that it will as long as I have you."

His fingers adorned my face, tracing invisible lines where only he could see. "I shall never leave you again, my love. Please just don't ever leave me."

I reached up and grasped his hand, nestling my face into it. "I won't."

x-x

The birds were chirping and the sun shone through my window as I yawned and faced another day. My sister and I planned on going out ice skating again, this time I was ready to teach her spins.

I made breakfast for my family, and then swung my ice skates over my shoulder, making sure my sister also had hers. Before we left I heard my mother's voice, soft but joyful. "Be careful."

The small girl was pulling on my sleeve, trying to get me to go faster. With a light laugh I replied, "We will!" before closing the door behind us.

I should have known. I should have seen it beforehand. It was too warm out. Too sunny. The ice had melted too much. But I didn't see it. And that's why it happened. I was foolish. I was stupid. And I was careless.

I can't have fun all the time.

My sister stood with her skates on above splitting, thin ice. The look in her eyes told me she had no idea what to do, and I was the only thing in the world that could save her. Without contemplation, I threw off my own skates and put my bare feet onto the freezing surface. It cracked around me as I shifted my weight.

"Don't look down, just look at me."

"Jack! I'm scared!"

"I know, I know!" The ice began cracking more, further out around me. I tried to smile, anything to make her feel comfortable. "But you'll be alright. You won't fall in." The wind whipped my hair around as I watched her from across the lake. I thought, for a short moment, fleeting. Had to think fast. "Uh we're going to have a little fun instead!"

Her voice dropped, she was still terrified. I didn't blame her. I had to save her, if anything I had to save her life. "No we're not!"

Again I smiled while dying inside. "Would I trick you?"

"Yes, you always play tricks!"

"Alright, well not-not this time." I held my hand up in front of me, reassuring her, calming her. "I promiseâ€|you're going to be fine." Her mouth hung open, scared breaths escaping into the cold air. "You have to believe in me." This changed her mood for the moment. I thought of an idea. "You wanna play a game? We'll play hopscotch! Like we play all the time. It's as easy as, oneâ€|" I took a step, lightly, the ice split and I cringed, my eyes growing panicky, but then I looked at her and took another, "Twoâ€|" I lost my balance a little, but pretended to laugh about it. She did as well. She was laughing with me too.

_Good. It'll be okay. She'll be okay. _

"_Three_"

My feet connected with solid ice. It was stiff under my feet and I'd never been more thankful for that. I reached for my staff, knelt down, and told her firmly, "Okay. Now it's your turn."

I saw her nod as she moved forward, and I held my staff out to catch her. "Oneâ€|that's itâ€|" She was faster, quicker than I did, the ice could break. My heart was beating so fast. I couldn't lose her. I wouldn't. "Twoâ€|" She was beginning to look too nervous. Like she knew death was upon her. No. she wasn't going to die here. One more step and I knew I had to act; the ice was breaking too quickly. "_Three_" I lunged forward, and felt the brunt of my staff connect with her body, causing her to slide away from the thin ice.

At that moment I knew I had saved her life. She was going to be okay. She was on the thick ice now, away from danger. I promised she wasn't going to fall in.

_Thank god. _

I looked up at her and smiled. She laughed and so did I. And thenâ€|I saw him.

Pitch was walking towards me, in mid step; a strange look befell his face. I went to stand up, to greet him, to tell him what had just happened, to celebrate my sister's life. But it was too late.

The impact had softened the ice and it cracked and fell beneath my feet. My chest hurt, the air was knocked out of me, and Pitch's hand went out in front of him, as if to reach for me and bring me out of the water. I stretched for it at the last moment, hopeful for any kind of contact, but nothing came. Only the cold. The freezing cold enveloped my body and I screamed. My lungs filled with water.

And thenâ€|

It was dark. And it was cold. And I was scared.

Then I saw the moon.

It was so big, and it was so bright. It seemed to chase the darkness away. And when it didâ€|I wasn't scared anymore.

I looked down and I saw the tooth box. My hand clenched it, tight enough to break. My breathing was soft, head pounding loudly in my ears.

I felt something on my back, it was a hand. It was warm and I knew who's it was.

Soft words left my lips, quiet, barely audible, "I saved herâ€|"

"Whatâ€|?"

"I saved herâ€|" I repeated. Hiccup hadn't seen what I did, that was for sure. He didn't see any of it.

"Jackâ€|"

I turned to him, his eyes as green as ever. Freckles still there, even after his aging. And I couldn't help but hug him.

"Let's go homeâ€|"

x-x

"No wonder Pitch was so obsessed with youâ€|he _loved_ youâ€|" Hiccup's face was buried in a pillow, mostly hidden from my view. I regarded him with lidded eyes, growing more tired as the moments passed by.

"In a past life, he did. Even if he did remember all of that stuffâ€|I doubt there was anything left of the old Pitch."

"It's strange to hear all of thisâ€|"

"It was weirder living through it."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

Silence. I couldn't tell if he was upset. Upset about Pitch maybe. Perhaps I had told him too much. It was all so confusing and abrupt. I had a sisterâ€|and I rescued her from an untimely demise. But I died in the process. And then there was Pitch. If I hadn't died so suddenly back thenâ€|would I have spent the rest of my life with him?

_What a fucking ridiculous thought. _

"I was a different person back then. And so was Pitch."

Hiccup smiled towards me, looking worn. "Did you figure it out?"

"Figure what outâ€|?"

He shook his head and turned over on the bed, now staring at the ceiling. "Your purpose."

I brainstormed for a moment. "Maybe I don't have one."

"I think you do."

"Huh?" I glanced at him, his eyes landed on mine.

"You're a true Guardian."

Time will always passâ€|

Hiccup grew older, as the years went by. I spent as long as I could with him. Every second by his side was one I'd never forget, and cherish for the rest of my existence. Something amazing happened. He found a baby NightFury. You should have seen the look on Hiccup's face. As it grew, as well, I helped him teach it to not eat humans.

Things went by slowly in Berk, as they always did. The storms died down, but they were continuously there, blustering in the distance, covering the island with snow. I smiled everyday around him, but some days were harder than others. When I would look at him and see something change, something that was irreversible. He grew too fastâ€"much too fast. Lines began to form on his once perfectly soft face. Every night I would run my hands along them, but I wouldn't cry anymore. I couldn't cry in front of him. Not yet.

As his dragon grew, so did his smile. I stuck around long enough to see it. Every day I tried to distance myself more and more, slowly separating the bond. It pained me, more than anything, but I figured that would be easier than just cutting it off quickly.

His father died and we mourned. Hiccup became the new chief, which made him busier. Every day, for months, he would go up to the grave and pay his respects, and cry. I felt horrible for him, so did the dragon. Nights were colder. I spent less and less time in his home and more in the mountains.

Astrid never gave up. But I gave up on fighting with her. It was pointless. Hiccup loved me more than he would ever love her, so what did I have to prove? She still tried, though, which I guess I commended her for. She was willing to fight until the end. Stubborn, more stubborn than anyone I'd ever met.

Hiccup showed her kindness, especially as the years progressed. I'd watch them talk for hours, about nothing in particular. I think Astrid began to stop believing in me, day by day, little by little. I'd say something and she wouldn't reply, or sometimes wouldn't even look at me. Though I really couldn't tell. Maybe she just grew to hate me that much.

The brunet was always so happy to see me, though; even when his voice became gruff and he had stopped shaving his beard. He'd give me weird arm hugs from the side, as if we were old friends. I laughed with him and shared stories around the fire. Some people thought he was crazy; the ones who would see him. But he never told them about me. I liked to think that maybe he wanted to keep me to himself.

Sometimes we would lie on that hill, just staring at the stars. Hiccup loved to talk to me, even with his age, he never stopped talking and loving me.

Soon enough though, we didn't kiss anymore. Hugging was rare too. I missed it terribly, but I wasn't going to force him to do anything. I enjoyed the time with him, no matter what we were doing.

One day I asked him if he was ever going to get married. He just

laughed.

A year later he married Astrid.

He assured me it wasn't because he loved her more than me, but because he had to continue on his family's name somehow.

With a tightened and broken heart, I smiled and wished him the best.

I wasn't there for the wedding.

I left for almost half a year after that.

When I came back, Astrid was pregnant and Hiccup's hair was turning gray.

A smile lit up his face and he hugged me. The feeling of going in to kiss him after that hug had disappeared, that was a long lost memory. We talked all night while Astrid slept. He told me of idea's he had for dragon training and about everything he planned on doing to keep the village in top shape. It snowed less, he mentioned, without really realizing it was because I had been gone.

After that night I didn't come back for a while. I spent a lot of time wandering from town to town, as well as visiting North and the others. Bunny and I spoke often; I visited him more than anyone, which was surprising, actually. But he understood me. He knew what I was going through, and even though I felt bad about sitting there and crying to him, he let me and never once pushed me away.

North allowed me help make presents a few years in a row. Every year I carved something different out of wood for Hiccup. It kept me somewhat busy, at least.

The days went by, and since I'd become a Guardian, I didn't even need sleep anymore. So it was all just one big blur of time. I caused storms and snow days everywhere I landed. I'd stay a few nights, then up and leave when I felt like it. Visiting Hiccup felt like a fairytale sometimes. A fairytale that I didn't really want to continue.

But I did eventually.

There were two kids. One boy and one girl. Both with brown hair and freckles. Hiccup was less happy to see me this time. The children were taking their toll on him, I think. Astrid scooped them up and that's when we talked. But it wasn't normal. Hiccup seemed drawn, so much more distant than before. Maybe I did as well. When he fell asleep, I left again and didn't return for a long time.

I found a home named Burgess, where I spent a lot of my time following the town's people, getting to know everyone in my own weird way. Perhaps I could find someone else who believed in me, or at least work my way up to it. I sledded and played with the children, attempting at getting anyone's attention. I was trying so hard.

I gave up and attempted to drown myself instead.

I thought it'd be kind of poetic.

All I got was lungs full of water and frostbite.

Pretty ironic.

Some nights I stayed up and talked to the moon. It filled the empty gaps.

I began to become very distant, with everything. I tried to keep up my fun attitude; I'd fly around town and rustle up some trouble here and there. But it was getting old. The only thing that wasn't, was me.

I finally found the courage to visit Hiccup again.

Astrid was there, but Hiccup was nowhere to be found. The kids were all grown up, probably somewhere around fifteen.

I stopped and stood in front of the boy, my heart hurt for some reason. The more I looked at him, the more I realized how much he looked like Hiccup. My chest clenched, feeling nothing but pain I ran throughout the house and shouted his name. No one answered.

With shaking hands, I flew up to the mountain top. There, at the very end, was a stone. As I approached it, I felt a heavy weight pull me down. Something hurt. Everything hurt. I knew what this was.

It was his grave.

I hadn't cried that much in years. I spent three whole days there, just lying on the ground. I hardly even moved until

"Hey dad."

That voice

It was his son. He'd brought flowers. He had Hiccup's voice. And his face. But he wasn't Hiccup.

Hiccup is dead.

"Just thought I'd drop by" The boy put the flowers next to me and I stared lifelessly at them. "Something weird happened the other day" I watched the petals sway in the chilled breeze. "I think I saw Jack Frost."

I sat up and then looked at the boy again, eyes quizzical, waiting for something more. A smile lit up his face, and he spoke again, "He kept calling for your name. He sounded really upset. I think he feels bad that he couldn't say goodbye."

Tears flowed out of my eyes, unnoticed, ill-conceived.

"I think" He looked at me then, eyes locked onto mine. Those green orbs stared straight into my being. "He's here with you. He really is your Guardian."

* * *

><p>Fin.**

End
file.